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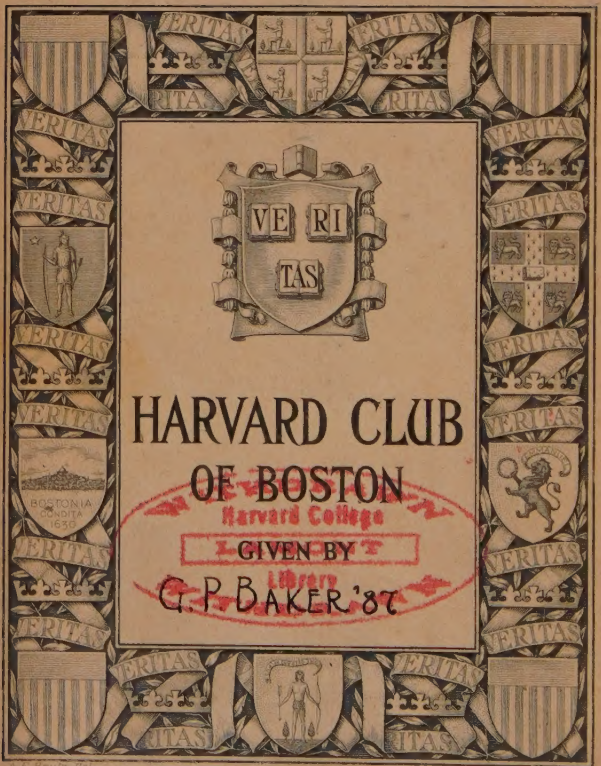

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The Belles-Lettres Series

SECTION III

THE ENGLISH DRAMA

FROM ITS BEGINNING TO THE PRESENT DAY

GENERAL EDITOR

GEORGE PIERCE BAKER

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GEORGE CHAPMAN

From the frontispiece of *The Whole Works of Homer*, 1616

ALL FOOLES

AND

THE GENTLEMAN USHER

By GEORGE CHAPMAN

EDITED BY

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Prefatory Note

In this volume I have attempted to present the student of Elizabethan drama with a new and carefully edited text of two of Chapman's best comedies. I have in each case printed from transcripts made of copies in the Library of Edinburgh University and in the Bodleian, and I would offer my thanks in passing for the unfailing kindness and courtesy which attended my work in both places.

The transcripts in the first place and the proof afterwards have been carefully collated with the original copies. The text of both the plays in this volume has also been corrected in proof by copies of the Quartos in the Boston Public Library. For this final collation I am indebted to the General Editor of this Series. It is my hope that the text here presented is as nearly accurate as it can be made.

In the brief *Biography* I have attempted to restate the few known facts of Chapman's life in such a way as to give what seems to me a more connected view of his work than is usually afforded. In the *Introduction* I have tried to trace the development of Chapman's art as a comic dramatist, and to fix his conception of comedy as compared with that of contemporary writers. The *Notes* are intended to show Chapman's occasional borrowings from older works, to explain obscure allusions, and when necessary to elucidate involved passages by the method of paraphrase. The interpretation of single words has been entrusted to the *Glossary*.

In the preparation of this edition I have received assistance from many friends. I wish to express in particular my thanks to Mr. C. W. Kennedy, of Princeton,

who first called my attention to the dependence of *All Fools* upon the *Adelphi* of Terence; to Dr. Henry Bradley for repeated assistance in the interpretation and emendation of the text; to Dr. Furnivall, Mr. P. A. Daniel, and Mr. T. J. Wise for valuable suggestions in regard to the plays in general and the question of the authenticity of the dedication of *All Fools* in particular; and to Professor E. K. Rand for aid in tracing two of Chapman's Latin passages. Mr. V. L. Collins, of the Princeton University Library, enabled me to run down a specially puzzling allusion. Finally, my thanks are due to Mr. W. H. Clemons, of Princeton, for his careful reading of the proof-sheets, and to the General Editor of this Series for much salutary criticism as the book was passing through the press.

T. M. P.

Biography

The little that we know of Chapman's life is derived mainly from Anthony à Wood. (*Athenae Oxonienses*, 1691.) The inscription [1] on his portrait prefixed to *The Whole Works of Homer*, 1616, points to 1559 as the year of his birth. In his poem *Euthymiae Raptus* Chapman himself mentions Hitchin in Hertfordshire as his native place.

About 1574, according to Wood, Chapman, "being well grounded in school-learning, was sent to the University, but whether first to this of Oxon. or that of Cambridge is to me unknown. Sure I am that he spent some time in Oxon,[2] where he was observed to be most excellent in the Latin and Greek tongues, but not in logic or philosophy, and therefore I presume that that was the reason why he took no degree here."

From 1574 to 1594 we know nothing whatever of Chapman's life. Acheson [3] believes him to have been a schoolmaster at Hitchin, but this assumption rests mainly upon the identification of Chapman with Holofernes in *Love's Labour's Lost*, an identification which is not likely to commend itself to most students of Chapman. It has also been assumed that the poet spent some part of this time upon the Continent. The evidence drawn for this opinion from *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, may be thrown aside, for it is most unlikely that Chapman had anything to do with the composition of that play.[4] On the other hand, in the Second Hymn of Chapman's *Shadow of Night*, 1594, there is a vivid description

1 Georgius Chapmanus, Homeri Metaphrastes. Æta : LVII. MDCXVI.

2 Warton, *History of English Poetry*, IV, 321, states that he spent two years at Trinity College, Oxford.

3 *Shakespeare and the Rival Poet*, Arthur Acheson. John Lane, 1903.

4 For a discussion of the authorship of this play see Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, II, 427 *seq.*, Fleay, *Chronicle of the English Drama*, II, 156 *seq.*, and Robertson, *Did Shakespeare write Titus Andronicus?* 123 *seq.* There is no reason, except a publisher's statement twenty years after the poet's death, for ascribing this play to Chapman.

of a skirmish between English and Spanish troops near Nimeguen in Holland. In this passage Chapman, in speaking of the English soldiers, uses the pronoun "we," as if he had been one of them, and there is, after all, no reason why Chapman, like Ben Jonson, should not have seen service in the Low Countries.

In 1594 we find Chapman in London engaged in "virtuous and elaborate studies,"[1] composing poetry, and apparently vieing with Shakespeare for the patronage of the liberal and art-loving Southampton. *The Shadow of Night* appeared in 1594; in 1595 *Ovid's Banquet of Sense* (not a translation from Ovid, as a German writer[2] has stated, but an original poem), *A Coronet for his Mistresse Philosophie*, and *The Amorous Zodiacke*.[3]

In 1596 Chapman wrote a vigorous bit of verse in praise of English valour, entitled *De Guiana*, as a preface to an account of English exploration in South America; and in 1598 he published a conclusion to Marlowe's unfinished *Hero and Leander*, dedicating the work to Lady Walsingham, the wife of his friend and patron, Sir Thomas Walsingham.[4] In the same year he dedicated his first attempt at a translation of the *Iliad*, *Seven Books of the Iliads of Homer*, to the Earl of Essex, and a little later in the same year he published *Achilles' Shield*, from the eighteenth book of the *Iliad*.

By this time Chapman had already begun to write for the stage, for Meres in *Wit's Treasury*, 1598, mentions him as one of the best writers both for comedy and tragedy. Many of his early plays have no doubt perished; the only two that we know to have been produced before Meres wrote — *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria* and *An Humorous Day's Mirth* — are both comedies. The first of these plays was produced by the Admiral's Men at Henslowe's theatre, the Rose, on Feb. 12, 1595–6, with great success, and was performed some twenty times before May, 1597, when it yielded the stage to the *Comedy of Humours*, which we may safely identify with *An Humorous Day's Mirth*. During the following year Chapman continued to work for Henslowe. He was engaged on a "plotte of

1 Wood, *Athen. Oxon.* II, 576.

2 A. Lohff, *George Chapman: Berliner Dissertation*, 1903, p. 26.

3 Sidney Lee, *Modern Philology*, Oct. 1905, has shown that this poem is a translation from the French of Gilles Durant.

4 See *Appendix*, p. 139, note 2, for further information about Sir Thomas Walsingham.

Bengemen's," possibly the tragedy of *Mortimer*,[1] of which Jonson's plot has come down to us. He received payments from Henslowe for several plays now lost: *The iylle of a woman*, usually cited as *The Will of a Woman*, but according to the latest editor of Henslowe's *Diary*[2] more probably, *The Isle (or Ill) of a Woman; The Fountain of New Fashions*; and a *Pastoral Tragedy*. He also composed for Henslowe the first draft of his *All Fools*, called originally *The World Runs on Wheels*, and later *All Fools but the Fool*.[3] *The Blind Beggar* was published in 1598 and *An Humorous Day's Mirth* in 1599, both apparently without Chapman's consent or, at least, supervision. In the latter year he apparently severed his connection with Henslowe, as his name does not occur again in the *Diary*.

It is commonly stated that about this time Chapman withdrew from the stage to devote himself to his translation of the *Iliad*. This, however, is far from probable. The first instalments of this work appeared in 1598 before Chapman broke with Henslowe, the next not before 1609, at which time Chapman was under the patronage of Prince Henry. It is more likely that about the close of the sixteenth century Chapman simply transferred his services as a playwright from Henslowe's company to the Chapel Boys, who were playing at the private theatre in Blackfriars from 1598 to 1603. For this company he seems to have written *May-Day*, probably acted about 1600 or 1601, although not printed till 1611; *Sir Giles Goosecap*,[4] published anonymously in 1606, but in large part, if not wholly, the work of Chapman in 1601 or 1602; *The Gentleman Usher*,[5] written possibly in 1602; and to have revised *All Fools* in the form in which it has come down to us, in 1602 or 1603.

1 The tragedy mentioned by Henslowe on Jan. 4 and Jan. 8, 1597/8 may be the same as this, or another tragedy, nameless and lost.

2 *Henslowe's Diary*, p. 226, W. W. Greg, 1904. Hazlitt (*Manual for the Collector*, etc., p. 94) states that an early MS. copy of *The Gentleman Usher* was sold among Heber's MSS. under the name of the *The Will of a Woman*.

3 Henslowe's entry on July 2, 1599.

4 See *The Authorship of Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, *Modern Philology*, July, 1906.

5 The date of *The Gentleman Usher* is uncertain, but it falls between the performance of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, to which it alludes (see *Note* 171, 7–8, p. 284), and the entry by Valentine Syms in the *Stationers' Register*, November 26, 1605.

The latter play[1] was performed at court before King James on New Year's Night, 1604–5, and published in the same year.

Monsieur D' Olive was written probably in 1603 or 1604, since it was performed by Her Majesty's Children of the Revels, the company which had succeeded the Chapel Children at the Blackfriars Theatre, in Jan., 1604. For the same company Chapman in 1605 joined with Jonson and Marston in the composition of *Eastward Ho*, a play whose satirical remarks on King James's countrymen brought down upon the authors the royal displeasure and led to the imprisonment of both Jonson and Chapman. They were even threatened with mutilation, and Jonson's old mother secretly conveyed to him a paper of "lustie strong poison" that, if things came to the worst, he might save himself by a Roman death from torture and public shame. An interesting series of letters written by Chapman and Jonson on this occasion, entreating the pardon of the King and the favour of the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Salisbury, the Earl of Pembroke, and other courtly patrons of literature, was discovered by Mr. Dobell in 1901 and reprinted in Professor Schelling's *Eastward Hoe* and *The Alchemist*.[2] Jonson and Chapman were soon released from prison, — Marston seems to have escaped altogether, — and the sensation caused by the affair undoubtedly served as an advertisement of Chapman's work as a dramatist and led to the speedy publication of a number of his comedies. Two editions of *Eastward Ho* and one of *All Fools* appeared in 1605; and *Sir Giles Goosecap*, *Monsieur D' Olive*, and *The Gentleman Usher*, in 1606. Mr. Fleay[3] believes that the governor whose foolish words and actions furnish the farcical close of the *Widow's Tears* is a satire on the judicial authorities with whom Chapman had come into contact at the time of his arrest. If this be so, we may date this play about 1606 — it was not published until 1612 — and see in it the last of Chapman's comedies.

As Meres tells us, Chapman had before 1598 obtained a high reputation for his tragedies, but the earliest play of this sort which

1 Cunningham, *Revels Accounts*, published for *Shakespeare Society*, p. 204. The entry is forged, but is supposed to be based upon genuine documents.

2 *Belles-Lettres Series*, pp. 159–164.

3 *Chronicle of the English Drama*, 1, 61.

has been preserved, *Bussy D'Ambois*,[1] cannot have been composed in its present form before the death of Elizabeth in 1603. This play is, then, the first of a group of dramas dealing with events in the contemporary history of France on which Chapman's fame as a tragic dramatist depends.

Bussy was followed in the spring of 1608 — not 1605,[2] as stated in the *Dictionary of National Biography* — by the double play, *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron*. The performance of these plays, in one of which the reigning queen of France was represented as boxing the ears of her royal husband's mistress, gave great offence to the French ambassador, who succeeded in having the performance stopped, and endeavoured, though apparently in vain, to have the author punished. Chapman, however, found great difficulty in securing a license for the publication of the plays and was finally obliged to issue them in a mangled form, with large omissions, among others of the offensive scene, and with considerable revision.[3] *The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois*, founded, as Professor Boas has shown, upon the same authority as the Byron plays (Grimeston's translation in 1607 of Jean de Serres' *History*), probably followed them shortly, and the noble play of *Chabot*, published after Chapman's death (in 1639, in a form somewhat revised by Shirley),[4] closes the series of the French tragedies.

With this play Chapman's activity as a dramatist ceases for an indefinite period, or possibly terminates altogether. He had, about 1604, or possibly after his release from prison in 1605, been appointed "sewer in ordinary" to Prince Henry, and received from

1 Professor Boas (*Bussy D'Ambois* and *The Revenge of Bussy*, *Belles-Lettres Series*, p. xii, note) calls attention to certain bits of evidence which go to show the existence of a play on Bussy before the death of Elizabeth. If this play were Chapman's it must, as Professor Boas points out, have been considerably revised after the accession of James I, when it was acted by Paul's Boys.

2 The date 1605 is founded upon a misprint in the English translation of von Raumer's *Briefe aus Paris zur Erläuterung, etc.*, pt. 2, pp. 276–277. In the German original the date is rightly given as April 5, 1608.

3 See Chapman's letter to the licenser printed in the *Athenaeum*, April 6, 1901.

4 *Chabot* is based upon the relation of Etienne Pasquier (*Recherches de la France*). The story of Chabot first appears in the 1607 edition of this work (Book v, chap. 12), and is repeated, with details which occur in the play, in the edition of 1611.

him a small annual pension together with the promise of a handsome reward upon the completion of his Homeric translations. To this work Chapman on the conclusion of his activity as a dramatist devoted himself for a number of years. He published the first twelve books of the *Iliad*,[1] 1610 *ca.*, a complete translation in 1611, a complete translation of the *Odyssey*[2] in 1614, and a folio entitled *The Whole Works of Homer* in 1616. To this list we must add, for the sake of completeness, *The Crown of all Homer's Works*, containing the *Batrachomyomachia*, and the *Hymns and Epigrams*, published in 1624.

On the death of Prince Henry, Nov. 12, 1612, Chapman lost his place as sewer to the Prince of Wales, and Prince Charles refused to redeem his brother's promise of a reward for the translation of the *Iliad* or to grant Chapman's petition for "some poor copyhold of the Princes land of £40 rent, if any such I find." In his verses to "the immortal memory of Henry, Prince of Wales," Chapman complains bitterly that

> "Not thy thrice sacred will
> Signed with thy death mooves any to fulfil
> Thy just bequests to me."

Yet in spite of Charles's harsh treatment Chapman does not seem to have lost favour at court. He composed an elaborate masque performed by the gentlemen of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn at the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth to the Palsgrave in 1613, and in honour of the marriage of the king's favourite, Somerset, to the divorced Countess of Essex, he wrote an epithalamium entitled *Andromeda Liberata*, which seems to have given rise to some scandal.[3]

Somerset's fall in 1616, however, put an end to Chapman's hopes of "future advance," for there seems to be no ground for Wood's hesitating statement that he was "a sworn servant either to King James I or his royal consort." In fact it is evident from

1 A copy in the British Museum is assigned hesitatingly to 1610. See also Warton, *History of English Poetry*, IV, 317.

2 The first 12 books of the *Odyssey* seem to have been published separately. See article on Chapman in *Dictionary of National Biography*.

3 This seems clear from the title of a later work by Chapman, *A . . . Justification of a . . . maliciously interpreted poem entitled, Andromeda liberata*, 1614.

the lately discovered Chapman letters[1] that much of the poet's later life was passed in poverty. Yet according to Oldys[2] he was "much resorted to by young persons of parts as a poetical chronicle; but was very choice who he admitted to him, and preserved in his own person the dignity of poetry."

In his last years Chapman seems once more to have turned his attention to the drama. In 1631 he published *Caesar and Pompey, a Roman Tragedy*, written long before, and now given to the world, perhaps under stress of poverty, in haste and without revision. He seems also to have entered into friendly relations with Shirley, the favourite playwright of the court, and the youngest, as Chapman was the oldest, of the dramatists of the great period. *The Ball* was licensed as a play by Shirley in 1632, but Chapman's name appears with Shirley's on the title-page of the first edition, 1639, and traces of Chapman's hand seem visible in the last act. *Chabot*,[3] probably revised by Shirley for performance, was printed as the joint work of these poets in the same year. Chapman also made a thorough revision of *Bussy D'Ambois*, probably for a performance by the King's Servants, which served as the basis for the revised edition of that play in 1641. This revision Mr. Fleay takes to have been the poet's latest work.[4]

Chapman died May 12, 1634, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Giles in the Fields. His friend, Inigo Jones, erected a monument to his memory which is still standing.

Wood speaks of Chapman, probably on the testimony of those who had known the poet in his later years, as "a person of most reverend aspect, religious and temperate, qualities rarely meeting in a poet." There is no proof of his acquaintance with Shakespeare,

1 See *Athenaeum*, March 23, and April 13, 1901.

2 MSS. notes in a copy of Langbaine's *Dramatick Poets* in the British Museum.

3 Licensed by Herbert, April 29, 1635.

4 There is no reason except the publisher's statements for assigning to Chapman *Revenge for Honour* (published in 1654), and many reasons against his authorship of this play. The anonymous *Two Wise Men and All the rest Fools*, 1619, was first ascribed to Chapman by the bookseller, Francis Kirkman, 1671, a mistake probably caused by the similarity of the name to that of *All Fools*. It cannot possibly be Chapman's. Two further plays entered as Chapman's in the *Stationers' Register*, in 1660, *The Yorkshire Gentlewoman and her Son*, and *Fatal Love*, were never published, and were destroyed in manuscript by Warburton's cook.

but he was loved by Jonson,[1] and was on terms of friendship with Marlowe, Fletcher, Field, whom he calls his "loved son," *i. e.*, scholar, and Shirley. His life covers practically the whole period of the Elizabethan drama.

1 The fragment of an invective against Jonson preserved in the Ashmole MSS. in the Bodleian seems to show that Chapman, possibly on account of his friendship for Inigo Jones, took sides against Jonson in the conflicts that clouded Ben's last years.

Introduction

After the great names of Shakespeare, Spenser, and Marlowe, that of Chapman is perhaps the best known among Elizabethan poets. But Chapman's fame to-day depends almost entirely upon his translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. That noble work in which for the first time "deep-browed Homer" spoke in English accents, although temporarily superseded by Pope's version, has never quite lost its hold upon English readers. Chapman's dramas, on the other hand, although repeatedly praised by his contemporaries, seem even in his day to have been little read; of all the plays published under his name only two, *Bussy D'Ambois* and *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Biron*, ever attained a second edition. Dryden's slashing attack on the style of *Bussy* is well known, and in the century that followed Dryden, Chapman's plays seem to have been almost entirely forgotten. With the dawn of romantic criticism in England attention was drawn to their merits by Lamb and Hazlitt, but it was not until 1873 that a collected edition of the plays appeared in the form of a so-called facsimile reprint. Up to that time Chapman's dramas, with the exception of an occasional reprint in various collections of old plays, were practically inaccessible to English readers.[1] Lowell, for

[1] *Eastward Ho* and *The Widow's Tears* were included in Dodsley's *Old Plays* in 1744; *All Fools* was added in 1780. *Bussy*,

example, when writing his interesting comment on Chapman in *Conversations on Some of the Old English Poets* (1845), had never seen a copy of *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Biron*.

The reprint of 1873 was followed in 1874–5 by the first edition of the complete works of Chapman. It included three plays, *Eastward Ho*, *Chabot*, and *The Ball*, which had been omitted in the reprint. The first two of these, though written in collaboration with other dramatists, have enough of Chapman to make them indispensable to any study of his work.

With the appearance of these editions a systematic and critical study of Chapman's work was for the first time rendered possible, and Swinburne's admirable essay on the poetry and the dramas, which was prefixed to the third volume of the collected works, was the first fruit of such a study. Neither of these editions, however, is satisfactory. The reprint is by no means a reliable facsimile, especially in the matter of punctuation; and the later edition, to which Mr. Shepherd put his name, modernises the spelling, leaves palpable errors of the old texts unaltered, and introduces needless changes into the text without the slightest notice of alteration. A critical edition of Chapman's plays in the light of modern scholarship still remains to be undertaken.

Modern critics of Chapman have been inclined to pass over his comedies with but slight consideration, and to devote their main attention to his more serious plays. This is due, I fancy, to the old conception of Chapman as

Monsieur D'Olive, and *May Day* were included in Dilke's *Old English Plays*, 1814–15.

a poet rather than a dramatist. And for lofty poetry we must, no doubt, turn rather to his tragedies than his comedies. But if the first essential of drama be action rather than poetry, there can be as little doubt that as a playwright Chapman obtains his highest success in comedy. It would not indeed be unfair to call him a tragic poet and a comic dramatist. In his tragedies the epic element too often outweighs the dramatic. The two Biron plays, for example, are rather a continuous epic poem than a drama, and their temporary success upon the stage must have been due to the interest of the audience in the subject rather than to their dramatic effectiveness. Again, the didactic element in the tragedies constantly interferes with the dramatic. Noble passages of gnomic verse are inlaid in the play with little regard for dramatic propriety or the development of the action. Chapman himself regarded this predominance of the didactic element as a virtue rather than a vice; "material instruction, elegant and sententious excitation to virtue, and deflection from her contrary" are, he asserts in the dedication to *The Revenge of Bussy*, "the soule, lims, and limits of an autenticall tragedy." Strictly interpreted this dogma would turn every tragedy into an essay on ethics, and Chapman's practice was fortunately more liberal than his theory. But it is plain to the student of his work that Chapman's tragedies are marked by a constant struggle between the author's theory and the demands of the contemporary stage, a conflict in which, as may be seen in *The Revenge of Bussy*, theory finally triumphed. It is not likely that in the composition of comedy Chap-

man took himself or his work so seriously. Yet even in his comedies it may be noted that whenever the action grows serious and approaches the bounds of tragedy, as in the last act of *The Gentleman Usher*, the gnomic element rises again into prominence and long passages of didactic and reflective verse retard the action of the play.

In pure comedy, however, Chapman, unlike his friend and occasional collaborator Jonson, had no theories to realise, and free from the trammels of dramatic dogma he was able in such work to develop fully his undoubted dramatic qualities. What these were a survey of his comedies will, perhaps, make clear.

The Blind Beggar of Alexandria, Chapman's first extant play, is, as it stands, almost outside the pale of criticism. This, however, may not be altogether the author's fault. There is reason to believe that its present form represents a stage version in which the original play has been cut, altered, and, possibly, in parts enlarged. In no other way can we account for the amazing fashion in which serious and even tragic motives appear only to disappear. I take it that *The Blind Beggar* was originally a romantic drama, containing, along with a good deal of crude and rather boisterous farce, such tragic elements as the adulterous passion of the queen for Cleanthes, her murder of his wife, her implied murder of her own husband, the invasion of Egypt by the Asian kings, and their overthrow by the hero. In the present form of the play we catch only a fleeting glimpse of these motives ; but it is impossible, I think, that Chapman should have allowed the tragic figure of

the queen to drop out of the play altogether without giving us the slightest intimation of her fate. Such an omission savours rather of the recklessness of some stage manager than of the negligence even of a novice in the drama. It is probable that the play as first written was too long for convenient presentation, and that in adapting it for the stage the reviser had an eye rather upon contemporary taste than on the rules of dramatic construction. We know from Henslowe's *Diary* that *The Blind Beggar* [1] — presumably in its present form — was a very successful play, and its success was probably due to the comic element that still remains rather than to the tragic that has so ruthlessly been cut away.

It is, perhaps, a little difficult for us to grasp the causes of the success of such a play. The story is absurd, the characterisation is practically nil, and the dialogue is rather coarse than witty. On the other hand, the action never flags, there is an abundance of comic and farcical incident, and the diction, passing easily from fluent verse to racy prose and back again, is quite free from Chapman's common faults of involved expression and obscurity. The part of the hero in his fourfold personality was no doubt a grateful rôle for some popular actor, and I am inclined to think that this part has been padded by some other hand than that of the author.

I have dwelt at some length upon this first play of Chapman's, because I believe that we may discern in it, with all its imperfections and absurdities, the germ

[1] For the dates of its performances see footnote to p. 117.

of Chapman's conception of comedy. This, as will be abundantly shown in the consideration of his later work, consists not so much in witty dialogue after the fashion of Lyly, or humorous characterisation in the manner of Shakespeare, as in action, particularly in the invention and elaboration of amusing situations. Chapman was not a master of construction, but in the execution of single scenes he is at times hardly surpassed by Shakespeare himself.

The text of Chapman's second comedy, *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, is so corrupt, and the stage-directions are so infrequent and confusing, that it is extremely difficult to follow the story. Here, too, we probably have to deal with a text that was altered and published without the author's supervision. None the less we can see in this play a distinct advance in Chapman's art. It is a pure comedy, unmixed with such tragic elements as appear in *The Blind Beggar*. The dialogue shows in its frequent puns and wit-combats the influence of Lyly, and there is an anticipation of Jonson's work in the portrayal of various "humours," incarnate in the female puritan, the jealous husband, the foolish courtier, and the melancholy gentleman. But none of these figures have the precision of outline or dramatic effectiveness of Jonson's characters, and, on the whole, the play may be pronounced a comedy of intrigue revolving about one central figure. Chapman's weakness in plot construction is very evident here where, so far as is known, he was drawing on his own invention for the story. The main thread of the plot is constantly obscured by superfluous

incident, or buried under unnecessary dialogue. But it is never quite broken, and all the motives of the play find in the end their fit solution. Chapman had, it seems, by this time clarified his conception of comedy, although he was not yet sure enough of hand to realise it in actual composition.

The gap between *An Humorous Day's Mirth* and Chapman's next surviving play is immense. Mr. Swinburne has rightly pronounced *All Fools* "one of the most faultless examples of high comedy in the whole rich field of our Elizabethan drama." Possibly, however, this gap may seem to us wider than in reality it was; for *All Fools*, originally written for Henslowe in 1599, was not only revised for a later production at Blackfriars, but was, if we may trust the testimony of the dedication,[1] published by the author himself to forestall the appearance of a pirated edition, "patcht with others wit." How great a difference this supervision on the part of an author made in the printed version of a play only those can rightly estimate who have struggled in vain to catch the playwright's plan in such a botcht-up piece of work, for example, as *The Blind Beggar*. *All Fools* appears to have been the first play published by the author himself, and in spite of an occasional misprint or wrong assignment of speeches it may be read with delight even in the old quarto of 1605.

It is impossible to determine with any degree of precision what changes were made when this play was revised. I fancy that they consisted in polishing

[1] See *Appendix*, p. 139.

the poetry, sharpening the dialogue, and, probably, in the addition of several prose orations somewhat after the manner of Lyly, a manner which would especially delight the cultivated audience of the Blackfriars Theatre. The main plot and the characters must have been very much the same in both versions, since plot and characters alike are drawn directly from known sources. I shall discuss the relation of *All Fools* to the *Heautontimorumenos* and the *Adelphi* of Terence at a later point in this introduction. It will be sufficient to say here that Chapman's sources gave him in this case exactly what he most needed, a plot carefully involved and clearly worked out, and typical characters, limited in depth but sharply defined. His own genius for romantic poetry, his talent for vigorous dialogue, and his dexterity in the invention and handling of comic situation did the rest. Apart from certain excrescences in speech and incident, and a slight weakness of treatment in the solution, *All Fools* is the most nearly perfect of Chapman's plays.

How much *All Fools* owes to its sources we can best realise when we turn to what was probably Chapman's next succeeding comedy. The source of *May Day*, long unknown to Chapman's commentators, has been clearly shown by Stiefel (*Shakespeare Jahrbuch*, vol. 35) to be the *Alessandro* of the Italian poet, A. Piccolomini. In fact it would hardly be unfair to call *May Day* an adaptation of the Italian play, for Chapman has retained the three intrigues, and most of the characters, of his source. Yet he has been by no means a mere translator; he has discarded cer-

tain superfluous figures, added others, and transformed the stock braggadocio of Italian comedy into a typically Elizabethan figure. And his advance in power of dramatic construction is shown by the fact that he has bound the severed intrigues of the Italian play closely together in the character of Lodovico, whose restless energy, like Lemot's in *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, leads him to take an active part in them all, and thus to serve as the mainspring of the whole action.

Yet *May Day* is by no means one of the best of Chapman's comedies. Based as it is upon an Italian comedy of intrigue, the interest lies wholly in the action, and this is so hurried and involved as to perplex and weary the reader. It is impossible to take any lively interest in the characters, for the reason, I suppose, that these stock figures of Italian comedy were incapable of the humanising and vitalising treatment which Terence, and Chapman after him, succeeded in applying to the types of the New Comedy. And the play as a whole quite lacks the poetry and the breath of romance which illuminates and enlivens *All Fools*, *The Gentleman Usher*, and *Monsieur D'Olive*. The prose dialogue is capital, but verse is almost wholly absent. In this respect, also, though superior in construction, *May Day* closely resembles *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, — another reason for fixing its date before, not after, Chapman's best romantic comedies.

If *Sir Giles Goosecap* was written by Chapman about 1601 or 1602, as I have tried to show elsewhere,[1] it would seem at first glance to denote a dis-

[1] *The Authorship of Sir Gyles Goosecappe: Modern Philology*, July, 1906.

tinct relapse both in Chapman's conception of comedy and in his power of execution, for it is markedly inferior in both these qualities to *All Fools* and *May Day*. It seems to have been one of Chapman's first plays for the Children of the Chapel, then acting at Blackfriars. And in his attempt to hit the taste of this audience and working, as it seems, without a model before him, the author came largely under the influence of Jonson, then the leading playwright for this company. The satiric description, in Act I, sc. i, of *dramatis personae* not yet upon the stage is a palpable borrowing of one of Jonson's well-known devices, and if Mr. Fleay is right in his conjecture that the various knights who appear in the play are personal caricatures, we should have another marked imitation of Jonson. More interesting, however, in relation to Chapman's later development is the appearance in *Sir Giles* for the first time of a romantic love-story of a high and serious type, founded, as Professor Kittredge has shown,[1] upon Chaucer's *Troilus and Cryseide*. The scenes which deal with this theme are written for the most part in verse, studded with passages of lofty, but, at times, somewhat obscure poetry. As a whole *Sir Giles* is not a play of which the author had reason to be proud, and it may be for this reason that Chapman never owned it; but these love-scenes might well be the prototype of some of his finest work in *The Gentleman Usher* and *Monsieur D' Olive*.

The Gentleman Usher marks the triumph of poetic and romantic comedy in Chapman's work. Mr. Swin-

[1] *Journal of Germanic Philology*, vol. 2, pp. 7–13.

burne notes that this play is "distinguished from all Chapman's other works by the serious grace and sweetness of the love-scenes, and the higher tone of feminine character and masculine regard which is sustained throughout the graver passages." A more detailed examination of the play will be made later. It is enough to say here that Chapman nowhere else appears more original, or after the action has once started more completely in sympathy with and master of his subject. The romantic love-story — a theme rather in the vein of Fletcher than of earlier dramatists — is lightened and diversified by comic scenes ranging from frank buffoonery and gross farce to little masterpieces of high comedy. In the figure of Bassiolo Chapman created a character at once more real and more genuinely humorous than any that he had been hitherto able to conceive. But even in the scenes which are dominated by this figure the comic entertainment is furnished not so much by the revelation of his character as by the exquisitely ridiculous situations in which he is involved. Here as elsewhere Chapman holds to the necessity of action and situation in comedy.

In *Monsieur D' Olive* we find Chapman's talents as a comic and a romantic poet combined, but by no means so successfully blended as in *The Gentleman Usher*. The play is composed of two distinct plots which have only the slightest connection with each other. The first deals with a purely romantic theme; the second with the gulling of Monsieur D'Olive, the character who gives his name to the play. The arrangement seems to me somewhat mechanical; each

act falls into two scenes, and, with the exception of the last scene of the play, where an unsuccessful attempt is made to combine the two plots in a common denouement, the first scene regularly deals with the romantic story, the second with the comic underplot. And as Swinburne has pointed out, "the main interest is more and more thrust aside" as the play goes on, until at the close "it is fairly hustled into a corner." Curiously enough, considering Chapman's earlier work, the underplot is notably deficient in action. The trick which the courtiers play upon D'Olive is far from furnishing sufficient material for a comic action, and as a matter of fact the original underplot comes to an end in the fourth act, where a new intrigue has to be devised to bring its main figure once more before the public and include him in the final solution of the play. On the other hand, the figure of Monsieur D'Olive is Chapman's most elaborate piece of characterisation. Half-wit, half-gull, and wholly Elizabethan in his mingled good nature, vanity, and volubility, he is one of the most diverting figures in the whole range of contemporary comedy. In a sense he belongs to the humorous characters which Jonson had introduced to the Elizabethan stage, but although he was doubtless meant as a satiric portrait of the giddy-pated, fortune-hunting courtiers who had flocked in their hundreds to welcome the accession of James I, there is not the slightest trace of that earnestness, not to say bitterness, of moral reprobation which Jonson would have thrown into his delineation of such a figure. The influence of Jonson may be felt also, I believe, in the racy, idiomatic

prose in which D'Olive betrays his follies to a delighted world. It is unfortunate that Jonson's influence over his friend did not extend farther and lead him to devise a proper plot in which to set this well-drawn character. Only an analysis of the comic scenes of *Monsieur D'Olive* will reveal their utter emptiness of action, and this is the more remarkable, since, as I have pointed out, it is as a rule in action and incident that Chapman's comic force consists. One can only conjecture that the influence of Jonson's comedy of humours, and possibly the stage success of Bassiolo in *The Gentleman Usher*, may have induced Chapman to compose this underplot which relies for effect solely upon a humorous character study.

The influence of Jonson is, of course, even more apparent in *Eastward Ho*, where Chapman was collaborating with Jonson and Marston. An exact assignment of the scenes of this play has not yet been made, except by Mr. Fleay,[1] who, without giving any reason for his opinion, ascribes Acts I–II, i, to Marston, Acts II, ii–IV, i, to Chapman, and the conclusion to Jonson. That Chapman wrote the part here assigned to him no student of his comedies can doubt. The only question is whether he did not write considerably more. My own opinion, after a repeated reading of the play, would be that Jonson furnished the plot, Chapman wrote practically the whole play, and Marston touched it up here and there with satire on the Scotch and on King James's knights, and, in Swinburne's phrase, "dropped one or two momentary

[1] *Chronicle of the English Drama*, vol. 2, p. 81.

indecencies to attest his passage." Such an assignment would account at once for the admirable construction and precise characterisation of the play, for its genial and sunny temper far more characteristic of Chapman than of either of his fellows, and for the ease and naturalness of the general conduct of the action.[1]

Assuming, as I think we are justified in doing, that a very considerable portion of this excellent comedy belongs, so far at least as the actual composition goes, to Chapman, we find him here engaged on a realistic comedy of contemporary English life akin to Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* and Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday;* and even if the credit of the construction and the characterisation belong, as they probably do, to Jonson, it is hard to find due terms of praise for Chapman's admirable execution. Particularly remarkable for their comic force are the scenes in which Gertrude sets out in her coach amid the plaudits of admiring neighbours to "dress up" that castle in the air which she fancies she has won by marriage, and the later scene, where stranded in her poor garret she clings desperately to her shreds of nobility and sadly contrasts the behaviour of her own knight with that of the Knight of the Sun or Palmerin of England. Eminently characteristic of Chapman's manner of letting the audience into the

[1] Bearing in mind Chapman's tendency to repeat himself, I would call attention to the similarity of Gertrude's behaviour in I, ii (a scene assigned by Mr. Fleay to Marston), to that of Elimine in *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria* (Chapman's *Dramatic Works*, vol. I, pp. 27–28), and to the still more striking similarity between the behaviour of Security in III, ii, and III, iii, and that of Gostanzo toward Rinaldo and Marc. Antonio in *All Fools* (III, i, and IV, i).

secret of a comic situation is the way in which Security is induced to play the go-between for his own wife and the gay Sir Petronel; and Chapman's love of farcical stage effect is never more happily displayed than in the scene where the shipwrecked Security in dripping gown and nightcap is rebuked by his spouse for spending the night abroad at taverns. So successful indeed in conception, construction, and detailed execution is this lively comedy that one can only regret that Chapman and Jonson did not form a literary partnership as close and lasting as that of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Chapman's last comedy, *The Widow's Tears*, printed in 1612, but probably written much earlier,[1] has never received the attention it deserves. Possibly its brutally cynical tone toward women has disgusted the commentators, but it is certainly permitted a comic writer to take this tone. Congreve, for example, is none the less one of the greatest of English comic dramatists because of his utter disbelief in women's vows and women's tears. And if a dramatist takes for his theme the story of the Ephesian matron as told by Petronius, it is hard to see what other tone he could adopt. As a matter of fact, *The Widow's Tears* is written with amazing force and sparkles with cynical humour. The character of Tharsalio, in particular, who wins his goal by sheer audacity, and whose rooted distrust of womankind is based upon his own unsavoury experiences, is one that Fletcher might have envied. The adaptation of the classic story to a dramatic form is, up to a certain

[1] Fleay, *Chronicle of the English Drama*, vol. 1, p. 61, dates it *ca.* 1605.

point, a marvel of ingenuity, and Chapman's substitution of the disguised husband for the stranger of the Petronian tale as the widow's tempter — an unconscious reversion to the earlier Oriental version [1] of the story — is a true stroke of dramatic genius. It points directly to the only proper solution of the plot, the widow's pretended recognition of her husband's disguise and her imposition upon him of this belief by dint of feminine audacity and voluble reiteration. But the actual solution in the drama is perhaps the most hopeless muddle in Elizabethan comedy. It is quite impossible to make out what effect Cynthia's declaration that she had recognised her husband has upon the wretched man. Nor can we at all accept the whispered mediation of Tharsalio's wife as a proper substitute for the legitimate conclusion of the play, an *éclaircissement* between husband and wife and a restitution of the lady to her old position in her husband's confidence on the basis of his belief in her protestations. The truth seems to be that Chapman, left without a clue for such a solution in the source he used, and possibly pressed for time in preparing his drama for the stage, simply evaded the solution altogether, and substituted for it a scene of broad farce where a foolish magistrate of the well-known Elizabethan type talks a flood of nonsense in the manner of Dogberry and Verges. Chapman at his best was no master of construction, but none of his dramas exhibits so hopelessly an inept conclusion as *The Widow's Tears*.

[1] See *Die treulose Wittwe und ihre Wanderung durch die Weltlitteratur*, Ed. Griesbach, Stuttgart, 1877.

The Ball, licensed in 1632, was printed five years after Chapman's death as the joint work of Chapman and Shirley. That the play as a whole belongs to Shirley [1] there cannot be the slightest doubt. It is, however, possible that one or two of the passages which the licenser forced Shirley to omit were filled up by Chapman, and Freshwater's account of his travels in v, i, in its vigorous prose and farcical jumble of absurdities is distinctly reminiscent of Chapman's style.

The foregoing survey of Chapman's comedies has, perhaps, made it possible to attempt an estimate of his gifts and limitations as a comic dramatist, and the relation in which he stood to his contemporary labourers in this field. Perhaps the most noticeable defect of Chapman is his want of constructive ability. On the whole more nearly allied to Jonson than to any other Elizabethan poet, not only by the circumstances of his life but by his scholarly acquirements and the general temper of his mind, he quite lacks Jonson's architectonic genius. With only one or two exceptions Chapman's plays are ill-planned and badly proportioned; and these exceptions, *All Fools*, *Eastward Ho*, and, perhaps, *May Day*, are all cases where, so far as plot and structure are concerned, Chapman was working upon models furnished him by an elder, or, in one case, by a contemporary dramatist. That this defect was inherent and not merely due to lack of acquaintance with the requirements of the stage

[1] See Fleay, *Chronicle of the English Drama*, vol. 2, pp. 238–239; Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, vol. 3, p. 107; Koeppel, *Quellen und Forschungen*, Heft 82, *sub The Ball*.

is shown by the appearance of the grave faults that have been pointed out in such late work as *Monsieur D' Olive* and *The Widow's Tears*. That Chapman was not ignorant of stage effect is shown by numerous scenes of high comic force whose effectiveness could only be heightened by actual representation. But he seems from the beginning to have lacked the ability to plan and execute a play as a well-proportioned whole.

Chapman, it must further be confessed, is no great master of characterisation. He seems to have lacked almost entirely the range and depth of human sympathy which enabled men such as Dekker and Heywood, certainly his inferiors in intellectual ability, to create characters that still retain the breath of life with which these poets endowed them. Chapman is too often inclined to crowd his stage with puppet-like figures only slightly differentiated from each other and quite devoid of life. This fault is particularly noticeable in his earlier work. It is difficult for the reader, it must have been quite impossible for the spectator, to keep in mind the mob of gentlemen who crowd the boards in *An Humorous Day's Mirth* and *May Day*. And if in the latter case the fault was originally that of the Italian dramatist whose work Chapman is adapting, it is significant that the English poet has rather added to than diminished Piccolomini's swollen list of *dramatis personae*. Under the influence of his study of Latin comedy and guided, perhaps, by the example of Jonson, Chapman came in time to learn the value of restraint in this respect and the need of distinguishing between his figures. He is most generally successful, I think, when working

on stock types, such as those furnished by Latin comedy, as in *All Fools*, and in such "humorous" figures as the swaggering captain in *May Day*, the jealous husband in *All Fools*, or that "true map of a gull" who gives his name to *Monsieur D'Olive*. But he is not altogether unsuccessful in the sphere of romantic comedy; Clarence, the poet-lover, and his mistress, Eugenia, in *Sir Giles Goosecap*, Vincentio and his friend Strozza in *The Gentleman Usher*, are distinctly conceived and attractively presented. Margaret, the heroine of the latter play, is one of the most delightful girls outside the plays of Shakespeare; and the audacity, ready wit, and quenchless good-humour of Tharsalio in *The Widow's Tears*, raise him distinctly above the stock figure of the impudent gentleman adventurer.

The general impression left by a repeated and consecutive reading of Chapman's comedies is one of lively and vigorous comic force. This is due, in the main, I believe, to the abundance of action that characterises these plays. With the possible exception of *Sir Giles Goosecap*, the action of Chapman's comedies calls rather for pruning than for reënforcement; and this is the more notable since his tragedies are as a rule very deficient in action. I take it that the theory of dramatic composition which checked Chapman's hand in the composition of his graver works was cast aside when he turned to comedy; and his early apprenticeship to Henslowe must have taught him that a lively bustling plot with plenty of amusing incident would cover a multitude of sins. Accordingly he was often careless of construction, wasted little time in psycho-

logical analysis of character, and as a rule seldom delayed the action to display his wit.

It is quite in keeping with this abundant action that Chapman's humour should be one of incident and situation rather than of character and dialogue. It ranges all the way from the clownery of such figures as Sir Giles and Pogio, through the broad farce of certain scenes in *The Blind Beggar*, or the intoxication of Corteza, to genuine specimens of high comedy in *All Fools* and *The Gentleman Usher*. Chapman is, I think, specially a master of ludicrous situation. I know few scenes in any literature more essentially comic in the mere situation than those in which Valerio's mock repentance obtains his father's feigned forgiveness, or Bassiolo's gulled importunity wins from the assumed prudery of Margaret the favour of a letter to her lover. It is in scenes like these that Chapman's comic genius appears at its highest. We feel that he himself perceives the value of the situation, elaborates it, and wrests from it all of comic that it contains. And Chapman has the special merit in his comedy of keeping the audience always in touch with the action. He makes little or no use of the element of surprise, which is so prominent a feature of Fletcherian and later comedy. No matter how completely the characters in the action may be gulled, the reader always comprehends the cause and looks forward to the consequence, and so obtains a double gust from the situation.

A word should be said in passing of Chapman's style as a comic dramatist. Like most of the Elizabethans proper he is ambidextrous and uses prose or

verse as the occasion demands. In blank verse he was, as his first play shows, originally a student of Marlowe, but he soon worked out a style of his own. In tragedy this was elaborate, elevated, sententious, and at times turgid and obscure. In comedy on the other hand it is, to quote Swinburne's happy phrase, "limpid and luminous as running water," rising at times to heights of impassioned poetry, and sinking easily again to familiar and fluent dialogue. No poet before Fletcher, I believe, was able to impart to blank verse so easy and conversational a tone.

Chapman's prose, like that of most of his contemporaries, was strongly coloured by the influence of Lyly. This is particularly noticeable in the set speeches of *All Fools* and *Monsieur D'Olive*. Where Chapman escapes from this influence and is content to speak like a man of this world, his prose is racy and vigorous, simpler, I think, and more idiomatic than that of Jonson, more forcible and effective than that of any other of his contemporaries, with the one exception of Shakespeare.

II

The main source of *All Fools*, as was pointed out by Langbaine, is the *Heautontimorumenos* of Terence. A second source of considerable importance in the characterisation and final solution of Chapman's play has recently been pointed out in the *Adelphi* of Terence.[1]

[1] By Miss Woodbridge in *The Journal of Germanic Philology*, vol. 1, p. 338 ssq.; and independently and more fully in a paper

It is not without interest to note that in the very year that Chapman composed *All Fools* for Henslowe's company, Ben Jonson wrote *The Case is Altered*, like Chapman's play a contamination of two Latin comedies, in this case the *Captivi* and *Aulularia* of Plautus. Considering the close personal relations that existed between Chapman and Jonson at this time, one is almost forced to believe that the appearance of these plays represents a conscious attempt on the part of the two scholarly dramatists to domesticate Latin comedy upon the Elizabethan stage; and the fact that in both cases two Latin plays were combined to make a single English one goes to show that both dramatists considered the plot and incident of a Latin comedy too slight and scanty to hold the attention of an Elizabethan audience.

It is no injustice to the fame of Jonson to say that of these two attempts Chapman's is distinctly the superior. *The Case is Altered* adheres almost slavishly to its originals, and the two plots are rather placed in juxtaposition than blended into one harmonious whole. *All Fools*, on the other hand, seems to me almost a perfect model for work of this sort. Chapman has treated his originals with a free hand, and while retaining the main structure and numerous incidents and even at times translating almost directly from the Latin, he has cut away and added at discretion, and has wholly modernised the spirit of the play. I have pointed out in the *Notes* many particular instances

read before the English Seminary, at Princeton, by C. W. Kennedy, in 1904.

where Chapman either adheres to or deviates from his originals. Certain changes which he has made in the *dramatis personae* and their effect upon the general tone of the play are, however, well worth noting. Bacchis, the courtesan of the *Heautontimorumenos*, has become Gratiana, the secret wife of the hero; Antiphila, the daughter of Chremes, who had been exposed as an infant and by mere accident restored to her parents, is represented by Bellanora, who has never left her father's house. In like fashion the intriguing slave, Syrus, has been transformed into a younger brother of the hero, a quick-witted, roguish "clerk of Padua." With these changes the whole atmosphere of the New Comedy, an atmosphere of courtesans, exposed infants, and rascally slaves, disappears, and the play becomes at once wholly modern. This transformation is aided also by the sub-plot of Cornelio's jealousy, apparently Chapman's own invention, and distinctly Elizabethan rather than classical in spirit.

Chapman's skill is further seen in his omission of the "self-torturing" motive of the play which he chose for the basis of his plot and his substitution for it of the strong contrast in character between the two fathers, which he found in the *Adelphi*. The whole intrigue of *All Fools* turns upon the harsh character of Gostanzo, who corresponds to Demea in the *Adelphi*, and upon his son's natural unwillingness to confess to him his secret marriage until he has made sure beforehand of forgiveness. It is not too much, indeed, to say that the characterisation and mutual relations of the *dramatis personae* of *All Fools* find their

source rather in the *Adelphi* than in the *Heautontimorumenos*.

In one respect, indeed, the *Adelphi* has influenced the structure of *All Fools* and, perhaps, not altogether to its advantage. Swinburne has noted as the one slight blemish of the English play "that the final scene of discovery . . . is somewhat hurriedly despatched, with too rapid a change of character and readjustment of relations." Inasmuch as Chapman had transformed the courtesan of the *Heautontimorumenos* into the secret wife of *All Fools*, it was of course impossible that the solution of the Latin play, in which Bacchis is dismissed and her lover consents to marry a neighbour's daughter, should be retained. For this solution Chapman has substituted that of the *Adelphi*, where the stern father suddenly becomes mild, consents to the marriage of his elder son with a poor girl, and allows the younger to retain his mistress. But while Terence has carefully motivated this change of front, Chapman introduces it suddenly and without warning. It is possible, indeed, to explain Gostanzo's transformation in the last scene on the hypothesis that he realises that his anger is fruitless and wisely resolves to make the best of what is after all not so bad a business. Yet even with this explanation the fact remains that Gostanzo's change of mind is rather dramatically admissible than psychologically true.[1]

[1] Another objection urged by Professor Koeppel (*Quellen und Forschungen*, 1897) to the construction of *All Fools* seems to me to lack real weight. I have dealt with this objection in a note on the passage (III, i, 83–84).

After all it is, of course, idle to look for depth of characterisation and psychological truth in a play like *All Fools*. The characters, borrowed directly from Latin comedy, are rather types than distinct and well-rounded individuals. We have here the familiar figures of the New Comedy, the stern father, the indulgent father, the riotous son, and the witty intriguer who sets the action going. It is, I think, greatly to Chapman's credit that, while adopting these threadbare types, he has contrived to make them so real and freshly entertaining. And he has, moreover, succeeded in throwing about these stock figures and this old-world intrigue a mingled atmosphere of Elizabethan realism and romance. Valerio's secret marriage and Fortunio's secret love give a romantic interest to *All Fools* which is quite lacking in its prototypes. And the repeated touches of realism, the adventure of Valerio with the bailiffs, his vanity in his courtly accomplishments, and the final scene in the Half Moon Tavern, with its accompaniment of dice, tobacco, a "noise" of music, and the pledging of healths, complete the transformation of the play of Terence into a modern comedy of intrigue and of manners.

The Gentleman Usher presents so remarkable a contrast to *All Fools* as to give us a striking impression of Chapman's range and versatility as a comic dramatist. The construction is far more loose and irregular, the characterisation more individual and human, the poetry more fervent and impassioned, and the prevailing interest is shifted from a series of amusing intrigues to a tender and romantic love-story. Chapman's women are as a

rule not particularly attractive figures; the young wives of *All Fools* are little more than puppets; the widows of his last comedy are, to put it mildly, no better than they should be. But the matron and the maid in *The Gentleman Usher* — Cynanche, the perfect helpmate, and Margaret, the merry, modest, and devoted sweetheart — are alone sufficient to redeem Chapman from the charge of having been consistently cynical in his attitude toward women.

No source has yet been discovered for the story of *The Gentleman Usher*. I have shown elsewhere that certain characters and incidents seem to have been taken over from Chapman's earlier play, *Sir Giles Goosecap*.[1] These, however, are wholly subordinate and do not affect the main story. I fancy that this may yet be discovered in some French or Italian novel. Chapman was by no means strong in invention, and I am inclined to believe him incapable of creating a story so simple, straightforward, and well-balanced as that of Vincentio and Margaret. On the other hand, if the story had already been dramatised, Chapman, who in *All Fools* and *May Day* had shown himself so capable an adapter, would hardly have floundered and stumbled through two whole acts before getting under way.

It is to this long delay in starting the action that I am inclined to attribute, in part at least, the strange neglect which has overtaken this most delightful of Chapman's comedies. It requires no little patience indeed to push resolutely through the first two acts,

[1] *The Authorship of Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, *Modern Philology*, July, 1906.

which are at once notably deficient in the central interest and filled to overflowing with incidental matter, the clowneries of Pogio, the pedantries of Sarpego, and the disgusting farce of Corteza's drunkenness — to say nothing of the various masks and shows which, however diverting they may have been to a contemporary audience, have, in the lapse of time, become stale and flat. But the reader who has the courage to go on will reap a large reward. From the time the action is properly started at the beginning of Act III, it runs along swiftly and smoothly with sparkling interchange of comedy and romance. In the last act, indeed, it assumes a serious and almost tragic tone, which at the very close of the play, when the fortunes of the lovers have touched the nadir, is dissipated by the appearance of a wonder-working physician who heals their wounds and joins their hands. The cruel father is reconciled to the match, the intriguing enemy is exposed and banished, and the play ends as a romantic comedy should do with the sound of wedding-bells. No other of Chapman's comedies has, I think, so well worked out and satisfactory a conclusion. And this is in large measure because the solution, with its miraculous cure of Strozza, and its *deus ex machina* in the person of Benivemus, harmonises admirably with the romantic tone of the play. It speaks well for Chapman's judgement and discrimination as an artist that such a facile and, as it were, supernatural solution of a tangled plot, which appears nowhere else in his work, should have been admitted here where alone it is in keeping.

As is eminently fitting in a romantic comedy, the characterisation in *The Gentleman Usher* is at once more individual and more interesting than in *All Fools*. Chapman's grasp of character and firmness of touch is seen even in such minor parts as those of Pogio, Alphonso, Corteza, and Cynanche. The main interest centres, naturally, in the figures of the lovers, their constant friend, Strozza, and their gull and go-between, Bassiolo. Vincentio is slightly but surely drawn. Without any attempt at elaborate analysis Chapman has here given us a wholly satisfactory portrait of a romantic young lover, good-tempered, high-spirited, and devoted to his mistress. Strozza, too, is a distinctly human figure, far above the mere stock confident of comedy. Of Margaret's charm I have already spoken, but it is hard to pass over in silence the qualities that go to constitute that charm, the modesty with which she repels the advances of the Duke, the gaiety with which she befools Bassiolo, the heart-broken sorrow for the supposed loss of her lover, and the fine unselfishness with which she rejects her lover's offer to wed her after "her beauty's sacrifice." Above all, in the noble passage where she and the Prince exchange vows and bind themselves in a marriage ceremony of their own devising, the passionate purity of her mind banishes from the scene the faintest suspicion of a baser motive. One trembles to think how such a situation would have been treated by Fletcher. But the heroine of Chapman's play is more nearly akin to Juliet than to any female figure that Fletcher was ever able to conceive.

The character of Bassiolo also demands a word, the more so because Swinburne has passed him over in silence, and Professor Ward, as well as Professor Koeppel, appears to regard him merely as an unsuccessful imitation of Malvolio. Such a judgement, I am bound to say, seems to me quite unsatisfactory. It is quite possible that the success of Malvolio upon the stage may have suggested to Chapman, writing a few years after the first performance of *Twelfth Night*, the notion of trying his hand upon the figure of a conceited gentleman usher. But the similarity between the two figures lies wholly upon the surface. Both occupy the same position in the world, and both are tricked into believing that their merits have won for them a favour which will advance them above this rank. Here, however, the likeness ends. At heart Malvolio is a bad-tempered peacock, Bassiolo a good-natured goose. There is not a trace in Chapman's figure of the soured Puritanism which leads Malvolio to interfere in the revels of Sir Toby and his friends, nor a shadow of that overweening self-love which makes Olivia's usher so easy a mark for the palpable trickery of Maria. On the contrary, it requires the strongest personal effort of the Prince himself, seconded by gifts and kind embraces, to persuade Bassiolo that his merits have indeed exalted him to be a great man's favourite. And if the action of this scene should seem impossible to us, we must remember that it would by no means appear so in an age which was only too familiar with base fellows exalted to be their sovereign's favourites. We have such an instance, in fact, in this play itself, and Bassiolo might well imag-

ine that his claims to be the Prince's favourite were as good as those of Medici to be Alphonso's minion. Malvolio is something too seriously conceived to be a purely comic character; he is sick of self-love; the device that is put upon him only stimulates the expression of his swollen self-conceit, and at the close of the play he breaks from the laughing throng of his tormentors with a bitter cry for revenge. Bassiolo, on the other hand, is by no means so confident of his good fortune. At the approach of danger he is more than ready to desert his friend, and expresses a well-founded belief that he has been gulled. His struggle between greed and vanity in the last scene of the fourth act, his reckless bravado in the fifth when he has once chosen his part, his outcry against the wicked Prince when he anticipates punishment, and his instant *volte-face* when he learns that Vincentio is reconciled to his father, are pure emanations of the comic spirit. Nor is it difficult to look beyond the close of the play and see Bassiolo installed as the efficient, officious, and wholly spoiled major-domo in the household of Vincentio and Margaret.

Finally, as *All Fools* looks back to the past, *The Gentleman Usher* is an anticipation of the future in comedy. It is in many ways a forerunner of later Jacobean comedy, particularly that of Fletcher. The atmosphere of the play is one of courtly romance. The plot, turning as it does upon a prince's love-affair, — troubled and for a time broken off by the passion of a monarch for his son's mistress, — is a common theme with Fletcher; and the way in which the comic relief is

blended with the romantic plot is to me distinctly more like the manner of Fletcher than like that of earlier writers. The construction, particularly in its fondness for reverses and surprise, — see especially Act v, — is rather romantic than classic and dimly anticipates the deft craftsmanship of Fletcher along these lines. The characters themselves, the prince and his mistress, the amorous monarch, the villainous favourite, the devoted wife, and the beldame, Corteza, would fit easily into the frame of more than one of Fletcher's comedies. The easy gaiety with which the character of Bassiolo is handled brings him nearer to the "humorous" figures of Fletcher than those of Jonson; and Strozza, in his loyalty to his friend, his scorn of the intriguing courtier, and his frank outspokenness, seems to me a clear prototype of the honest soldier so common in Fletcher's work. None of the peculiar metrical characteristics of Fletcher appear, so far as I can see, in *The Gentleman Usher;* but the ease and fluency with which Chapman employs blank verse in dialogue in such scenes as III, ii, and v, i, in this play, is, at the least, suggestive of Fletcher's careless and colloquial mastery of this form of verse.

The question of Chapman's relation to Fletcher has not yet, I believe, received its due attention. I have no wish to exaggerate the importance of this relation, or to make Fletcher a disciple of Chapman. But I am inclined to think that the later writer caught more than one hint from his predecessor, and to believe that a comparative study of their work would show that in certain plays, *Sir Giles Goosecap, Monsieur D'Olive,*

and especially *The Gentleman Usher*, Chapman was the first to strike into that field of romantic comedy which is now so peculiarly associated with the name of Fletcher.

TEXT

All Fooles was first printed in quarto in 1605 for Thomas Thorpe. Mr. Sidney Lee informs me that the devices of this edition show the printer to have been the G. Eld who four years later set up Shakespeare's *Sonnets* for T. T. (the same Thomas Thorpe). There was but one early edition of *All Fooles*, for the variations in different copies of the Quarto of 1605 are no greater than one expects to find in Elizabethan books of the same edition. Thus in I, i, 184, A and D read *unusering*; five other Qq, *unnurishing*. In II, i, 9, most Qq read *Adsolve*; M, and a copy in the possession of T. J. Wise, *resolve*. In II, i, 30, A, B, D read *veale*; M, *weale*. In I, i, 3, the Garrick copy in the British Museum reads *straines*; A, D, M, and the King's copy in the British Museum, *steaines*. See also footnote, p. 81. For the significance of my lettering of the Quartos, see the third paragraph below. One point which might serve to distinguish various copies of this Quarto as belonging to an earlier or later state of the impression is the presence or absence of the parenthesis, ( ), before the last word of the *Epilogue*. See note *ad loc.* p. 139.

The first reprint of this comedy appeared in the *Select Collection of Old Plays* edited by Isaac Reed and published by Dodsley in 1780. It was next reprinted in Walter Scott's *Ancient British Drama*, 1810. J. P. Collier included it in his *Select Collection of Old Plays* (a new edition of Dodsley), printing the Dedication (see Appendix) for the first time and emending the text in various places. A professedly exact reprint appeared in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, published by Pearson, 1873, and edited, as the present editor is informed by Pearson & Co., by R. H. Shepherd. This retained the old spelling and punctuation, but is marred by several omissions, misprints, etc. Mr. Shepherd presented a modernised text in *The Works of George Chapman — Plays* (Chatto and Windus, 1874–75). The text of the Mermaid Edition (*George Chapman*, edited by W. L. Phelps, 1895) is based upon the reprint of 1873, with modernised spelling and punctuation.

The present edition is based upon the editor's transcript of a copy of the Quarto formerly belonging to Drummond of Hawthornden and now in the Library of Edinburgh University. This transcript has been collated with copies in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, the British Museum, the Victoria and Albert Museum, and the Bodleian Library. The result of this collation has been the discovery of numerous minor variations in spelling and punctuation and a few corrections made while the edition was in press. These are noted in the variants. The original spelling has been retained, though the capitalisation has been modernised, and the use of italics for proper names disregarded. The confusing punctuation of the original text has been revised throughout, but wherever the original seemed to indicate a different meaning from that adopted by the editor, it has been recorded in the variants.

A few obvious misprints of the Quarto I have corrected silently, as *custodie* for Qq cuffodie, in IV, 334. Other corrections are indicated by brackets, [ ], as are all additions to the original stage-directions. In the footnotes I have used the symbols, Qq, to note a consensus of the Quartos, A, a reading of the copy in the Advocates' Library, D, of the Drummond Quarto, B, of the two copies in the British Museum, M, of the Malone copy in the Bodleian. For modern editions Do stands for the Dodsley of 1780, Co for Collier's edition, P for the Pearson reprint, and S for Shepherd's modernised edition. Changes by the present editor are denoted by "Emend. ed."

In the Quartos the play is simply divided into acts. These have been subdivided into scenes. In designating speakers the whole name is given for the first speech in each scene, an abbreviation thereafter. These abbreviations have been normalised to avoid the confusion of the Quarto.

Al Fooles

SOURCES

Langbaine, *An Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, 1691, long ago pointed out that this comedy "seems to be built in part upon the same Fabrick with Terence's *Heautontimorumenos*." Professor Koeppel once more called attention to this fact in his *Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen George Chapmans, etc.* (*Quellen und Forschungen*, Heft 82, 1897). Professor Koeppel, however, did not note that Chapman had also made use of another play by Terence, the *Adelphi*. This was first pointed out by Miss Woodbridge in *The Journal of Germanic Philology*, vol. i, pp. 338, *seq.*, and later, but quite independently and more fully, in a paper read at Princeton University by C. W. Kennedy, English Fellow. Mr. Kennedy showed that *All Fooles* is as regards the main plot a *contaminatio* of the *Heautontimorumenos* and the *Adelphi*. The many resemblances in characters, situation, and even speech between *All Fooles* and the comedies of Terence on which it is founded are pointed out in the *Notes* to this edition of Chapman's play.

The sub-plot relating to the jealousy of Cornelio is thought by Professor Koeppel to have been suggested by the *Merry Wives of Windsor*; but the only resemblance between the two plays is in their common presentation of a jealous husband, a figure peculiar neither to Shakespeare nor Chapman. Stier (*Chapman's All Fooles, etc.*, Halle, 1904) sees certain resemblances to Jonson's Kitely. From the dragging action of the under-plot the present editor is inclined to believe that this part of the play was Chapman's own invention.

AL FOOLES

A
Comedy, Presented at the Black
Fryers, And lately before
his Maiestie.

Written by *George Chapman.*

AT LONDON,
Printed for Thomas Thorpe.
1 6 0 5.

ACTORS

Gostanzo
Mar[c]. Antonio } Knights.

Valerio, sonne to Gostanzo.
Fortunio, elder sonne to Marc. Antonio.
Rynaldo, the younger.

Dariotto
Claudio } Courtiers.

Cornelio, a start-up Gentleman.
Curio, a Page.
Kyte, a Scrivener.
Fraunces Pock, a Surgeon.
[A Drawer.]
Gazetta, wife to Cor[nelio].
Bellonora, daughter to Gostanzo.
Gratiana, stolne wife to Valerio.

PROLOGUS

The fortune of a stage (*like Fortunes selfe*)
Amazeth greatest judgements: and none knowes
The hidden causes of those strange effects,
That rise from this Hell, or fall from this Heaven.
Who can shew cause why your wits that, in ayme
At higher objects, scorne to compose playes,
(*Though we are sure they could, would they vouch-safe it!*)
Should (*without meanes to make*) *judge better farre*
Then those that make; and yet yee see they can;
For without your applause wretched is he
That undertakes the stage, and he's more blest
That with your glorious favours can contest.
Who can shew cause why th'ancient comick vaine
Of Eupolis *and* Cratinus (*now reviv'd,*
Subject to personall application)
Should be exploded by some bitter splenes,
Yet merely comicall and harmelesse jestes
(*Though nere so witty*) *be esteem'd but toyes,*
If voide of th'other satyrismes sauce?
Who can shew cause why quick Venerian jestes
Should sometimes ravish, sometimes fall farre short
Of the just length and pleasure of your eares
When our pure dames thinke them much lesse obscene

Then those that winne your panegyrick splene?
But our poore doomes (alas) you know are nothing;
To your inspired censure ever we
Must needs submit, and there's the mistery.
Great are the giftes given to united heades;
To gifts, attyre, to faire attyre, the stage
Helps much, for if our other audience see
You on the stage depart before we end,
Our wits goe with you all, and we are fooles.
So Fortune governes in these stage events
That merit beares least sway in most contents.
Auriculas asini quis non habet?
How we shall then appeare, we must referre
To magicke of your doomes, that never erre.

27 *mistery*, all Qq except B. P. L., which reads, as does Co, misery.

Al Fooles

Actus primi Scæna prima.

[*A Street in Florence.*]

Enter Rynaldo, Fortunio, Valerio.

Rynaldo. Can one selfe cause, in subjects so alike
As you two are, produce effect so unlike?
One like the turtle, all in mournefull straines
Wailing his fortunes, th'other like the larke,
Mounting the sky, in shrill and cheerefull notes
Chaunting his joyes aspir'd; and both for love.
In one, love rayseth by his violent heate
Moyst vapours from the heart into the eyes,
From whence they drowne his brest in dayly showers;
In th'other, his divided power infuseth
Onely a temperate and most kindly warmth,
That gives life to those fruites of wit and vertue,
Which the unkinde hand of an uncivile father
Had almost nipt in the delightsome blossome.

3 *straines.* All Qq except that in Garrick Collection (B. M. — C. 13, c. 10), and B. P. L., steaines.

Fortunio. O, brother, love rewards our services
With a most partiall and injurious hand,
If you consider well our different fortunes.
Valerio loves, and joyes the dame he loves;
I love, and never can enjoy the sight
Of her I love, so farre from conquering
In my desires assault, that I can come
To lay no battry to the fort I seeke,
All passages to it so strongly kept
By straite guard of her father.
Ryn. I dare sweare,
If just desert in love measur'd reward,
Your fortune should exceed Valerios farre;
For I am witnes (being your bedfellow)
Both to the dayly and the nightly service
You doe unto the deity of love
In vowes, sighes, teares, and solitary watches;
He never serves him with such sacrifice,
Yet hath his bowe and shaftes at his commaund.
Loves service is much like our humorous lords,
Where minions carry more than servitors:
The bolde and carelesse servant still obtaines;
The modest and respective nothing gaines.
You never see your love unlesse in dreames,
He, Hymen puts in whole possession.
What differrent starres raign'd when your loves were borne,
He forc't to weare the willow, you the horne?

But, brother, are you not asham'd to make
Your selfe a slave to the base Lord of love,
Begot of Fancy and of Beauty borne?
And what is Beauty? a meere quintessence,
Whose life is not in being, but in seeming;
And therefore is not to all eyes the same,
But like a cousoning picture, which one way
Shewes like a crowe, another like a swanne.
And upon what ground is this Beauty drawne?
Upon a woman, a most brittle creature,
And would to God (for my part) that were all.

For. But tell me, brother, did you never love?

Ryn. You know I did and was belov'd againe,
And that of such a dame as all men deem'd
Honour'd, and made me happy in her favours.
Exceeding faire she was not; and yet faire
In that she never studyed to be fayrer
Then Nature made her; beauty cost her nothing.
Her vertues were so rare, they would have made
An Æthyop beautifull, at least so thought
By such as stood aloofe, and did observe her
With credulous eyes; but what they were indeed
Ile spare to blaze, because I lov'd her once;
Onely I found her such, as for her sake
I vowe eternall warres against their whole sexe,
Inconstant shuttle-cocks, loving fooles and jesters,

Men rich in durt and tytles, sooner woone
With the most vile then the most vertuous,
Found true to none; if one amongst whole hundreds
Chance to be chaste, she is so proude withall,
Wayward and rude, that one of unchaste life
Is oftentimes approv'd a worthier wife:
Undressed, sluttish, nasty, to their husbands;
Spung'd up, adorn'd, and painted to their lovers;
All day in cesselesse uprore with their housholdes,
If all the night their husbands have not pleas'd them;
Like hounds most kinde, being beaten and abus'd,
Like wolves most cruell, being kindelyest us'd.

For. Fye, thou prophan'st the deity of their sexe.

Ryn. Brother, I read that Ægipt heretofore
Had temples of the riches[t] frame on earth,
Much like this goodly edifice of women;
With alablaster pillers were those temples
Uphelde and beautified, and so are women;
Most curiously glaz'd, and so are women;
Cunningly painted too, and so are women;
In out-side wondrous heavenly, so are women;
But when a stranger view'd those phanes within,

81 *richest.* Emend. Do; Qq, riches.

In stead of gods and goddesses he should finde
A painted fowle, a fury, or a serpent;
And such celestiall inner parts have women.
Valerio. Rynaldo, the poore foxe that lost his tayle
Perswaded others also to loose theirs:
Thy selfe, for one, perhaps, that for desert
Or some defect in thy attempts refus'd thee,
Revil'st the whole sexe, beauty, love, and all.
I tell thee Love is Natures second sonne,
Causing a spring of vertues where he shines;
And as without the sunne, the worlds great eye,
All colours, beauties, both of Arte and Nature,
Are given in vaine to men, so without Love
All beauties bred in women are in vaine,
All vertues borne in men lye buried;
For Love informes them as the sunne doth colours,
And as the sunne, reflecting his warme beames
Against the earth, begets all fruites and flowers,
So Love, fayre shining in the inward man,
Brings foorth in him the honourable fruites
Of valour, wit, vertue, and haughty thoughts,
Brave resolution, and divine discourse:
O, tis the Paradice, the Heaven of earth.
And didst thou know the comfort of two hearts
In one delicious harmony united,
As to joy one joy, and thinke both one thought,

Live both one life, and therein double life,
To see their soules met at an enter-view
In their bright eyes, at parle in their lippes,
Their language kisses, and t'observe the rest,
Touches, embraces, and each circumstance
Of all Loves most unmatched ceremonies,
Thou wouldst abhorre thy tongue for blasphemy.
O who can comprehend how sweet Love tastes,
But he that hath been present at his feastes?

Ryn. Are you in that vaine too, Valerio?
Twere fitter you should be about your charge,
How plow and cart goes forward; I have knowne
Your joyes were all imployde in husbandry,
Your study was how many loades of hay
A meadow of so many acres yeelded,
How many oxen such a close would fat.
And is your rurall service now converted
From Pan to Cupid, and from beastes to women?
O, if your father knew this, what a lecture
Of bitter castigation he would read you!

Val. My father? why, my father? does he thinke
To rob me of my selfe? I hope I know
I am a gentleman, though his covetous humour
And education hath transformed me bayly,
And made me overseer of his pastures;
Ile be my selfe in spight of husbandry.

Enter Gratiana.

And see, bright heaven, here comes my husbandry, *Amplecti-*
Here shall my cattle graze, here nectar drinke, *tur eam.*
Here will I hedge and ditch, here hide my treasure.
O poore Fortunio, how wouldst thou tryumph,
If thou enjoy'dst this happines with my sister!
For. I were in heaven if once twere come to that.
Ryn. And me thinkes tis my heaven that I am past it.
And should the wretched Machevilian,
The covetous knight, your father, see this sight,
Lusty Valerio?
Val. Sfoote, sir, if he should,
He shall perceive ere long my skill extends
To something more then sweaty husbandry.
Ryn. Ile beare thee witnes, thou canst skill of dice,
Cards, tennis, wenching, dauncing, and what not!
And this is something more then husbandry;
Th'arte knowne in ordinaries and tabacco shops,
Trusted in tavernes and in vaulting houses,
And this is something more than husbandry;
Yet all this while thy father apprehends thee
For the most tame and thriftie groome in Europe.

For. Well, he hath venter'd on a mariage
Would quite undoe him, did his father know it.
Ryn. Know it? alas, sir, where can he bestow
This poore gentlewoman he hath made his wife,
But his inquisitive father will heare of it,
Who like the dragon to th'esperean fruite,
Is to his haunts? Slight, hence! the olde knight comes.
Gostanzo. Rynaldo? *Intrat Gostanzo.*
Ryn. Whose that calles? What, Sir Gostanzo? *Omnes aufugiunt.*
How fares your knighthood, sir?
Gost. Say, who was that
Shrunke at my entry here? Was't not your brother?
Ryn. He shrunke not, sir; his busines call'd him hence.
Gost. And was it not my sonne that went out with him?
Ryn. I saw not him; I was in serious speech
About a secret busines with my brother.
Gost. Sure twas my sonne; what made he here? I sent him
About affaires to be dispacht in hast.
Ryn. Well, sir, lest silence breed unjust suspect,

166 *th'esperean.* So Qq; Co, th' Hesperean.

Ile tell a secret I am sworne to keep,
And crave your honoured assistance in it.
Gost. What ist, Rynaldo?
Ryn. This, sir; twas your sonne.
Gost. And what yong gentlewoman grac'st their company?
Ryn. Thereon depends the secret I must utter:
That gentlewoman hath my brother maryed.
Gost. Maryed? What is she?
Ryn. Faith, sir, a gentlewoman:
But her unnurishing dowry must be tolde
Out of her beauty.
Gost. Is it true, Rynaldo?
And does your father understand so much?
Ryn. That was the motion, sir, I was entreating
Your sonne to make to him, because I know
He is well spoken, and may much prevaile
In satisfying my father, who much loves him
Both for his wisedome and his husbandry.
Gost. Indeede, he 's one can tell his tale, I tell you;
And for his husbandry —
Ryn. O sir, had you heard
What thrifty discipline he gave my brother
For making choyce without my father's knowledge

185 *unnurishing*. So most Qq; A and D, B. P. L., unusering.

And without riches, you would have admyr'd him.

Gost. Nay, nay, I know him well; but what was it?

Ryn. That in the choyce of wives men must respect

The chiefe wife, riches; that in every course
A man's chiefe load-starre should shine out of riches;
Love nothing hartely in this world but riches;
Cast off all friends, all studies, all delights,
All honesty, and religion for riches:
And many such, which wisedome sure he learn'd
Of his experient father; yet my brother
So soothes his rash affection, and presumes
So highly on my fathers gentle nature,
That he 's resolv'd to bring her home to him,
And like enough he will.

Gost. And like enough
Your silly father, too, will put it up;
An honest knight, but much too much indulgent
To his presuming children.

Ryn. What a difference
Doth interpose it selfe twixt him and you!
Had your sonne us'd you thus!

Gost. My sonne? alas!
I hope to bring him up in other fashion,
Followes my husbandry, sets early foote

Into the world; he comes not at the citty,
Nor knowes the citty artes — .
Ryn. But dice and wenching.
Aversus.
Gost. Acquaints himselfe with no delight but getting,
A perfect patterne of sobriety,
Temperance, and husbandry to all my houshold.
And what's his company, I pray? not wenches.
Ryn. Wenches? I durst be sworne he never smelt
A wenches breath yet, but me thinkes twere fit
You sought him out a wife.
Gost. A wife, Rynaldo?
He dares not lookee a woman in the face.
Ryn. Sfoote, holde him to one; your sonne such a sheep?
Gost. Tis strange in earnest.
Ryn. Well, sir, though for my thriftlesse brothers sake
I little care how my wrong'd father takes it,
Yet for my fathers quiet, if your selfe
Would joyne hands with your wi[s]e and toward sonne,
I should deserve it some way.

224–226 *Wenches . . . wife.* This speech is printed as 2 ll. in Qq: *Wenches . . . breath. Yet . . . wife.*
224 *be sworne.* So A and D. B1, B2, M, *besworne.*
233 *wise.* Emend. S. Qq, wife.

Gost. Good Rynaldo,
I love you and your father, but this matter
Is not for me to deale in, and tis needlesse;
You say your brother is resolv'd, presuming
Your father will allow it.

Enter Marcantonio.

Ryn. See, my father!
Since you are resolute not to move him, sir,
In any case conceale the secret by way
Abscondit se.
Of an attonement, let me pray you will.

Gost. Upon mine honour.

Ryn. Thankes, sir.

Marc. Antonio. God save thee, honourable Knight Gostanzo.

Gost. Friend Marc Antonio, welcome! and I thinke
I have good newes to welcome you withall.

Ryn. [*aside*]. He cannot holde.

Marc. What newes, I pray you, sir?

Gost. You have a forward, valiant, eldest sonne,
But wherein is his forwardnes and valour?

Marc. I know not wherein you intend him so.

Gost. Forward before, valiant behinde, his duety,

238–241 *See . . . will.* Qq print these four lines as three: *See . . . sir, In . . . secret; By . . . will.*

That he hath dar'd before your due consent
To take a wife.
Marc. A wife, sir? what is she?
Gost. One that is rich enough: her hayre pure amber,
Her forehead mother of pearle, her faire eyes
Two wealthy diamants, her lips mines of rubies,
Her teeth are orient pearle, her necke pure ivory.
Marc. Jest not, good sir, in an affayre so serious;
I love my sonne, and if his youth reward me
With his contempt of my consent in mariage,
Tis to be fear'd that his presumption buildes not
Of his good choyce, that will beare out it selfe,
And being bad, the newes is worse then bad.
Gost. What call you bad? is it bad to be poore?
Marc. The world accounts it so; but if my sonne
Have in her birth and vertues held his choice
Without disparagement, the fault is lesse.
Gost. Sits the winde there? Blowes there so calme a gale
From a contemned and deserved anger?
Are you so easie to be disobay'd?
Marc. What should I doe? If my enamour'd sonne

264 *sonne.* Emend. ed. Qq, soone.

Have been so forward, I assure my selfe
He did it more to satisfie his love
Then to incense my hate, or to neglect me.
Gost. A passing kinde construction; suffer this,
You ope him doores to any villany;
He'le dare to sell, to pawne, runne ever ryot,
Despise your love in all, and laugh at you.
And that knights competency you have gotten
With care and labour, he with lust and idlenesse
Will bring into the stypend of a begger,
All to maintaine a wanton whirly-gig,
Worth nothing more then she brings on her back,
Yet all your wealth too little for that back.
By heaven, I pitty your declining state,
For, be assur'd, your sonne hath set his foote
In the right path-way to consumption:
Up to the heart in love; and for that love
Nothing can be too deare his love desires:
And how insatiate and unlymited
Is the ambition and the beggerly pride
Of a dame hoysed from a beggers state
To a state competent and plentifull,
You can not be so simple not to know.
Marc. I must confesse the mischiefe; but, alas,
Where is in me the power of remedy?
Gost. Where? In your just displeasure! Cast him off,

Receive him not, let him endure the use
Of their enforced kindnesse that must trust him
For meate and money, for apparrell, house,
And every thing belongs to that estate,
Which he must learne with want of misery,
Since pleasure and a full estate hath blinded
His dissolute desires.
Marc. What should I doe?
If I should banish him my house and sight,
What desperate resolution might it breed
To runne into the warres, and there to live
In want of competencie, and perhaps
Taste th' unrecoverable losse of his chiefe limbes,
Which while he hath in peace, at home with me,
May with his spirit ransome his estate
From any losse his mariage can procure?
Gost. Ist true? Ne, let him runne into the warre,
And lose what limbes he can; better one branch
Be lopt away then all the whole tree should perish;
And for his wants, better young want then olde.
You have a younger sonne at Padoa,
I like his learning well, make him your heire,
And let your other walke; let him buy wit
Att's owne charge, not at's fathers; if you loose him,
You loose no more then that was lost before;
If you recover him, you finde a sonne.

Marc. I cannot part with him.
Gost. If it be so,
And that your love to him be so extreame,
In needfull daungers ever chuse the least;
If he should be in minde to passe the seas,
Your sonne Rynaldo (who tolde me all this)
Will tell me that, and so we shall prevent it;
If by no sterne course you will venture that,
Let him come home to me with his faire wife;
And if you chaunce to see him, shake him up,
As if your wrath were hard to be reflected,
That he may feare hereafter to offend
In other dissolute courses. At my house
With my advice and my sonnes good example,
Who shall serve as a glasse for him to see
His faults and mend them to his president,
I make no doubt but of a dissolut sonne
And disobedient to send him home
Both dutifull and thriftie.
Marc. O Gostanzo!
Could you do this, you should preserve your selfe
A perfect friend of mee, and mee a sonne.
Gost. Remember you your part, and feare not mine;
Rate him, revile him, and renounce him too.
Speake, can you doo't, man?
Marc. Ile do all I can.
Exit Mar[*c. Antonio*].

322–323 *If . . . extreame.* Q prints as one line.

Gost. Ahlas, good man, how Nature over-
wayes him!

Rynaldo comes foorth.

Ryn. God save you, sir.

Gost. Rynaldo, all the newes
You told mee as a secret, I perceive
Is passing common; for your father knowes it;
The first thing he related was the marriage.

Ryn. And was extreamly moov'd?

Gost. Beyond all measure;
But I did all I could to quench his furie,
Told him how easie t'was for a young man
To runne that amorous course, and though his
choyce
Were nothing rich, yet shee was gentlie borne,
Well quallified and beautifull; but hee still
Was quite relentles, and would needes renounce
him.

Ryn. My brother knowes it well, and is resolvd
To trayle a pyke in field rather then bide
The more feard push of my vext fathers furie.

Gost. Indeed that's one way; but are no
more meanes
Left to his fine wits then t'incence his father
With a more violent rage, and to redeeme
A great offence with greater?

Ryn. So I told him;
But to a desperat minde all breath is lost.

Gost. Go to, let him be wise and use his friendes,
Amongst whom Ile be formost to his father.
Without this desperate errour he intends
Joynd to the other Ile not doubt to make him
Easie returne into his fathers favour,
So he submit himselfe, as duetie bindes him;
For fathers will be knowne to be them selves,
And often when their angers are not deepe
Will paint an outward rage upon their lookes.

Ryn. All this I told him, sir; but what sayes hee?
"I know my father will not be reclaymde;
Heele thinke that if he wincke at this offence,
T'will open doores to any villanie;
Ile dare to sell, to pawne, and run all ryot,
To laugh at all his patience, and consume
All he hath purchast to an honord purpose
In maintenance of a wanton whirligigg
Worth nothing more then she weares on her backe."

Gost. [*aside*]. The very words I usd t'incense his father. —
But, good Rinoldo, let him be advisde.
How would his father grieve, should he be maynd
Or quite miscarie in the ruthles warre?

Ryn. I told him so; but better farr (sayd hee)

381 *wanton.* Emend. Do; Qq, wenton.

One branch should utterly be lopt away
Then the whole tree of all his race should perish;
And for his wants better yong want, then eld.
Gost. [*aside*]. By heaven the same words still
I usde t' his father.
Why comes this about? — Well, good Rinaldo,
If hee dare not indure his fathers lookes,
Let him and his faire wife come home to me
Till I have quallified his fathers passion.
He shall be kindly welcome and be sure
Of all the intercession I can use.
Ryn. I thanke you, sir; Ile try what I can doe,
Although I feare me I shall strive in vaine.
Gost. Well, try him, try him. *Exit* [*Gostanzo*].
Ryn. Thanks, sir, so I will.
See this olde, politique, dissembling knight,
Now he perceives my father so affectionate,
And that my brother may hereafter live
By him and his with equall use of either,
He will put on a face of hollowe friendship.
But this will proove an excellent ground to sowe
The seede of mirth amongst us; Ile go seeke
Valerio and my brother, and tell them
Such newes of their affaires as they 'le admire.
Exit [*Rynaldo*].

[Scæna Secunda.

Before the House of Cornelio.]

Enter Gazetta, Bellonora, Gratiana.

Gazetta. How happie are your fortunes above mine!
Both still being woode and courted; still so feeding
On the delightes of love that still you finde
An appetite to more; where I am cloyde,
And being bound to love sportes, care not for them.
Bellonora. That is your fault, Gazetta; we have loves
And wish continuall company with them
In honour'd marriage rites, which you enjoy.
But seld or never can we get a looke
Of those we love. Fortunio, my deare choyce,
Dare not be knowne to love me, nor come neere
My fathers house, where I as in a prison
Consume my lost dayes and the tedious nights,
My father guarding me for one I hate.
And Gratiana here, my brothers love,
Joyes him by so much stelth that vehement feare
Drinkes up the sweetnesse of their stolne delightes:
Where you enjoye a husband and may freely
Performe all obsequies you desire to love.

Gaz. Indeede I have a husband, and his love
Is more then I desire, being vainely jelouse.
Extreames, though contrarie, have the like effects:
Extreame heate mortifies like extreame colde;
Extreame love breedes sa[t]ietie as well
As extreame hatred, and too violent rigour
Tempts chastetie as much as too much licence.
There's no mans eye fixt on mee but doth pierce
My husbandes soule. If any aske my wel-fare,
He straight doubts treason practis'd to his bed,
Fancies but to himselfe all likelihoods
Of my wrong to him, and layes all on mee
For certaine trueths; yet seekes he with his best
To put disguise on all his jelosie,
Fearing, perhaps, least it may teach me that
Which otherwise I should not dreame upon.
Yet lives he still abrode at great expence,
Turns merely gallant from his farmers state,
Uses all games and recreations,
Runnes races with the gallants of the court,
Feastes them at home, and entertaines them costly,
And then upbraydes mee with their companie.

23 *Extreame heate.* Emend. Do; Qq, Extreames heate.
24 *satietie.* Emend. Do; Qq, sacietie.

Enter Cornelio.

See, see, wee shal be troubl'd with him now.

Cornelio. Now ladyes, what plots have we now in hand?

They say when onely one dame is alone,
Shee plots some mischiefe; but if three together,
They plot three hundred. Wife, the ayre is sharpe,
Y'ad best to take the house least you take cold.

Gaz. Ahlas! this time of yeere yeeldes no such danger.

Cor. Goe in, I say; a friend of yours attends you.

Gaz. Hee is of your bringing, and may stay.

Cor. Nay, stand not chopping logicke; in, I pray.

Gaz. Ye see, gentlewomen, what my happines is;
These humors raigne in mariage; humors, humors. *Exit* [*Gazetta*], *he*

Gratiana. Now by my sooth, I am *followeth.* no fortune teller,
And would be loth to proove so, yet pronounce
This at adventure that t'were indecorum
This heffer should want hornes,

Bell. Fie on this love!
I rather wish to want then purchase so.

42 *See, see, wee.* Emend S. All Qq but M, *wee wee. shal be.* Qq, shalbe.

Gra. In deede such love is like a smokie fire
In a cold morning; though the fire be cheerefull,
Yet is the smoke so sowre and combersome,
T'were better lose the fire then finde the smoke.
Such an attendant then as smoke to fire
Is jelosie to love; better want both
Then have both.

Enter Valerio and Fortunio.

Valerio. Come, Fortunio, now take hold
On this occasion, as my selfe on this:
One couple more would make a barly-breake.
[*Gra.*] I feare, Valerio, we shall breake too soone;
Your fathers [jealous espial] will displease us.
Val. Well, wench, the daye will come his Argus eyes
Will shut, and thou shalt open. Sfoote, I thinke
Dame Natures memorie begins to fayle her:
If I write but my name in mercers bookes,
I am as sure to have at sixe months end
A rascole at my elbow with his mace
As I am sure my fathers not farre hence;
My father yet hath ought Dame Nature debt
These threescore yeeres and ten, yet cals not on him;

68 *Gra.* Emend. ed. Qq, *For.* See *Notes*, p. 124.
69 *jealous espial.* Emend. ed. Qq, Ielosie Spy-all. S, jealous spy-all. See *Notes*, p. 121.
69 *displease.* Dr. Bradley suggests 'disperse.'

But if shee turne her debt-booke over once,
And finding him her debtor, do but send
Her Sergeant, John Death, to arrest his body,
Our soules shall rest, wench, then, and the free light
Shall triumph in our faces, where now night,
In imitation of my fathers frownes,
Lowres at our meeting.

Enter Rinald[*o*].

See where the scholler comes.

Rynaldo. Downe on your knees, poore lovers, reverence learning.

Fortunio. I pray thee, why, Rinaldo?

Ryn. Marke what cause
Flowes from my depth of knowledge to your loves,
To make you kneele and blesse me while you live.

Val. I pray thee, good scholard, give us cause.

Ryn. Marke then, erect your eares: you know what horror
Would flye on your love from your fathers frownes,
If he should know it. And your sister here,
(My brothers sweete hart) knowes as well what rage

90 *scholard.* Emend. ed. Qq, Scholards.
94 *as well.* Qq, aswell.

Would sease his powers for her, if he should knowe
My brother woo'd her, or that she lov'd him.
Is not this true? Speake all.
Omnes. All this is true.
Ryn. It is as true that now you meete by stelth
In depth of midnight, kissing out at grates,
Clime over walles. And all this Ile reforme.
Val. By logicke?
Ryn. Well, sir, you shall have all meanes
To live in one house, eate and drinke together,
Meete and kisse your fils.
Val. All this by learning?
Ryn. I, and your frowning father know all this.
Val. I, marry, small learning may prove that.
Ryn. Nay, he shall know it, and desire it too,
Welcome my brother to him and your wife,
Entreating both to come and dwell with him.
Is not this strange?
For. I, too strange to be true.
Ryn. Tis in this head shall worke it; therefore, heare:
Brother, this lady you must call your wife,
For I have tolde her sweet harts father here
That she is your wife; and because my father
(Who now beleeves it) must be quieted

Before you see him, you must live a while
As husband to her in his fathers house.
Valerio, here 's a simple meane for you
To lye at racke and manger with your wedlocke;
And, brother, for your selfe to meete as freely
With this your long desir'd and barred love.
For. You make us wonder.
Ryn. Peace, be ruld by mee,
And you shall see to what a perfect shape
Ile bring this rude plott, which blind Chaunce (the ape
Of counsaile and advice) hath brought foorth blind.
Valerio, can your heat of love forbeare
Before your father, and allow my brother
To use some kindnes to your wife before him?
Val. I, before him I do not greatlie care,
Nor anie where in deed; my sister heere
Shall be my spie; if shee will wrong her selfe,
And give her right to my wife, I am pleasd.
For. My dearest life, I know, will never feare
Anie such will or thought in all my powers.
When I court her then, thinke I thinke tis thee,
When I embrace her, hold thee in mine armes.
Come, let us practise gainst wee see your father;
Val. Soft, sir, I hope you need not do it yet.
Let mee take this time.
Ryn. Come, you must not touch her.

Val. No, not before my father!
Ryn. No, nor now,
Because you are so soone to practise it,
For I must bring them to him presentlie.
Take her, Fortunio; goe hence man and wife,
Wee will attend you rarely with fixt faces.
Valerio, keep your countenaunce and con[ferme]
Your father in your forged sheepishnes,
Who thinks thou dar'st not looke upon a wench,
Nor knowest at which end to begin to kisse her.
Exeunt.

Finis Actus Primi.

139 *father!* Emend. ed. Qq, Father?
144 *conferme* Emend. ed. Qq, conseave. P. A. Daniel suggests 'conserve.' See *Notes*, p. 122.
Primi. Qq, Prima.

Actus secundi Scæna prima.

[*A Street in Florence, before the House of Gostanzo.*]

Gostanzo, Marcantonio.

Gostanzo. It is your owne too simple lenitie
And doting indulgence showne to him still
That thus hath taught your sonne to be no sonne;
As you have us'd him, therefore, so you have him.
Durst my sonne thus turne rebell to his dutie,
Steale up a match unshuting his estate
Without all knowledge of or friend or father,
And, to make that good with a worse offence,
Resolve to run beyond sea to the warres?
Durst my sonne serve me thus? Well, I have stayd him,
Though much against my disposition,
And this howre I have set for his repayre
With his young mistresse and concealed wife,
And in my house here they shall sojourne both
Till your blacke angers storme be over-blowne.
Marc. Antonio. My angers storme? Ah, poore Fortunio,
One gentle word from thee would soone resolve
The storme of my rage to a showre of teares.

9 *Resolve.* Most Qq, Adsolve. M and a copy belonging to T J. Wise correct.

Gost. In that vaine still? Well, Marcantonio,
Our olde acquaintance and long neighbourhood
Ties my affection to you and the good
Of your whole house; in kinde regard whereof
I have advisde you for your credite sake,
And for the tender welfare of your sonne,
To frowne on him a little; if you do not,
But at first parle take him to your favour,
I protest utterly to renownce all care
Of you and yours and all your amities.
They say hee 's wretched that out of himselfe
Cannot draw counsell to his propper weale,
But hee 's thrice wretched that has neither counsell
Within himselfe, nor apprehension
Of counsaile for his owne good from another.
Marc. Well, I will arme my selfe against this weaknes
The best I can; I long to see this Hellene
That hath enchaunted my young Paris thus,
And 's like to set all our poore Troye on fire.

Enter Valerio with a Page.

Gost. Here comes my sonne; withdraw, take up your stand;
You shall heare odds betwixt your sonne and mine.

Marc. [*Antonio*] *retyres himselfe.*

30 *weale.* So M. Most Qq, veale.
37 *Troye.* Emend. Do. Qq, Trope.
Marc. [*Antonio*], *etc.* In Qq this direction stands after l. 37.

Valerio. Tell him I can not doo 't; shall I be made
A foolish novice, my purse set a broch
By everie cheating come you seaven, to lend
My money and be laught at? Tell him plaine
I professe husbandrie, and will not play
The prodigall like him gainst my profession.
Gost. [*aside to Marc.*]. Here 's a sonne.
Marc. [*aside to Gost.*]. An admirable sparke!
Page. Well, sir, Ile tell him so. *Exit Page.*
Val. Sfoote, let him lead
A better husbands life and live not idlely,
Spending his time, his coyne, and selfe on wenches.
Gost. Why, what 's the matter, sonne?
Val. Cry mercie, sir; why, there comes messengers
From this and that brave gallant, and such gallants
As I protest I saw but through a grate.
Gost. And what 's this message?
Val. Faith, sir, hee 's disappointed
Of payments, and disfurnisht of meanes present;
If I would do him the kind office therefore
To trust him but some seven-night with the keeping
Of fourtie crownes for mee, hee deepely sweares,

As hee 's a gentleman, to discharge his trust;
And that I shall eternally endeare him
To my wisht service he protestes and contestes.
Gost. Good words, Valerio; but thou art too wise
To be deceiv'd by breath; Ile turne thee loose
To the most cunning cheater of them all.
Val. Sfoote, hee 's not ashamde besides to charge mee
With a late promise; I must yeeld, in deed,
I did (to shift him with some contentment)
Make such a frivall promise.
Gost. I, well done;
Promises are no fetters; with that tongue
Thy promise past, unpromise it againe.
Wherefore has man a tongue, of powre to speake,
But to speake still to his owne private purpose?
Beastes utter but one sound; but men have change
Of speach and reason, even by Nature given them,
Now to say one thing and an other now,
As best may serve their profitable endes.
Marc. [*aside*]. Ber-ladie, sound instructions to a sonne!
Val. Nay, sir, he makes his claime by debt of friendship.
Gost. Tush, friendship 's but a terme, boy; the fond world

Like to a doting mother glases over
Her childrens imperfections with fine tearmes;
What she calls frindship and true humane kindnes
Is onely want of true experience:
Honestie is but a defect of witt,
Respect but meere rusticitie and clownerie.

Marc. [*aside*]. Better and better! Soft, here comes my sonne.

Enter Fortunion, Rinaldo, and Gratiana.

Rynaldo [*aside*]. Fortunio, keepe your countenance. See, sir, here
The poore young married couple, which you pleasd
To send for to your house.

Gost. Fortunio, welcome,
And in that welcome I imploy your wives,
Who I am sure you count your second selfe.

He kisses her.

Fortunio. Sir, your right noble favours do exceede
All powre of worthy gratitude by words,
That in your care supplie my fathers place.

Gost. Fortunio, I cannot chuse but love you,
Being sonne to him who long time I have lov'd;
From whose just anger my house shall protect you
Till I have made a calme way to your meetings.

86 *Better . . . sonne.* Q prints as two lines: *Better . . . better. Soft . . . sonne.*

For. I little thought, sir, that my fathers love
Would take so ill so sleight a fault as this.
Gost. Call you it sleight? Nay, though his spirit take it
In higher manner then for your lov'd sake
I would have wisht him, yet I make a doubt,
Had my sonne done the like, if my affection
Would not have turnd to more spleene then your fathers;
And yet I quallifie him all I can,
And doubt not but that time and my perswasion
Will worke out your excuse, since youth and love
Were th'unresisted orgaines to seduce you;
But you must give him leave, for fathers must
Be wonne by penitence and submission,
And not by force or opposition.
For. Ahlas, sir, what advise you mee to doe?
I know my father to be highly moov'd,
And am not able to endure the breath
Of his exprest displeasure, whose hote flames
I thinke my absence soonest would have quencht.
Gost. True, sir, as fire with oyle, or else like them
That quench the fire with pulling downe the house.
You shall remaine here in my house conceal'd

109 *orgaines.* Emend. ed. Qq, organies.

Till I have wonne your father to conceive
Kinder opinion of your oversight.
Valerio, entertaine Fortunio
And his faire wife, and give them conduct in.
Val. Y' are welcome, sir.
Gost. What, sirha, is that all? 125
No entertainment to the gentlewoman?
Val. Forsooth, y' are welcome by my fathers leave.
Gost. What, no more complement? Kisse her, you sheepes-head,
Why, when? Go, go, sir, call your sister hither.
Exit Val[*erio*].
Ladie, youle pardon our grosse bringing up? 130
Wee dwell farre off from court you may perceive:
The sight of such a blazing starre as you
Dazles my rude sonnes witts.
Gratiana. Not so, good sir,
The better husband the more courtlier ever.
Ryn. In deed a courtier makes his lipps go farre, 135
As he doth all things else.
Enter Velerio, [*and*] *Bell*[*onora*].
Gost. Daughter, recive
This gentlewoman home, and use her kindly.
She kisses her.

128 *What . . . sheepes-head.* Qq as two ll.: *What . . . complement? Kisse . . . sheepes-head.*

Bellonora. My father bids you kindly welcome, lady,
And therefore you must needes come well to mee.
Gra. Thanke you, for-soth.
Gost. Goe, dame, conduct-am in.
Exeunt Rinaldo, Fortunio, Bell[*onora*], *Gra*[*tiana*].
Ah, errant sheepes-head, hast thou liv'd thus long
And dar'st not looke a woman in the face?
Though I desire especially to see
My sonne a husband, shall I therefore have him
Turne absolute cullion? Lets see, kisse thy hand.
Thou kisse thy hand? thou wip'st thy mouth, by th' masse.
Fie on thee, clowne! They say the world's growne finer,
But I for my part never saw young men
Worse fashin'd and brought up then now adayes.
Sfoote, when my selfe was young, was I not kept
As farre from court as you? I thinke I was;
And yet my father on a time invited
The Dutchesse of his house; I, beeing then
About some five and twentie yeares of age,
Was thought the onelie man to entertaine her;
I had my conge — plant myselfe of one legg,

148 *young men.* Qq print as one word.

Draw backe the tother with a deepe fetcht honor,
Then with a bell regard advant mine eye
With boldnes on her verie visnomie, —
Your dauncers all were counterfets to mee;
And for discourse in my faire mistresse presence,
I did not, as you barraine gallants doe,
Fill my discourses up drinking tobacco;
But on the present furnisht ever more
With tales and practisde speeches; as some times,
"What ist a clocke? What stuff's this petti-
coate?
What cost the making? What the frindge and all?
And what she had under her petticoate?"
And such like wittie complements; and for need,
I could have written as good prose and verse
As the most beggerlie poet of am all,
Either accrostique, *Exordion*,
Epithalamions, *Satyres*, *Epigrams*,
Sonnets in doozens, *or your Quatorzaines*
In any Rime, *Masculine*, *Feminine*,
Or Sdruciolla, *or cooplets*, Blancke Verse;
Y'are but bench-whistlers now a dayes to them
That were in our times. Well, about your hus-
bandrie;
Go, for, i'fayth, th'art fit for nothing else.
Exit Val[*erio*], *prodit Mar*[*c. Antonio*].

174 *Quatorzaines*. Emend. ed. Qq, Quatorzanies.
176 *Sdruciolla*. Emend. ed. Q, Sdrnciolla; Co, Sdruciolo.

Marc. Ber-Ladie! you have plaide the courtier rarelie.

Gost. But did you ever see so blanck a foole,
When he should kisse a wench, as my sonne is?

Marc. Ahlas, tis but a little bashfulnes;
You let him keepe no companie, nor allow him
Monie to spend at fence and dauncing-scholes;
Y' are too seveere, y' faith.

Gost. And you too supple.
Well, sir, for your sake I have staide your sonne
From flying to the warres; now see you rate him
To staie him yet from more expencefull courses,
Wherein your lenitie will encourage him.

Marc. Let me alone; I thank you for this kindnes. *Exeunt.*

Enter Valerio and Rinaldo.

Ryn. So, are they gone? Now tell me, brave Valerio,
Have I not wonne the wreath from all your wits,
Brought thee t'enjoy the most desired presence
Of thy deare love at home, and with one labour
My brother t'enjoy thy sister, where
It had beene her undooing t'have hime seene,
And ma[d]e thy father crave what he abhorres,
T'entreate my brother home t'enjoy his daughter,
Commaund thee kisse thy wench, chide for not kissing;

198 *made.* Emend. ed. Qq, make.

And work[t] all this out of a Machevil,
A miserable politician ?
I thinke the like was never plaid before !
Val. Indeede I must commend thy wit of force,
And yet I know not whose deserves most praise
Of thine or my wit : thine for plotting well,
Mine that durst undertake and carrie it
With such true forme.
Ryn. Well, th' evening crownes the daie;
Persever to the end, my wit hath put
Blinde Fortunne in a string into your hand;
Use it discreetlie, keepe it from your father,
Or you may bid all your good daies good night.
Val. Let me alone, boy.
Ryn. Well, sir, now to varie
The pleasures of our wits; thou knowst, Valerio,
Here is the new turnd gentlemans faire wife,
That keepes thy wife and sister companie,
With whome the amorous courtier, Doriotto,
Is farre in love, and of whome her sowre husband
Is passing jelous, puts on eagles eies
To prie into her carriage. Shall wee see
If he be now from home, and visite her.
Enter Gazetta sowing, Cornelio following.
See, see, the prisoner comes.
Val. But soft, sir, see

201 *workt.* Emend. ed. Qq, worke.

Her jelous jaylor followes at her heeles.
Come, we will watch some fitter time to boord her,
And in the meane time seeke out our mad crue.
My spirit longs to swagger.
Ryn. Goe too, youth,
Walke not too boldly; if the sergeants meete you,
You may have swaggering worke your bellie full.
Val. No better copesmates!
Ile go seeke am out with this light in my hand;
The slaves grow proud with seeking out of us.
Exeunt [*Valerio and Rinaldo*]. *Gazetta sits and sings sowing.*
Cornelio. A prettie worke; I pray what flowers are these?
Gazetta. The pancie this.
Cor. O, thats for lovers thoughtes.
Whats that, a columbine?
Gaz. No, that thankles flower
Fitts not my garden.
Cor. Hem! Yet it may mine.
This were a prettie present for some friend,

226–27 *Goe . . . meete you.* Qq print as one line.
Gazetta . . . sowing. Qq give this direction after l. 229.
234–235 *No . . . mine.* Qq break the lines thus: *No . . . garden. Him? . . . mine.*
235 *Hem!* Emend. Do. Qq, Him?

Some gallant courtier, as for Doriotto,
One that adores you in his soule, I know.
Gaz. Mee? Why mee more then your selfe,
I pray?
Cor. O yes, hee adores you, and adhornes mee.
Yfaith, deale plainelie, doe not his kisses relish
Much better then such pessants as I am?
Gaz. Whose kisses?
Cor. Doriottoes; does he not
The thing you wot on?
Gaz. What thing, good Lord?
Cor. Why, lady, lie with you.
Gaz. Lie with mee?
Cor. I, with you.
Gaz. You with mee, indeed.
Cor. Nay, I am told that he lies with you too,
And that he is the onely whore-maister
About the cittie.
Gaz. Yf he be so onely,
Tis a good hearing that there are no more.
Cor. Well, mistresse, well, I will not be abusde;
Thinke not you daunce in netts; for though you do not
Make brode profession of your love to him,
Yet do I understand your darkest language,
Your treads ath'toe, your secret jogges and wringes,

Your entercourse of glaunces; every tittle
Of your close amorous rites I understand;
They speake as loud to mee, as if you said:
"My dearest Dariotto, I am thine."
Gaz. Jesus, what moodes are these? Did ever husband
Follow his wife with jelosie so unjust?
That once I lov'd you, you your selfe will sweare.
And if I did, where did you lose my love?
In deed this strange and undeserved usage
Hath powre to shake a heart were nere so setled;
But I protest all your unkindnes never
Had strength to make me wrong you, but in thought.
Cor. No? not with Doriotto?
Gaz. No, by heaven!
Cor. No letters past, nor no designes for meeting?
Gaz. No, by my hope of heaven!
Cor. Well, no time past;
Goe, goe; goe in and sow.
Gaz. Well, bee it so. *Exit Gaz*[*etta*].
Cor. Suspition is (they say) the first degree
Of deepest wisedome; and how ever others
Inveygh against this mood of jelousy,
For my part I suppose it the best curb
To check the ranging appetites that raigne
In this weake sexe. My neighbours poynt at me

For this my jelousy; but should I doe
As most of them doe, let my wife fly out
To feasts and revels and invite home gallants,
Play Menelaus, give them time and place,
While I sit like a well-taught wayting-woman,
Turning her eyes upon some worke or picture,
Read in a booke, or take a fayned nap,
While her kind lady takes one to her lap?
No, let me still be poynted at and thought
A jelouse asse, and not a wittally knave.
I have a shew of courtyers haunt my house,
In shew my friends, and for my profit too;
But I perceive um and will mock their aymes
With looking to their marke, I warrant um.
I am content to ride abroad with them,
To revell, dice, and fit their other sports;
But by their leaves Ile have a vigilant eye
To the mayne chaunce still. See my brave comrades.

Enter Dariotto, [*and Page,*] *Claudio, and Valerio: Valerio putting up his sword.*

Dariotto. Well, wag, well, wilt thou still deceive thy father,
And being so simple a poore soule before him,
Turne swaggerer in all companies besides?

Claudio. Hadst thou bin rested, all would have come forth.

288 *shew.* Query, crew.

Val. Soft, sir, there lyes the poynt; I do not doubt
But t' have my pennyworths of these rascals one day;
Ile smoke the buzzing hornets from their nests,
Or else Ile make their lether jerkins stay.
The whorson hungry horse-flyes! Foot, a man
Cannot so soone, for want of almanacks,
Forget his day but three or foure bare moneths,
But strait he sees a sort of corporals
To lye in ambuscado to surprize him.

Dar. Well, thou hadst happy fortune to escape um.

Val. But they thought theirs was happier to scape me.
I walking in the place where mens law suites
Are heard and pleaded, not so much as dreaming
Of any such encounter, steps me forth
Their valiant fore-man with the word, "I rest you."
I made no more adoe, but layd these pawes
Close on his shoulders, tumbling him to earth;
And there sate he on his posteriors
Like a baboone; and turning me about,
I strayt espyed the whole troope issuing on me.
I stept me backe, and drawing my olde friend heere,
Made to the midst of them, and all unable

T'endure the shock, all rudely fell in rout,
And downe the stayres they ranne with such a fury,
As meeting with a troope of lawyers there,
Man'd by their clyents, some with ten, some with twenty,
Some five, some three — he that had least had one —
Upon the stayres they bore them downe afore them;
But such a rattling then was there amongst them
Of ravisht declarations, replications,
Rejoynders and petitions, all their bookes
And writings torne and trod on, and some lost,
That the poore lawyers comming to the barre,
Could say nought to the matter, but instead,
Were fayne to rayle and talke besides their bookes
Without all order.

Clau. Fayth, that same vayne of rayling
Became now most applausive; your best poet is
He that rayles grossest.

Dar. True, and your best foole
Is your broad rayling foole.

Val. And why not, sir?

325 *with twenty*. Query, Is not this second *with* a printer's error? The line is better without it. Co omits it.

336 *Became*. S, is become. Co, has become.

For by the gods, to tell the naked trueth,
What objects see men in this world but such
As would yeeld matter to a rayling humour?
When he that last yere carryed after one
An empty buckram bag, now fills a coach,
And crowds the senate with such troops of clyents
And servile followers, as would put a mad spleene
Into a pigeon.
Dar. Come, pray leave these crosse capers,
Let 's make some better use of precious time.
See, here's Cornelio: come, lad, shall we to dice?
Cor. Any thing I.
Clau. Well sayd, how does thy wife?
Cor. In health, God save her.
Val. But where is she, man?
Cor. Abroad about her businesse.
Val. Why, not at home?
Foot, my masters, take her to the court,
And this rare lad her husband: and — doest
heare? —
Play me no more the miserable farmer,
But be advisde by friends, sell all ith countrey,
Be a flat courtier, follow some great man,
Or bring thy wife there, and sheele make thee great.
Cor. What, to the court? Then take me for
a gull.
Val. Nay, never shun it to be cald a gull;
For I see all the world is but a gull,

One man gull to another in all kinds:
A marchant to a courtyer is a gull,
A clyent to a lawyer is a gull,
A maryed man to a bacheler, a gull,
A bacheler to a cuckold is a gull,
All to a poet, or a poet to himselfe.

Cor. [*aside*]. Hark, Dariotto, shall we gull this guller?

Dar. [*aside*]. He gulls his father, man, we cannot gull him.

Cor. [*aside*]. Let me alone. — Of all mens wits alive
I most admyre Valerioes, that hath stolne,
By his meere industry, and that by spurts,
Such qualities as no wit else can match
With plodding at perfection every houre;
Which, if his father knew eche gift he has,
Were like enough to make him give all from him:
I meane, besides his dycing and his wenching,
He has stolne languages, th'Italian, Spanish,
And some spice of the French, besides his dauncing,
Singing, playing on choyce instruments:
These he has got almost against the hayre.

Clau. But hast thou stolne all these, Valerio?

Val. Toyes, toyes, a pox; and yet they be such toyes
As every gentleman would not be without.

Cor. Vayne glory makes yee judge [um] lyte,
yfayth.
Dar. Afore heaven, I was much deceyv'd in
him;
But hee's the man indeed that hides his gifts,
And sets them not to sale in every presence.
I would have sworne his soule were far from
musike;
And that all his choyce musike was to heare
His fat beastes bellow.
Cor. Sir, your ignorance
Shall eftsoone be confuted. Prythee, Val,
Take thy theorbo for my sake a little.
Val. By heaven, this moneth I toucht not a
theorbo!
Cor. Toucht a theorbo! marke the very word!
Sirra, goe fetch. *Exit Page.*
Val. If you will have it, I must needes con-
fesse
I am no husband of my qualityes.
He untrusses and capers.
Cor. See what a caper there was!
Clau. See agayne!
Cor. The best that ever; and how it be-
comes him!
Dar. O that his father saw these qualityes!

385 *um.* Emend. ed. Co suggests, 'em light. Qq, on. See *Notes*, p. 126.

Enter a Page with an instrument.

Cor. Nay, that's the very wonder of his wit,
To carry all without his fathers knowledge.
Dar. Why, we might tell him now.
Cor. No, but we could not,
Although we think we could; his wit doth charme us.
Come, sweet Val, touch and sing.
[*Val.*] Foote, will you heare
The worst voyce in Italy?

Enter Rinaldo.

Cor. O God, sir. *He sings.*
Courtiers, how like you this?
Dar. Beleeve it, excellent.
Cor. Is it not naturall?
Val. If my father heard me,
Foot, hee 'd renounce me for his naturall sonne.
Dar. By heaven, Valerio, and I were thy father,
And lov 'd good qualities as I doe my life,
Ide disinherit thee: for I never heard
Dog howle with worse grace.
Cor. Go to, Signeur Courtier,
You deale not courtly now to be so playne,
Nor nobly, to discourage a young gentleman,
In vertuous qualityes, that has but stolne um.

406 *Val.* Emend. ed. Qq, *Dar.*
407–408 *O God . . . this.* Qq print this as one line, including stage-direction.

Clau. Call you this touching a theorbo ?
Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.
Exeunt all but Val[*erio*] *and Rin*[*aldo*].
Val. How now, what's heere ?
Rin. Zoones, a plot layd to gull thee.
Could thy wit thinke th[y] voyce was worth
the hearing ?
This was the courtiers and the cuckolds project.
Val. And ist eene so ? Tis very well, Mast.
Courtier
And Dan Cornuto, Ile cry quit with both :
And first Ile cast a jarre betwixt them both,
With firing the poore cuckolds jelousy.
I have a tale will make him madde
And turne his wife divorced loose amongst us.
But first let's home, and entertayne my wife.
O father, pardon, I was borne to gull thee.
Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundi.

420 *thy.* Emend. S. Qq, the.
422–425 *And . . . jelousy.* Qq print this as three ll. of prose, thus : *And ist. . . Dan* | *Cornuto . . . jarre* | *betwixt . . . jealousy.*
423 *And.* Qq, &.

Actus III. Scena I.

[*A Street in Florence, before the House of Gostanzo.*]

Enter Fortunio, Bellanora, Gratiana, Gostanzo following closely.

Fortunio. How happy am I that by this sweet meanes
I gayne accesse to your most loved sight,
And therewithall to utter my full love,
Which but for vent would burne my entrayles up!

Gostanzo [*aside*]. Byth masse, they talke too softly.

Bellonora. Little thinks
The austere mind my thrifty father beares
That I am vowd to you, and so am bound
From him who for more riches he would force
On my disliking fancy.

Fort. Tis no fault
With just deeds to defraud an injury.

Gost. [*aside*]. My daughter is perswading him to yeeld
In dutifull submission to his father.

Enter Valerio.

Val. Do I not dreame? do I behold this sight

With waking eyes? or from the ivory gate
Hath Morpheus sent a vision to delude me?
Ist possible that I, a mortall man,
Should shrine within mine armes so bright a goddesse,
The fayre Gratiana, beautyes little world?
Gost. [*aside*]. What have we heere?
Val. My deerest myne of gold,
All this that thy white armes enfold,
Account it as thine owne free-hold.
Gost. Gods my deare soule, what suddē change is here!
I smell how this geare will fall out, yfayth.
Val. Fortunio, sister; come, let's to the garden.
Exeunt [*Valerio, Gratiana, Fortunio, and Bellonora*].
Gost. Sits the wind there, yfayth? see what example
Will worke upon the dullest appetite.
My sonne last day so bashfull that he durst not
Looke on a wench, now courts her; and, byr-lady!
Will make his friend Fortunio weare his head
Of the right moderne fashion. What, Rinaldo!
Enter Rin[*aldo*].
Ryn[*aldo*]. I feare I interrupt your privacy.
Gost. Welcome, Rinaldo, would 'thad bin your hap

To come a little sooner, that you might
Have seene a handsome sight: but let that passe,
The short is that your sister Gratiana
Shall stay no longer here.
Ryn. No longer, sir?
Repent you then so soone your favour to her,
And to my brother?
Gost. Not so, good Rinaldo;
But to prevent a mischiefe that I see
Hangs over your abused brothers head.
In briefe, my sonne has learn'd but too much courtship.
It was my chaunce even now to cast mine eye
Into a place where to your sister entred
My metamorphosde sonne: I must conceale
What I saw there; but to be playne, I saw
More then I would see: I had thought to make
My house a kind receypt for your kind brother;
But Ide be loth his wife should find more kindnesse
Then she had cause to like of.
Ryn. What's the matter?
Perhaps a little complement or so.
Gost. Wel, sir, such complement perhaps may cost
Marryed Fortunio the setting on:

44 *where to.* Qq print as one word

Nor can I keepe my knowledge; he that lately
Before my face I could not get to looke
Upon your sister, by this light, now kist her,
Embrac't and courted with as good a grace
As any courtyer could: and I can tell you
(Not to disgrace her) I perceyv'd the dame
Was as far forward as himselfe, byth masse.
Ryn. You should have schoold him for't.
Gost. No, Ile not see't:
For shame once found, is lost; Ile have him thinke
That my opinion of him is the same
That it was ever; it will be a meane
To bridle this fresh humour bred in him.
Ryn. Let me then schoole him; foot, Ile rattle him up.
Gost. No, no, Rinaldo, th'onely remedy
Is to remove the cause, carry the object
From his late tempted eyes.
Ryn. Alas, sir, whither?
You know my father is incenst so much
Heele not receyve her.
Gost. Place her with some friend
But for a time, till I reclayme your father:
Meane time your brother shall remaine with me.
Ryn. (*to himselfe*). The care's the lesse then; he has still his longing,
To be with this gulls daughter.

74 *to himselfe.* Qq place this in left hand margin of the page.

Gost. What resolve you ?
I am resolv'd she lodges here no more :
My friends sonne shall not be abusde by mine.
Ryn. Troth, sir, Ile tell you what a sudden toy
Comes in my head ; what think you if I brought her
Home to my fathers house ?
Gost. I, mary, sir ;
Would he receyve her ?
Ryn. Nay, you heare not all :
I meane with use of some device or other.
Gost. As how, Rinaldo ?
Ryn. Mary, sir, to say
She is your sonnes wife, maryed past your knowledge.
Gost. I doubt, last day he saw her, and will know her
To be Fortunioes wife.
Ryn. Nay, as for that
I will pretend she was even then your sonnes wife,
But fayned by me to be Fortunioes,
Onely to try how he would take the matter.
Gost. 'Fore heaven, 'twere pretty !
Ryn. Would it not doe well ?

79–80 *Comes . . . house.* Qq print this as prose, breaking the line after *home.*

Gost. Exceeding well, in sadnesse.
Ryn. Nay, good sir,
Tell me unfaynedly, do ye lik't indeed?
Gost. The best that ere I heard.
Ryn. And do you thinke
Heele swallow downe the gudgion?
Gost. A my life
It were a grosse gob would not downe with him;
An honest knight, but simple, not acquainted
With the fine slights and policies of the world
As I my selfe am.
Ryn. Ile go fetch her strait;
And this jest thrive t'will make us princely sport:
But you must keepe our counsell, second all,
Which to make likely, you must needs sometimes
Give your sonne leave (as if you knew it not)
To steale and see her at my fathers house.
Gost. I, but see you then that you keepe good gard
Over his forward, new begun affections;
For, by the Lord, heele teach your brother else
To sing the cuckooes note: spirit will breake out,
Though never so suppresst and pinioned.
Ryn. Especially your sonnes: what would he be,

If you should not restrayne him by good counsell ?

Gost. Ile have an eye on him, I warrant thee. Ile in and warne the gentlewoman to make ready.

Ryn. Wel, sir, & Ile not be long after you.

Exit Gost [*anzo*].

Heaven, heaven, I see these politicians
(Out of blind Fortunes hands) are our most fooles ;
Tis she that gives the lustre to their wits,
Still plodding at traditionall devices ;
But take um out of them to present actions,
A man may grope and tickle um like a trowt,
And take um from their close deere holes as fat
As a Phisician, and as giddy-headed
As if by myracle heaven had taken from them
Even that which commonly belongs to fooles.
Well, now let's note what black ball of debate
Valerioes wit hath cast betwixt Cornelio
And the inamoured courtyer ; I beleeve
His wife and he will part : his jelousy
Hath ever watcht occasion of divorce,
And now Valerioes villany will present it.
See, here comes the twyn-courtier his companiõ.

Enter Claud [*io*].

Claudio. Rinaldo, well encountred.

Ryn. Why, what newes ?

122 *by.* Emend. Do. Qq, be

Clau. Most sudden and infortunate, Rinaldo:
Cornelio is incenst so 'gainst his wife
That no man can procure her quiet with him.
I have assayd him, and made Marc Antonio
With all his gentle rethorike second me,
Yet all, I feare me, will be cast away.
See, see, they come: joyne thy wit, good Rinaldo,
And helpe to pacify his yellow fury.

Ryn. With all my heart, I consecrate my wit
To the wisht comfort of distressed ladies.

Enter Cornelio, Marc Ant[onio], Valerio, [and] Page.

Cornelio. Will any man assure me of her good behaviour?

Val. Who can assure a jelous spirit? you may be afrayd of the shaddow of your eares, & imagine thẽ to be hornes: if you will assure your selfe, appoynt keepers to watch her.

Cor. And who shall watch the keepers?

Marc. Antonio. To be sure of that be you her keeper.

Val. Well sayd, and share the hornes your selfe: for that's the keepers fee.

Cor. But say I am gone out of town & must trust others, how shall I know if those I trust be trusty to me?

Ryn. Mary, sir, by a singular instinct, given

naturally to all you maryed men, that if your wives play legerdeheele, though you bee a hundred miles off, yet you shall be sure instantly to find it in your forheads.

Cor. Sound doctrine, I warrant you: I am resolv'd, ifaith.

Page. Then give me leave to speak, sir, that hath all this while bene silent: I have heard you with extreme patience, now, therefore, pricke up your eares, and vouchsafe me audience.

Clau. Good boy, a mine honour!

Cor. Pray, what are you, sir?

Page. I am here, for default of better, of counsel with the fayre Gazetta, and though her selfe had bene best able to defend her selfe, if she had bin here and would have pleasd to put forth the buckler which Nature hath given all women, I meane her tongue —

Val. Excellent good boy!

Page. Yet since she either vouchsafes it not, or thinks her innocence a sufficient shield against your jelous accusations, I wil presume to undertake the defence of that absent & honorable lady, whose sworne knight I am, and in her of all that name (for lady is growne a common name to their whole sex), which sex

182 *her of all that.* So Qq. Co, her all of that.

I have ever loved frō my youth, and shall never cease to love till I want wit to admire.

Marc. An excellent spoken boy!

Val. Give eare, Cornelio, heere is a yong Mercurio sent to perswade thee.

Cor. Well, sir, let him say on.

Page. It is a heavy case to see how this light sex is tũbled and tost from post to piller under the unsavory breath of every humourous peasant: Gazetta, you sayd, is unchaste, disloyall, and I wot not what; alas, is it her fault? is shee not a woman? did she not suck it (as others of her sex doe) from her mothers brest? and will you condemne that as her fault which is her nature? Alas, sir, you must consider a woman is an unfinisht creature, delivered hastyly to the world before Nature had set to that seale which should have made them perfect. Faultes they have (no doubt); but are wee free? Turne your eye into your selfe (good Signeur Cornelio) and weygh your owne imperfections with hers. If shee be wanton abroad, are not you wanting at home? if she be amorous, are not you jelous? if she be high set, are not you taken downe? if she be a courtizan, are not you a cuckold?

Cor. Out, you rogue!

Ryn. On with thy speech, boy!

Marc. You doe not well, Cornelio, to discourage the bashfull youth.

Clau. Forth, boy, I warrant thee.

Page. But if our owne imperfections will not teach us to beare with theirs, yet let their vertues perswade us: let us indure their bad qualities for their good; allow the prickle for the rose, the bracke for the velvet, the paring for the cheese, and so forth. If you say they range abroad, consider it is nothing but to avoyd idlenesse at home: their nature is still to be doing: keepe um a doing at home: let them practise one good quality or other, either sowing, singing, playing, chiding, dauncing, or so, & these will put such idle toyes out of their heads into yours: but if you cannot find them variety of businesse within dores, yet at least imitate the ancient wise citizens of this city, who used carefully to provide their wives gardens neere the towne, to plant, to graft in, as occasion served, onely to keep um from idlenesse.

Val. Everlasting good boy!

Cor. I perceyve your knavery, sir, and will yet have patience.

Ryn. Forth, my brave Curio.

Page. As to her unquietnesse (which some have rudely tearm'd shrewishnesse), though the fault be in her, yet the cause is in you. What so

calme as the sea of it own nature? Arte was never able to equall it: your dycing tables, nor your bowling alleys are not comparable to it; yet if a blast of wind do but crosse it, not so turbulent & violent an element in the world. So (Nature, in lieu of womens scarcity of wit, having indued them with a large portion of will) if they may (without impeach) injoy their willes, no quieter creatures under heaven: but if the breath of their husbãds mouthes once crosse their wils, nothing more tempestuous. Why thẽ, sir, should you husbands crosse your wives wils thus, considering the law allowes thẽ no wils at all at their deaths, because it intended they should have their willes while they lived?

Val. Answere him but that, Cornelio.

Cor. All shall not serve her turne, I am thinking of other matters.

Marc. Thou hast halfe wonne him, wag; ply him yet a little further.

Page. Now (sir) for these cuckooish songs of yours, of cuckolds, hornes, grafting, and such like, what are they but meere imaginary toyes, bred out of your owne heads as your owne, and so by tradition delivered from man to man, like scar-crowes, to terrify fooles from this earthly paradice of wedlock; coyn'd at first by some spent poets, superannated bachelers, or some that

were scarce men of their hands; who, like the foxe, having lost his taile, would perswade others to lose theirs for company? Agayne, for your cuckold, what is it but a meere fiction? Shew me any such creature in nature; if there be, I could never see it, neyther could I ever find any sensible difference betwixt a cuckold and a christen creature. To conclude, let poets coyne, or fooles credit, what they list; for mine owne part, I am cleere of this opinion, that your cuckold is a meere Chymæra, and that there are no cuckoldes in the world — but those that have wives: and so I will leave them.

Cor. Tis excellent good, sir; I do take you, sir, d' ye see? to be, as it were, bastard to the sawcy courtier that would have me father more of your fraternity, d' ye see? & so are instructed (as we heare) to second that villayne with your toung, which he has acted with his tenure piece, d'ye see?

Page. No such matter, a my credit, sir.

Cor. Wel, sir, be as be may, I scorn to set my head against yours, d' ye see? when in the meane time I will fircke your father, whether you see or no. *Exit* [*Cornelio*] *drawing his rapier.*

Ryn. Gods my life, Cornelio! *Exit* [*Rinaldo*].

Val. Have at your father, ifaith, boy, if he can find him.

285 *villayne.* So Qq. Query, villaynie.

Marc. See, he comes here, he hast mist him.

Enter Dariot [*to*].

Dariotto. How now, my hearts, what, not a wench amongst you?
Tis a signe y'are not in the grace of wenches
That they will let you be thus long alone.
Val. Well, Dariotto, glory not too much
That for thy briske attyre and lips perfumde
Thou playest the stallyon ever where thou com'st;
And like the husband of the flocke, runn'st through
The whole towne heard, and no mans bed secure,
No womans honour unattempted by thee.
Thinke not to be thus fortunate for ever,
But in thy amorous conquests at the last
Some wound will slice your mazer: Mars himselfe
Fell into Vulcans snare, and so may you.
Dar. Alas, alas, fayth, I have but the name:
I love to court and wynne; and the consent,
Without the act obtayn'd, is all I seeke.
I love the victory that drawes no blood.
Clau. O, tis a high desert in any man
To be a secret lecher; I know some,
That (like thy selfe) are true in nothing else.
Marc. And, me thinks, it is nothing if not told;
At least the joy is never full before.

Val. Well, Dariotto, th' hadst as good confesse,
The sunne shines broad upon your practises.
Vulcan will wake and intercept you one day.
Dar. Why, the more jelous knave and coxcombe he!
What, shall the shaking of his bed a little
Put him in motion? It becomes him not;
Let him be duld and stald, and then be quiet.
The way to draw my costome to his house
Is to be mad and jelous; tis the sauce
That whets my appetite.
Val. Or any mans:
Sine periculo friget lusus.
They that are jelous, use it still of purpose
To draw you to their houses.
Dar. I, by heaven!
I am of that opinion. Who would steale
Out of a common orchard? Let me gayne
My love with labour, and injoy 't with feare,
Or I am gone.

Enter Rinaldo.

Ryn. What, Dariotto here?
Foot, dar'st thou come neere Cornelioes house?
Dar. Why? is the bull run mad? what ayles he, trow?
Ryn. I know not what he ayles, but I would wish you

To keepe out of the reach of his sharpe hornes:
For, by this hand, heele gore you.
Dar. And why me
More then thy selfe, or these two other whelps?
You all have basted him as well as I.
I wonder what 's the cause.
Ryn. Nay, that he knowes,
And sweares withall, that wheresoere he meets you,
Heele marke you for a marker of mens wives.
Val. Pray heaven he be not jelous by some tales
That have bin told him lately! did you never
Attempt his wife? hath no loves harbenger,
No looks, no letters past twixt you and her?
Dar. For look[s] I cannot answere; I bestow them
At large, and carelesly, much like the sunne:
If any be so foolish to apply them
To any private fancy of their owne,
(As many doe) it 's not my fault, thou knowest.
Val. Well, Dariotto, this set face of thine
(If thou be guilty of offence to him)
Comes out of very want of wit and feeling
What danger haunts thee: for Cornelio
Is a tall man, I tell you; and 'twere best
You shund his sight awhile, till we might get

350 *looks.* Emend. S. Qq, looke.

His patience, or his pardon; for past doubt
Thou dyest, if he but see thee.

Enter Cornelio.

Ryn. Foot, he comes.

Dar. Is this the cockatrice that kils with sight?

How doest thou boy? ha?

Cor. Well.

Dar. What, lingring still
About this paltry towne? Hadst thou bin rulde
By my advice, thou hadst by this time bene
A gallant courtyer, and at least a knight:
I would have got thee dubd by this time certayne.

Cor. And why then did you not your selfe that honour?

Dar. Tush, tis more honour still to make a knight
Then tis to be a knight: to make a cuckold
Then tis to be a cuckold.

Cor. Y'are a villayne!

Dar. God shield, man: villayne?

Cor. I, Ile prove thee one.

Dar. What wilt thou prove a villayne?
By this light thou deceyv'st me then.

Cor. Well, sir, thus I prove it.

[*Cornelio*] *drawes.* [*They fight*].

Omnes. Hold, hold, rayse the streets!

Clau. Cornelio!
Ryn. Hold, Darioto, hold!
Val. What, art thou hurt?
Dar. A scratch, a scratch.
Val. Goe sirra, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit Page.*]
Cor. Youle set a badge on the jelous fooles head, sir;
Now set a coxcombe on your owne.
Val. What's the cause of these warres, Darioto?
Dar. Foot, I know not.
Cor. Well, sir, know and spare not; I will presently bee divorst: and then take her amongst ye!
Ryn. Divorst? nay, good Cornelio!
Cor. By this sword I will; the world shall not disswade me. *Exit* [*Cornelio*].
Val. Why this has bin your fault now, Darioto;
You youths have fashions, when you have obtei'nd
A ladies favour, straight your hat must weare it,
Like a jacke-daw that, when he lights upon
A dainty morsell, kaas and makes his brags,
And then some kite doth scoope it from him straight,
Where if he fed without his dawish noise,
He might fare better, and have lesse disturbance:

Forbeare it in this case; and when you prove
Victorious over faire Gazettas forte,
Doe not, for pittie, sound your trumpe for joy,
But keepe your valour close, and 'tis your honour.

Enter Page and Pock.

Pock. God save you, Signior Darioto.

Dar. I know you not, sir; your name, I pray?

Pock. My name is Pock, sir; a practitioner in surgery.

Dar. Pock, the surgeon, y' are welcome, sir; I know a doctor of your name, maister Pocke.

Pock. My name has made many doctors, sir.

Ryn. Indeede, tis a worshipfull name.

Val. Mary, is it, and of an auncient discent.

Pock. Faith, sir, I could fetch my pedigree far, if I were so dispos'd.

Ryn. Out of France, at least.

Pock. And if I stood on my armes as others doe —

Dar. No, doe not Pock, let others stand a their armes, and thou a thy legs as long as thou canst.

Pock. Though I live by my bare practise, yet I could shew good cardes for my gentilitie.

Val. Tush, thou canst not shake off thy gentry, Pock, tis bred i'th bone; but to the maine, Pock, what thinkest thou of this gentlemans wound, Pock, canst thou cure it, Pock?

Pock. The incision is not deepe, nor the orifice exorbitant, the pericranion is not dislocated; I warrant his life for forty crownes without perishing of any joynt.

Dar. Faith, Pock, tis a joynt I would be loath to loose for the best joynt of mutton in Italy.

Ryn. Would such a scratch as this hazard a mans head?

Pock. I, byr-lady, sir, I have knowen some have lost there heads for a lesse matter, I can tell you; therefore, sir, you must keepe good dyet: if you please to come home to my house till you be perfectly cur'd, I shall have the more care on you.

Val. Thats your onely course to have it well quickly.

Pock. By what time would he have it well, sir?

Dar. A very necessary question. Canst thou limit the time?

Pock. O, sir, cures are like causes in law, which may be lengthned or shortned at the discretion of the lawyer; he can either keepe it greene with replications or rejoinders, or sometimes skinne it faire a'th outside for fashion sake, but so he may be sure 'twill breake out againe by a writt of error, and then has he his suite new to begin; but I will covenant with

430 *hazard.* Emend. Co. Qq, hazards.

you, that by such a time Ile make your head as sound as a bell; I will bring it to suppuration, and after I will make it coagulate and growe to a perfect cycatrice, and all within these ten dayes, so you keepe a good dyet.

Dar. Well, come, Pock, weele talke farther on 't within; it drawes neere dinner time, what's a clock, boye?

Page. By your clock, sir, it should be almost one, for your head rung noone some halfe houre agoe.

Dar. Ist true, sir?

Val. Away, let him alone; though he came in at the window, he sets the gates of your honor open, I can tell you.

Dar. Come in, Pock, come, apply; and for this deede
Ile give the knave a wound shall never bleed.

Exeunt all but Rinal [*do*] *and Valer* [*io*].

[*Val.*] So, sir, I thinke this knock rings lowd acquittance
For my ridiculouse —

Ryn. Well, sir, to turne our heads to salve your license,
Since you have usd the matter so unwisely
That now your father has discern'd your humor

Exeunt all but. Qq put this stage-direction after l. 469.
468 *Val.* Emend. ed. Qq give this speech to Dariotto.

In your too carelesse usage in his house,
Your wife must come from his house to Antonios,
And he to entertaine her must be tould
She is not wife to his sonne, but to you:
Which newes will make his simple wit triumphe
Over your father; and your father, thinking
He still is guld, will still account him simple:
Come, sir, prepare your villanous witt to faine
A kinde submission to your fathers fury,
And we shall see what harty policie
He will discover in his fained anger,
To blinde Antonios eyes, and make him thinke
He thinkes her hartely to be your wife.
Val. O, I will gull him rarely, with my wench
Lowe kneeling at my heeles before his furie,
And injury shal be salv'd with injurie.

488 *shal be.* Qq, shalbe.

Finis Actus 3.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

[*A Street in Florence before the House of Gostanzo.*]

Marc-Ant[*onio*], *Gostanzo.*

Marc. Antonio. You see how too much wisdome evermore
Out-shootes the truth: you were so forwards still
To taxe my ignorance, my greene experience
In these grey haires, for giving such advantage
To my sonnes spirit that he durst undertake
A secret match so farre short of his woorth:
Your sonne so seasoned with obedience
Even from his youth that all his actions relish
Nothing but dutie and your angers feare.
What shall I say to you, if it fall out
That this most precious sonne of yours has plaide
A part as bad as this, and as rebellious:
Nay more has grosely guld your witt withall?
What if my sonne has undergone the blame
That appertain'd to yours? and that this wench
With which my sonne is charg'd may call you father?
Shall I then say you want experience,
Y'are greene, y'are credulous, easie to be blinded?

Gostanzo. Ha, ha, ha,
Good Marc-Antonio, when 't comes to that
Laugh at me, call me foole, proclaime me so,
Let all the world take knowledge I am an asse.
Marc. O the good God of Gods,
How blinde is pride? What eagles we are still
In matters that belong to other men,
What beetles in our owne? I tell you, Knight,
It is confest to be as I have tould you;
And Gratiana is by young Rinaldo
And your white sonne brought to me as his wife:
How thinke you now, sir?
Gost. Even just as before,
And have more cause to thinke honest Credulity
Is a true loadstone to draw on Decrepity:
You have a hart to open to imbrace
All that your eare receives: alas, good man,
All this is but a plot for entertainment
Within your house; for your poore sonnes yong wife
My house without huge danger cannot holde.
Marc. Ist possible? What danger, sir, I pray?
Gost. Ile tell you, sir; twas time to take her thence:
My sonne that last day you saw could not frame
His lookes to entertaine her, now, bir-lady!

19–22 *Ha . . . asse.* So arranged by Co. Qq print this as three lines. *Ha . . . Antonio, When . . . so, Let . . . Asse.*

Is grone a courtier: for my selfe, unseene,
Saw when he courted her, imbrac't and kist her,
And, I can tell you, left not much undone
That was the proper office of your sonne.
Marc. What world is this?
Gost. I tolde this to Rinaldo,
Advising him to fetch her from my house,
And his yong wit not knowing where to lodge her
Unlesse with you, and saw that could not be
Without some wyle, I presently suggested
This queint devise, to say she was my sonnes:
And all this plot, good Marc-Antonio,
Flow'd from this fount onely to blinde [y]our eyes.
Marc. Out of how sweete a dreame have you awak't me?
By heaven, I durst have laid my part in heaven
All had bin true; it was so lively handled,
And drawne with such a seeming face of trueth:
Your sonne had cast a perfect vaile of griefe
Over his face, for his so rash offence
To seale his love with act of marriage
Before his father had subscrib'd his choyce;
My sonne (my circumstance lessening the fact)
Intreating me to breake the matter to you,
And, joyning my effectual perswasions

53 *your.* Emend. Co. Qq, our.

With your sonnes penitent submission,
Appease your fury; I at first assented,
And now expect their comming to that purpose.
Gost. T'was well, t'was well: seeme to beleeve it still,
Let art end what credulitie began;
When they come, suite your words and lookes to theirs,
Second my sad sonnes fain'd submission,
And see in all points how my braine will answere
His disguisde griefe with a set countenance
Of rage and choller; now observe and learne
To schoole your sonne by me.
Intrant Rynaldo, Val[*erio and*] *Grat*[*iana*].
Marc. On with your maske;
Here come the other maskers, sir.
Rynaldo. Come on, I say,
Your father with submission wil be calm'd;
Come on; downe a your knees.
Gost. Villaine, durst thou
Presume to gull thy father? doost thou not
Tremble to see my bent and cloudy browes
Ready to thunder on thy gracelesse head,
And with the bolt of my displeasure cut
The thred of all my living from thy life,
For taking thus a beggar to thy wife?

75–76 *On . . . sir.* One line in Qq. 77 *wil be.* Qq, wilbe.
77–78 *Your father . . . knees.* One line in Qq.

Valerio. Father, if that part I have in your blood,
If teares which so aboundantly distill
Out of my inward eyes, and for a neede,
Can drowne these outward — [*aside to Rynaldo*]
Lend me thy hand-kercher. —
And being indeed as many drops of blood
Issuing from the creator of my hart,
Be able to beget so much compassion
Not on my life, but on this lovely dame,
Whom I hold dearer —

Gost. Out upon thee, villaine!

Marc. Nay, good Gostanzo, thinke you are a father.

Gost. I will not heare a word; out, out, upon thee!
Wed without my advise, my love, my knowledge,
I, and a begger too, a trull, a blowse?

Ryn. [*aside to Gostanzo*]. You thought not so last day, when you offerd her
A twelve months boord for one nights lodging with her.

Gost. [*aside to Rynaldo*]. Goe too, no more of that, peace, good Rinaldo!
It is a fault that only she and you know.

Ryn. [*aside to Gostanzo*]. Well, sir, go on, I pray.

Gost. Have I, fond wretch,

With utmost care and labour brought thee up,
Ever instructing thee, omitting never
The office of a kinde and carefull father,
To make thee wise and vertuous like thy father;
And hast thou in one acte everted all,
Proclaim'd thy selfe to all the world a foole,
To wedde a begger?
Val. Father, say not so!
Gost. Nay, shees thy owne; here, rise, foole, take her to thee,
Live with her still, I know thou countst thy selfe
Happy in soule, onely in winning her:
Be happy still; heere, take her hand, enjoy her;
Would not a sonne hazard his fathers wrath,
His reputation in the world, his birth-right,
To have but such a messe of broth as this?
Marc. Be not so violent, I pray you, good Gostanzo,
Take truce with passion, licence your sad sonne
To speake in his excuse.
Gost. What! what excuse?
Can any orator in this case excuse him?
What can he say? what can be said of any?
Val. Ahlas, sir, heare me! all that I can say
In my excuse is but to shew loves warrant.
Gost. [*aside*]. Notable wagge!
Val. I know I have committed

109–116 *Father . . . this?* In M this whole passage is given to *Val.* Other Qq are correct.

A great impiety not to moove you first
Before the dame I meant to make my wife.
Consider what I am, yet young and greene,
Beholde what she is; is there not in her
I, in her very eye, a power to conquer
Even age it selfe and wisdome? Call to minde,
Sweete father, what your selfe being young have bin;
Thinke what you may be, for I doe not thinke
The world so farre spent with you but you may
Looke back on such a beauty, and I hope
To see you young againe, and to live long
With young affections; wisdome makes a man
Live young for ever: and where is this wisdome
If not in you? Ahlas, I know not what
Rests in your wisedome to subdue affections,
But I protest it wrought with me so strongly
That I had quite bin drownd in seas of teares
Had I not taken hold in happy time
Of this sweete hand; my hart had beene consum'de
T'a heape of ashes with the flames of love,
Had it not sweetly bin asswag'd and cool'd,
With the moist kisses of these sugred lippes.
Gost. [*aside to Marc.*]. O, puisant wag, what huge large thongs he cuts
Out of his friend Fortunios stretching leather!

Marc. [*aside*]. He knows he does it but to blinde my eyes.

Gost. [*aside*]. O excellent, these men will put up any thing.

Val. Had I not had her, I had lost my life,
Which life indeed I would have lost before
I had displeasd you, had I not receav'd it
From such a kinde, a wise, and honour'd father.

Gost. [*aside*]. Notable boy!

Val. Yet doe I here renounce
Love, life, and all, rather then one houre longer
Indure to have your love eclipsed from me.

Gratiana. O, I can hold no longer; if thy words
Be us'd in earnest, my Valerio,
Thou woundst my hart, but I know tis in jest.

Gost. [*aside*]. No, Ile be sworne she has her lyripoope too.

Gra. Didst thou not sweare to love me spight of father
And all the world, that nought should sever us
But death it selfe.

Val. I did, but if my father
Will have his sonne foresworne, upon his soule

160 *tis* Emend. Co. Qq, tist.

162–164 *Didst . . . father.* Qq print this: *Didst . . . world* (with & for *And*) *That . . . selfe. I . . . father.*

The blood of my black perjurie shall lye,
For I will seeke his favour though I dye.
Gost. No, no, live still, my sonne; thou well shalt know
I have a fathers hart; come, joyne your hands;
Still keepe thy vowes, and live together still
Till cruell death set foote betwixt you both.
Val. O, speake you this in earnest?
Gost. I, by heaven!
Val. And never to recall it?
Gost. Not till death.
Ryn. Excellent sir, you have done like your selfe!
What would you more, Valerio?
Val. Worshipfull father!
Ryn. Come, sir, come you in, and celebrate your joyes. *Exeunt all save the old men.*
Gost. O Marc-Antonio,
Had I not armd you with an expectation,
Would not this make you pawne your very soule,
The wench had bin my sonnes wife?
Marc. Yes, by heaven!
A knaverie thus effected might deceive
A wiser man then I, for I ahlas,
Am noe good polititian, plaine beleeving,
Simple honesty, is my policy still.

168 *live . . . sonne.* Query, *live still my sonne.*

Gost. The visible markes of folly, honesty,
And quick credulitie, his yonger brother.
I tell you, Marc-Antonio, there is mutch
In that young boy, my sonne.
Marc. Not much honesty,
If I may speake without offence to his father.
Gost. O God, you cannot please me better, sir!
H'as honesty enough to serve his turne,
The lesse honesty ever the more wit.
But goe you home, and use your daughter kindly,
Meane time Ile schoole your sonne: and do you still
Dissemble what you know, keepe off your sonne;
The wench at home must still be my sonnes wife,
Remember that, and be you blinded still.
Marc. You must remember, too, to let your sonne
Use his accustomm'd visitations,
Onely to blinde my eyes.
Gost. He shall not faile:
But still take you heede, have a vigilant eye
On that slie childe of mine, for by this light,
Heele be too bould with your sonnes forhead els.
Marc. Well, sir, let me alone, Ile beare a braine.
Exeunt [*Marc. Antonio and Gostanzo.*]

185–186 *The visible . . . brother.* Qq print this as one line.
188–189 *Not much . . . father.* Qq print this as one line.

Enter Valerio [and] Rynaldo.

Val. Come, they are gone.

Ryn. Gone, they were farre gone heere.

Val. Guld I my father, or guld he himselfe?
Thou toldst him Gratiana was my wife,
I have confest it, he has pardoned it.

Ryn. Nothing more true, enow can witnesse it.
And therefore when he comes to learne the truth,
(As certainly for all these slie disguises
Time will strip Truth into her nakednesse),
Thou hast good plea against him to confesse
The honor'd action, and to claime his pardon.

Val. Tis true, for all was done, he deeply swore,
Out of his hart.

Ryn. He has much faith the whiles,
That swore a thing so quite against his hart.

Val. Why, this is pollicie.

Ryn. Well, see you repaire,
To Gratiana daily, and enjoy her
In her true kinde; and now we must expect
The resolute and ridiculous divorce
Cornelio hath sued against his wedlock.

Val. I thinke it be not so; the asse dotes on her.

Ryn. It is too true, and thou shalt answere it,

For setting such debate twixt man and wife:
See, we shall see the solemne maner of it.

Enter Cor[nelio], Darioto, Claud[io], Notarie, Page, Gazetta, Bell[onora, and] Gratiana.

Bellonora. Good Signior Cornelio, let us poore gentlewomen intreate you to forbeare.

Cornelio. Talke no more to me, Ile not be made cuckold in my owne house: Notarie, read me the divorce.

Gazetta. My deare Cornelio, examine the cause better before you condemne me.

Cor. Sing to me no more, syren, for I will heare thee no more, I will take no compassion on thee.

Page. Good Signior Cornelio, be not too mankinde against your wife; say y'are a cuckold (as the best that is may be so at a time) will you make a trumpet of your owne hornes?

Cor. Goe too, sir, y'are a rascall! Ile give you a fee for pleading for her one day. Notary, doe you your office.

Val. Goe too, Signior, looke better to your wife, and be better advised before you grow to this extremitie.

Cor. Extremity? go too, I deale but too mercifully with her. If I should use extremitie with her, I might hang her and her copesmate, my drudge here; how say you M[aster] Notary, might I not doe it by law?

249 *Master Notary.* Qq, M. Notary

Notary. Not hang am, but you may bring them both to a white sheete.

Cor. Nay, by the masse, they have had too much of the sheete already.

Not. And besides you may set capitall letters on their foreheads.

Cor. What's that to the capitall letter thats written in minde? I say for all your law, Maister Notary, that I may hang am; may I not hang him that robs me of my honour as well as he that robs me of my horse?

Not. No, sir, your horse is a chattell!

Cor. Soe is honour: a man may buy it with his peny, and if I may hang a man for stealing my horse (as I say), much more for robbing mee of my honour; for why? if my horse be stolne, it may bee my owne fault; for why? eyther the stable is not strong enough, or the pasture not well fenc't, or watcht, or so foorth. But for your wife that keepes the stable of your honour, let her be lockt in a brazen towre, let Argus himselfe keepe her, yet can you never bee secure of your honour; for why? she can runne through all with her serpent nodle: besides you may hang a locke upon your horse, and so can you not upon your wife.

Ryn. But I pray you, sir, what are the pre-

258 *minde.* So Qq. See *Notes*, p. 132.

sumptions on which you would build this divorce?

Cor. Presumption enough, sir, for besides their entercourse, or commerce of glances that past betwixt this cockrill-drone and her at my table the last Sunday night at supper, their winckes, their beckes, — due gard! — their treads a' the toe (as by heaven I sweare she trode once upon my toe instead of his), this is chiefly to be noted: the same night she would needs lie alone, and the same night her dog barkt — did you not heare him, Valerio?

Val. And understand him too, Ile be sworne of a booke.

Cor. Why, very good, if these be not manifest presumptions now, let the world be judge. Therefore without more ceremony, Maister Notarie, plucke out your instrument.

Not. I will, sir, if there be no remedie.

Cor. Have you made it strong in law, Maister Notary? have you put in words enough?

Not. I hope so, sir, it has taken me a whole skinne of parchment, you see.

Cor. Very good, and is "egresse" and "regresse" in?

Not. Ile warrant you, sir, it is *forma juris*.

Cor. Is there no hoale to be found in the ortography?

Not. None in the world, sir.

Cor. You have written *Sunt* with an *S*, have you not?

Not. Yes, that I have.

Cor. You have done the better for quietnesse sake: and are none of the autenticall dashes over the head left out? If there be, Maister Notary, an error will lye [on't].

Not. Not for a dashe over head, sir, I warrant you, if I should oversee; I have seene that tryed in Butiro & Caseo, in Butler and Casons case, *decimo sexto* of Duke Anonimo.

Ryn. Y' ave gotten a learned Notarie, Signior Cornelio.

Cor. Hees a shroad fellow indeed; I had as leeve have his head in a matter of fellony or treason as any notary in Florence. Read out, Maister Notary; harken you, mistresse; gentlemen, marke, I beseech you.

Omnes. We will all marke you, sir, I warrant you.

Not. I thinke it would be something tedious to read all, and therfore, gentlemen, the summe is this: That you, Signior Cornelio, gentleman, for divers & sundry waighty and mature considerations, you especially moving, specifying

313 *on't.* Suggested by O. G. (Octavius Gilchrist) in footnote to Co. Qq, out.

all the particulars of your wives enormities in a scedule hereunto annexed, the transcript whereof is in your owne tenure, custodie, occupation, & keeping: That for these the aforesaid premises, I say, you renounce, disclaime, and discharge Gazetta frõ being your leeful, or your lawfull, wife: And that you eftsoones devide, disjoyne, seperate, remove, & finally eloigne, sequester, & divorce her, frõ your bed & your boord: That you forbid her all accesse, repaire, egresse, or regresse, to your person or persons, mansion or mansions, dwellings, habitations, remainenances, or abodes, or to any shop, sellar, sollar, easements chamber, dormer, and so forth, now in the tenure, custody, occupation, or keeping of the said Cornelio; notwithstanding all former contracts, covenants, bargaines, conditions, agreements, compacts, promises, vowes, affiances, assurances, bonds, billes, indentures, pole-deedes, deeds of guift, defesances, feoffments, endowments, vowchers, double vowchers, privie entries, actions, declarations, explications, rejoinders, surrejoinders, rights, interests, demands, claymes, or titles whatsoever, heretofore betwixt the one and the other party, or parties, being had, made, past, covenanted & agreed, from the beginning of the world till the day of the date hereof, given the 17. of Novem-

ber 1500 and so forth. Here, sir, you must set to your hand.

Cor. What els, Maister Notary? I am resolute, ifaith.

Gaz. Sweete husband, forbeare.

Cor. Avoyde, I charge thee in the name of this divorce: thou mightst have lookt to it in time, yet this I will doe for thee; if thou canst spie out any other man that thou wouldest cuckolde, thou shalt have my letter to him: I can do no more. More inke, Maister Notary, I wright my name at large.

Not. Here is more, sir.

Cor. Ah, asse, that thou could not know thy happinesse till thou hadst lost it! How now? my nose bleed? shall I write in blood? what, onely three drops? Sfoote thi's ominous: I will not set my hand toot now certaine. Maister Notary, I like not this abodement: I will deferre the setting too of my hand till the next court day: keepe the divorce, I pray you, and the woman in your house together.

Omnes. Burne the divorce, burne the divorce!

Cor. Not so, sir, it shall not serve her turne. M[aster] Notary, keep it at your perill, &, gentlemen, you may be gone, a Gods name; what have you to doe to flocke about me thus? I am

384 *Master Notary.* Qq, M. Notary.

neither howlet, nor cuckooe. Gentlewomen, for Gods sake, medle with your owne cases, it is not fit you should haunt these publike assembles.

Omnes. Well, farewell, Cornelio.

Val. Use the gentlewoman kindely, Maister Notary.

[*Not.*] As mine owne wife, I assure you, sir.

Exeunt [*all but Cornelio and Claudio*].

Clau. Signior Cornelio, I cañot but in kindenes tell you that Valerio by counsaile of Rinaldo hath whispered all this jealosie into your eares; not that he knew any just cause in your wife, but only to be revengd on you for the gull you put upon him when you drew him with his glory to touch the theorbo.

Cor. May I beleeve this?

Clau. As I am a gentleman: and if this accident of your nose had not falne out, I would have told you this before you set too your hand.

Cor. It may well be, yet have I cause enough
To perfect my divorce, but it shall rest
Till I conclude it with a counterbuffe
Given to these noble rascals: Claudio, thankes:
What comes of this, watch but my braine a little,

393 *Not.* Emend. S. Qq assign this speech to *Val.*
395 *Valerio.* Emend. Co. Qq, *Balerio*, which misled Do. into printing *Bellanora.*

And yee shall see, if like two partes in me
I leave not both these gullers wits imbrierd;
Now I perceive well where the wilde winde sits,
Heres gull for gull and wits at warre with wits.
Exeunt [*Claudio and Cornelio.*]

Actus Quinti Scena Prima.

[*A Street in Florence.*]

Rinaldo solus.

[*Rynaldo.*] Fortune, the great commandresse of the world,
Hath divers wayes to advance her followers:
To some she gives honour without deserving,
To other some deserving without honour,
Some wit, some wealth, and some wit without wealth,
Some wealth without wit, some nor wit nor wealth,
But good smocke-faces, or some qualities
By nature without judgement, with the which
They live in sensuall acceptation,
And make show onely, without touche of substance.
My fortune is to winne renowne by gulling.
Gostanzo, Darioto, and Cornelio,
All which suppose in all their different kindes
Their witts entyre, and in themselves no piece,
All at one blow, my helmet yet unbruisde,
I have unhorst, laid flat on earth for guls.
Now in what taking poore Cornelio is

11 *gulling*. Qq, comma after *gulling*. 12 Qq, period after *Cornelio*.

Betwixt his large divorce and no divorce,
I long to see, and what he will resolve:
I lay my life he cannot chew his meate,
And lookes much like an ape had swallowed pilles;
And all this comes of bootelesse jealousie:
And see where bootelesse jealousie appeares.

Enter Cornel[*io*].

Ile bourd him straight; how now, Cornelio?
Are you resolv'd on the divorce, or no?

Cornelio. What 's that to you? looke to your owne affaires,
The time requires it; are you not engag'd
In some bonds forfeit for Valerio?

Ryn. Yes, what of that?

Cor. Why, so am I my selfe;
And both our dangers great; he is arrested
On a recognizance by a usuring slave.

Ryn. Arrested? I am sorry with my hart,
It is a matter may import me much;
May not our bayle suffize to free him, thinke you?

Cor. I thinke it may, but I must not be seene in't,
Nor would I wish you, for we both are parties,
And liker farre to bring our selves in trouble
Then beare him out: I have already made
Meanes to the officers to sequester him

In private for a time, till some in secret
Might make his father understand his state,
Who would perhaps take present order for him
Rather then suffer him t'endure the shame
Of his imprisonment. Now, would you but goe
And breake the matter closely to his father,
(As you can wisely doo 't) and bring him to him,
This were the onely way to save his credit,
And to keepe off a shrowd blow from our selves.
Ryn. I know his father will be moov'd past measure.
Cor. Nay, if you stand on such nice ceremonies,
Farewell our substance: extreame diseases
Aske extreame remedies, better he should storme
Some little time then we be beate for ever
Under the horred shelter of a prison,
Ryn. Where is the place?
Cor. Tis at the Halfe Moone Taverne;
Hast, for the matter will abide no staye.
Ryn. Heaven send my speed be equall with my hast. *Exit* [*Rynaldo*].
Cor. Goe, shallow scholler, you that make all guls,
You that can out-see cleere-ey'd jeolousie,
Yet make this slight a milstone, where your braine
Sticks in the midst amazd. This gull to him
And to his fellow guller shall become

More bitter then their baiting of my humour:
Heere at this taverne shall Gostanzo finde
Fortunio, Darioto, Claudio,
And amongst them, the ringleader, his sonne,
His husband, and his Saint Valerio,
That knowes not of what fashion dice are made,
Nor ever yet lookt towards a red lettice,
(Thinkes his blinde sire), at drinking and at dice,
With all their wenches, and at full discover
His owne grose folly and his sonnes distempers;
And both shall know, (although I be no scholler)
Yet I have thus much Latin as to say
Jam sumus ergo pares. *Exit* [*Cornelio*].

[Scena Secunda.

A Room in the Half Moon Tavern.]

Enter Valerio, Fortunio, Claudio, Page, Grat[*iana*], *Gazetta,* [*and*] *Bellanora. A Drawer or two, setting a table.*

Valerio. Set me the table heere, we will shift roomes
To see if Fortune will shift chances with us:
Sit, ladies, sit; Fortunio, place thy wench,
And, Claudio, place you Dariotos mistresse.
I wonder where that neate spruce slave becomes:

71 *With all.* Qq, Withall.

I thinke he was some barbers sonne, by th' masse;
Tis such a picked fellow, not a haire
About his whole bulke but it stands in print,
Each pinne hath his due place, not any point
But hath his perfect tie, fashion, and grace;
A thing whose soule is specially imployde
In knowing where best gloves, best stockings, wasecotes
Curiously wrought, are solde; sacks milleners shops
For all new tyres and fashions, and can tell yee
What new devices of all sorts there are,
And that there is not in the whole Rialto
But one new-fashion'd wast-cote, or one night-cap,
One paire of gloves, pretty or well perfum'd;
And from a paire of gloves of halfe a crowne
To twenty crownes will to a very scute
Smell out the price: and for these womanly parts
He is esteem'd a witty gentleman.

Fortunio. See, where he comes.

Enter Darioto.

Dariotto. God save you, lovely ladies.

Val. I, well said, lovely Paris, your wall eye
Must ever first be gloting on mens wives;
You thinke to come upon us, being halfe drunke,
And so to part the freshest man amongst us;
But you shall over-take us, Ile be sworne.

Dar. Tush, man, where are your dice? Lets fall to them.

Claudio. We have bin at am. Drawer, call for more.

Val. First lets have wine, dice have no perfect edge
Without the liquid whetstone of the sirrope.

For. True, and to welcome Darioto's latenes,
He shall (unpledg'd) carouze one crowned cup
To all these ladies health.

Dar. I am well pleasd.

Val. Come on, let us varie our sweete time
With sundry excercises. Boy, tabacco!
And, drawer, you must get us musique too;
Calls in a cleanly noyse, the slaves grow lowzy.

Drawer. You shall have such as we can get you, sir. *Exit* [*Drawer*].

Dar. Let's have some dice, I pray thee: they are clenly.

Val. Page, let mee see that leafe!

Page. It is not leafe, sir,
Tis pudding cane tabacco.

Val. But I meane
Your linstock, sir, what leafe is that, I pray?

Page. I pray you see, sir, for I cannot read.

42–44 *It is . . . pray.* Qq print this as 2 ll.: *It is . . . Tabacco! But I . . . pray.*

Val. Sfoote, a rancke stincking satyre; this had been
Enough to have poysned everie man of us.
Dar. And now you speake of that, my boy once lighted
A pipe of cane tabacco with a peece
Of a vild ballad, and Ile sweare I had
A singing in my head a whole weeke after.
Val. Well, th' old verse is, *A potibus incipe io-c-um.*

Enter Drawer with wine and a cupp.

Drawer, fill out this gentlemans carowse,
And harden him for our societie.
Dar. Well, ladies, heere is to your honourd healths.
For. What, Dariotto, without hat or knee?
Val. Well said, Fortunio. O, y'are a rare courtier!
Your knee, good signior, I beseech your knee.
Dar. Nay, pray you, lets take it by degrees,
Valerio; on our feete first, for this
Will bring's too soone upon our knees.
Val. Sir, there
Are no degrees of order in a taverne;
Heere you must, I charge yee, runne all a head;

59–62 Q prints this as three lines of prose: *Nay . . . our* | *feete . . . knees.* | *Sir . . . taverne.*
63 *charge.* Emend. S. Qq, chargd.

Slight, courtier, downe;
I hope you are no elephant, you have joynts!
Dar. Well, sir, heere's to the ladies on my knees.
Val. Ile be their pledge.
Enter Gostanzo and Rinaldo [behind].
For. Not yet, Valerio,
This hee must drinke unpledgd.
Val. He shall not, I will give him this advantage.
Gostanzo [aside]. How now? whats heere? are these the officers?
Rynaldo [aside]. Slight, I would all were well.
Enter Cornelio [behind].
Val. Heere is his pledge:
Heere's to our common friend Cornelioes health.
[*Dar.*] Health to Gazetta, poyson to her husband! *He kneeles.*
Cornelio [aside]. Excellent guestes: these are my dayly guestes.
Val. Drawer, make even th' impartiall skales of Justice,
Give it to Claudio, and from him fill round.
Come, Darioto, sett mee, let [the] rest
Come in when they have done the ladyes right.
Gost. [*aside*]. "Sett me"! Doe you know what belongs to setting?

73 *Dar.* Emend. ed. Qq, *Clau.* See *Notes*, p. 136.
77 *the.* Emend. ed. Qq, mee. See *Notes*, p. 136.

Ryn. [*aside*]. What a dull slave was I to be thus gull'd?

Cor. [*aside to Rynaldo*]. Why, Rinald, what meant you to intrap your friend,
And bring his father to this spectacle?
You are a friend in deed!

Ryn. Tis verie good, sir;
Perhaps my friend, or I, before wee part,
May make even with you.

For. Come, lets sett him round.

Val. Doe so: at all! A plague upon these dice.
Another health! Sfoote, I shall have no lucke
Till I be druncke: come on, heere's to the comfort
The cavalier, my father, should take in mee
If he now saw mee and would do me right.

For. Ile pledge it, and his health, Valerio.

Gost. [*aside*]. Heere's a good husband.

Ryn. [*aside to Gostanzo*]. I pray you have patience, sir.

Val. Now have at all, an 'twere a thousand pound.

Gost. [*advancing*]. Hold, sir! I barr the dice.

Val. What, sir, are you there?
Fill's a fresh pottle! by this light, Sir Knight,
You shall do right.

Enter Marc. Ant[*onio*].

Gost. O thou ungratious villaine.

[*Val.*] Come, come, wee shall have you now thunder foorth
Some of your thriftie sentences, as gravely:
" For as much, Valerius, as every thing has time, and a pudding has two; yet ought not satisfaction to swerve so much from defalcation of well dispos'd people as that indemnitie should prejudice what securitie doth insinuate." A tryall, yet once againe.
Marc. Heere's a good sight! Y'are well encountred, sir;
Did I not tell you you 'd oreshoote your selfe
With too much wisedome?
Val. Sir, your wisest do so.
Fill the old man some wine.
Gost. Heere's a good infant!
Marc. Why, sir? Ahlas, Ile wager with your wisedome
His consorts drew him to it, for of him selfe
He is both vertuous, bashfull, innocent;
Comes not at cittie; knowes no cittie art,
But plies your husbandrie; dares not view a wench.
Val. Father, hee comes upon you.
Gost. Heere's a sonne!
Marc. Whose wife is Gratiana now, I pray?

97 *Val.* Emend. S. Qq assign this speech to Gostanzo.

Gost. Sing your old song no more, your braine's too short
To reach into these pollicies.
Marc. Tis true,
Mine eye's soone blinded: and your selfe would say so,
If you knew all. Where lodg'd your sonne last night?
Doe you know that with all your pollicie?
Gost. Youle say he lodg'd with you, and did not I
Foretell you all this must for cullour sake
Be brought about, onely to blinde your eyes?
Marc. By heaven, I chaunc't this morne, I know not why,
To passe by Gratianas bed-chamber,
And whom saw I fast by her naked side
But your Valerio?
Gost. Had you not warning given?
Did I not bidd you watch my courtier well,
Or hee would set a crest a your sonnes head?
Marc. That was not all, for by them on a stoole
My sonne sate laughing to see you so gull'd.
Gost. Tis too too plaine!
Marc. Why, sir, do you suspect it
The more for that?

118 *eye's.* Emend. S. Qq, eyes.
132–133 *Why, sir . . . that.* Q prints as one line.

Gost. Suspect it? Is there any
So grosse a wittoll as, if t'were his wife,
Would sit by her so tamelie?
Marc. Why not, sir,
To blind my eyes?
Gost. Well, sir, I was deceiv'd,
But I shall make it proove a deare deceipt
To the deceiver.
Ryn. Nay, sir, lets not have
A new infliction set on an old fault:
Hee did confesse his fault upon his knees,
You pardned it, and swore twas from your hart.
Gost. Swore, a great peece of worke! The wretch shall know
I have a daughter heere to give my land too;
Ile give my daughter all: the prodigall
Shall not have one poore house to hide his head in.
For. I humblie thanke you, sir, and vow all duetie
My life can yeelde you.
Gost. Why are you so thankfull?
For. For giving to your daughter all your lands,
Who is my wife, and so you gave them mee.
Gost. Better and better!
For. Pray, sir, be not moov'd;
You drew mee kindlie to your house, and gave mee

135–136 *Why not . . . eyes.* Qq print this as one line.

Accesse to woe your daughter, whom I lov'd,
And since (by honord mariage) made my wife.
Gost. Now all my choller flie out in your witts:
Good trickes of youth, y'faith, no indecorum,
Knights sonne, knights daughter; Marc. Antonio,
Give mee your hand, there is no remedie,
Mariage is ever made by destenie.
[*All applaud.*]
Ryn. Scilence, my maisters, now heere all are pleas'd,
Onelie but Cornelio, who lackes but perswasion
To reconcile himselfe to his faire wife:
Good sir, will you (of all men our best speaker)
Perswade him to receive her into grace?
Gost. That I will gladlie, and he shal be rul'd.
Good Cornelio, I have heard of your wayward
jelosie, and I must tell you plaine as a friend,
y'are an asse, — you must pardon me, I knew
your father —
Ryn. Then you must pardon him indeed, sir.
Gost. Understand mee: put case Dariotto
lov'd your wife, whereby you would seeme to
refuse her; would you desire to have such a
wife as no man could love but your selfe?

164 *shal be.* Qq, shalbe.
165 *Good Cornelio.* Qq print as last words of l. 164.

Marc. Answere but that, Cornelio.

Gost. Understand mee: say Dariotto hath kist your wife, or perform'de other offices of that nature, whereby they did converse togeather at bedd and at boord, as friendes may seeme to doe —

Marc. Marke but the "Now understand mee"!

Gost. Yet if there come no proofes but that her actions were cleanlie, or in discreete private, why t'was a signe of modestie: and will you blow the horne your selfe, when you may keepe it to your selfe? Goe to, you are a foole, understand mee!

Val. Doe understand him, Cornelio.

Gost. Nay, Cornalio, I tell you againe, I knew your father; hee was a wise gentleman, and so was your mother: mee thinkes I see her yet, a lustie stoute woman, bore great children, — you were the verie skundrell of am all; but let that passe. As for your mother, shee was wise, a most flippant tongue she had, and could set out her taile with as good grace as any shee in Florence, come cut and long-tayle; and she was honest enough too. But yet, by your leave, she would tickle Dob now and then as well as the best on am; by Jove, it's true, Cornelio, I speake it not to flatter you: your father knew it

182 *in discreete.* Emend. ed. Qq, indiscreete.

well enough, and would he do as you do, thinke you? set rascalles to undermine her or looke to her water, (as they say)? No, when he saw twas but her humour (for his owne quietnesse sake) hee made a backe-doore to his house for convenience, gott a bell to his fore doore, and had an odd fashion in ringing by which shee and her mayde knew him, and would stand talking to his next neighbour to prolong time, that all thinges might be ridde clenly out a the way before he came, for the credite of his wife. This was wisedome now for a mans owne quiet.

Marc. Heere was a man, Cornelio!

Gost. What, I say! Young men thinke old men are fooles, but old men know young men are fooles.

Cor. Why, harke you, you two knights; doe you thinke I will forsake Gazetta?

Gost. And will you not?

Cor. Why theer 's your wisedome; why did I make shew of divorce, thinke you?

Marc. Pray you why, sir?

Cor. Onelie to bridle her stout stomack: and how did I draw on the cullour for my divorce? I did traine the woodcocke Dariotto into the net, drew him to my house, gave him opportunitie with my wife (as you say my father dealt with his wives friendes) onely to traine him

in: let him alone with my wife in her bed-chamber; and sometimes founde him a bedd with her, and went my way backe again softlie, onelie to draw him into the pitte.

Gost. This was well handled in deed, Cornelio.

Marc. I, marrie, sir, now I commend your wisedome.

Cor. Why, if I had been so minded as you thinke, I could have flung his pantable downe the staires, or doone him some other disgrace: but I winckt at it, and drew on the good foole more and more, onelie to bring him within my compasse.

Gost. Why, this was pollicie in graine.

Cor. And now shal the world see I am as wise as my father.

Val. Is't come to this? then will I make a speech in praise of this reconcilement, including therein the praise and honor of the most fashionable and autenticall HORNE: stande close, gentles, and be silent. *Hè gets into a chaire.*

Gost. Come on, lets heare his wit in this potable humour.

Val. The course of the world (like the life of man) is said to be devided into severall ages: as wee into infancie, childhood, youth, and so forward to old-age; so the world into the golden age, the silver, the brasse, the iron, the

leaden, the wooden; and now into this present age, which wee tearme the *horned age:* not that but former ages have injoyde this benefite as well as our times; but that in ours it is more common, and neverthelesse pretious. It is said that in the golden age of the world the use of gold was not then knowne — an argument of the simplicitie of that age; least therefore succeeding ages should hereafter impute the same fault to us which wee lay upon the first age, that wee, living in the horned age of the world, should not understand the use, the vertue, the honour, and the very royaltie of the horne, I will in briefe sound the prayses thereof that they who are alreadie in possession of it may beare their heades aloft as beeing proud of such loftie acowtrementes: and they that are but in possibilitie may be ravisht with a desire to be in possession.

A trophey so honorable, and unmatchably powerfull that it is able to raise any man from a beggar to an emperours fellow, a dukes fellow, a noble-mans fellow, aldermans fellow; so glorious, that it deserves to be worne (by most opinions) in the most conspicuous place about a man. For what worthier crest can you beare then the horne? which if it might be seene with our mortall eyes, what a wonderfull spectacle would there be, and how highly they would ravish the

beholders! But their substance is incorporall, not falling under sence, nor mixt of the grosse concretion of elementes, but a quintessence beyond them, a spirituall essence invisible and everlasting.

And this hath been the cause why many men have called their beeing in question, whether there be such a thing in *rerum natura*, or not; because they are not to be seene: as though nothing were that were not to be seene. Who ever saw the winde? Yet what wonderfull effectes are seene of it. It drives the cloudes, yet no man sees it: it rockes the house, beares downe trees, castles, steeples, yet who sees it? In like sort does your horne: it swelles the forehead, yet none sees it; it rockes the cradle, yet none sees it, so that you plainely perceive sence is no judge of essence. The moone to any mans sence seemes to be horned; yet who knowes not the moone to be ever perfectly round. So likewise your heades seeme ever to be round when in deed they are oftentimes horned. For their originall, it is unsearchable. Naturall they are not: for there is [no] beast borne with hornes more then with teeth. Created they were not, for *Ex nihilo nihil fit*.

307 *is no beast*. Emend. ed. Qq, there is Beast. S, Where is beast?

Then you will aske mee, how came they into the world? I know not; but I am sure women brought them into this part of the world, howsoever some doctors are of opinion that they came in with the Divell: and not unlike; for, as the Divell brought sinne into the worlde, but the woman brought it to the man, so it may very well be that the Divell brought hornes into the world; but the woman brought them to the man.

For their power it is generall over the world: no nation so barbarous, no countrey so proude, but doth equall homage to the horne. Europa when shee was carried through the sea by the Saturnian bull, was said (for feare of falling) to have held by the horne: and what is this but a plaine shewing to us that all Europe, which took name from that Europa, should likewise hold by the horne. So that I say it is universall over the face of the world, general over the face of Europe, and common over the face of this countrey. What cittie, what towne, what village, what streete, nay what house, can quit it selfe of this prerogative? I have read that the lion once made a proclamation through all the forrest, that all horned beastes should depart foorthwith upon paine of death. If this

336 *Europe.* Emend. Do. Qq, Europa.

proclamation should be made through our forrest, Lord, what pressing, what running, what flying, would there be even from all the parts of it! he that had but a bunch of flesh in his head would away: and some, foolishly fearefull, would imagine the shadow of his eares to be hornes: ahlas, how desart would this forrest be left!

To conclude: for there force it is irrenitable, for were they not irrenitable, then might eyther propernesse of person secure a man, or wisedome prevent am, or greatnesse exempt, or riches redeeme them; but present experience hath taught us that in this case all these stand in no steade: for we see the properst men take part of them, the best wits cannot avoide them (for then should poets be no cuckolds), nor can money redeeme them, for then would rich men fine for their hornes as they do for offices: but this is held for a maxime, that there are more rich cuckolds then poore. Lastly, for continuance of the horne, it is undeterminable till death: neither doe they determine with the wives death (howsoever ignorant writers holde opinion they doe); for as when a knight dies, his ladie still retaines the title of ladie; when a company is

345 *and* 346 *irrenitable.* Emend. ed., suggested by *New English Dictionary.* Qq, irrevitable.

cast, yet the captaine still retaines the title of captaine; so though the wife die by whom this title came to her husband, yet by the curtesie of the city, he shal be a cuckold during life, let all ignorant asses prate what they list.

Gost. Notable wag! come, sir, shake hands with him,
In whose high honour you have made this speech.

Marc. And you, sir, come, joyne hands, y' are one amongst thẽ.

Gost. Very well done; now take your severall wives,
And spred like wilde-geese, though you now grow tame:
Live merily together and agree,
Hornes cannot be kept off with jealousie.

366 *shal be.* Qq, shalbe.

FINIS.

EPILOGUE

Since all our labours are as you can like,
We all submit to you; nor dare presume
To thinke ther's any reall worth in them:
Sometimes feastes please the cookes, and not the guestes;
Sometimes the guestes, and curious cookes contemne them.
Our dishes we intirely dedicate
To our kinde guestes, but since yee differ so,
Some to like onely mirth without taxations,
Some to count such workes trifles, and such like;
We can but bring you meate, and set you stooles,
And to our best cheere say you all are ( ) welcome.

11 ( ) *welcome.* A B. M. (2 copies), Bod. (Malone), and B. P. L. have ( ). Drummond and Dyce lack it.

Notes to Al Fooles

For the meaning of single words see the Glossary.

2. Actors. The name of Kyte, the scrivener, does not appear in the text of the play, where he is consistently mentioned as a notary. The name of the page occurs once only, III, 236. See *Notes ad loc.*

3. Prologus. This prologue was apparently written for the first production of *Al Fooles* at the Blackfriars Theatre. It had previously been performed at the Rose by the Admiral's Men, for whom Henslowe had purchased it on July 2, 1599. Whatever its success may have been, and it is worth noting that Chapman's first and far inferior comedy had proved a very successful investment for Henslowe,[1] it is plain that the author stood somewhat in awe of the more elegant and critical audience that gathered at the Blackfriars. This audience delighted especially in personal satire; it was before them that Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels* and *Poetaster* were produced. Chapman's own play, *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*,[2] previously performed at this theatre, had contained a strong dash of this "personal application," and he seems to have feared, no doubt with good reason, that such a reversion to "merely comicall and harmlesse jests" as *Al Fooles* would fail to find favour with the audience. The prologue is in effect, then, a plea for suspension of judgement.

3, 14. Eupolis and Cratinus: Greek dramatists, of the age of Pericles, famous for the bitter personal satire of their comedies.

4, 24. panegyrick splene: the spleen in Chapman's day was supposed to be the seat of various emotions, not of ill-humour only. Cf. *The Maid's Tragedy*, III, ii, 270. The phrase here means "humour of applause."

4, 27. mistery. "Mystery" has here its modern meaning, "strange secret," as often in Shakespeare.

1 *Henslowe's Diary*, *inf.* Feb. 12, 16, 19, 22, 26, Apr. 15, 26, May 3, 13, 18, June 3, 25, July 5, Nov. 6, 12, Dec. 2, 10, 23, 1596. Jan. 15, 25, March 14, Apr. 1, 1597.

2 See as to date note on p. ix of *Biography*.

4, 28. **united heades**: the audience, particularly that part of it which sat upon the stage.

4, 29. **the stage**: the position on the stage assumed in private theatres by the gallants of the time. For their behaviour see Dekker, *Gulls Hornbook*, chap. vi.

4, 30. **other audience**: those in the pit and boxes.

4, 34. **merit . . . contents**. The merit (of a play) has little or nothing to do with the pleasure it gives most of the audience; "contents" is here a plural of the abstract noun, meaning "satisfaction," "pleasure."

4, 35. **Auriculas . . . habet?** Persius, *Sat.* 1, l. 121.

5, 1. **one selfe cause**: one and the same cause.

6, 38. **He**: instead of "him" for the sake of emphasis.

6, 40. **He . . . horne**: Fortunio, unable to obtain his love, wears the willow: Valerio, as a married man, is predestined, according to Rinaldo's cynical wit, to wear the horn, *i. e.* to be a cuckold.

7, 44. **And what . . . quintessence**: Chapman possibly had Marlowe's famous apostrophe to beauty (1 *Tamburlaine*, v, 1, 160–173) in his mind while writing this line.

7, 47. **a cousoning picture**: "It is a pretty art that in a pleated paper and table furrowed and indented men make one picture to represent several faces — that being viewed from one place or standing, did shew the head of a Spaniard, and from another the head of an ass." (*Humane Industry*, 1661, p. 76; quoted by Mr. Tollet in a note on *Twelfth Night*, v, i, 224, in Johnson and Steeven's *Shakespeare*, 1778.) This reference I owe to Collier (*Select Collection of Old Plays*, v. 4, p. 112).

7, 51. **and would . . . all.** Would that women were no worse than brittle.

7, 55. **made me happy**: esteemed me fortunate.

7–8, 65–78. **I vowe . . . us'd.** Several reminiscences of Juvenal occur in this diatribe. *Vide Sat.* vi, ll. 167–8, 462–3, 474–85. Cf. also *Monsieur D'Olive*, 1, ii (Chapman's *Dramatic Works*, Pearson, London, 1873, vol. 1, p. 199).

8–9, 80–90. **I read . . . serpent.** This passage seems a reminiscence of Herodotus, Book II, 65–74. The "painted fowle" is probably the phœnix, which Herodotus did not see "except in painting" (§ 73).

9, 97–110. I tell thee Love . . . divine discourse: Collier (*History of English Dramatic Poetry*, vol. 3, p. 257, n.) asserts that "the whole thought and some of the expressions are here borrowed from a madrigal by Andrea Navagero, which is inserted in Domenichi's collection of *Rime Diverse*, Venice, 1546, beginning—

Leggiadre donne, che quella bellezza
Che natura vi diede, &c.

This poem occurs on p. 98, vol. 1, of *Rime Diverse*. It seems to me to have only a general resemblance to the passage in *Al Fooles*.

10, 117. parle: a dissyllable.

11, 148. Machevilian: the name of the great Florentine was at this time a by-word in England for an unscrupulous intriguer. Chapman uses "Machevilian" both as noun and adjective.

11, 153. canst skill of: understandest. "Skill" is the now obsolete verb.

11, 156. tabacco shops: "It should be observed that the houses of druggists (tobacconists) were not merely furnished with tobacco, but with conveniences for smoking it. Every well frequented shop was an academy of this 'noble art,' where professors regularly attended to initiate the country aspirant." Gifford's note to Jonson's *Alchemist*, 1, i (p. 38). A knowledge of the proper method of "drinking tobacco" was an indispensable accomplishment of the gallants of the day. Barnaby Riche (*Honestie of this Age*, 1614) joins tobacco-houses with ale-houses and brothels much as Chapman does here.

12, 164. gentlewoman: trisyllabic, as often in Elizabethan poetry.

12, 175. Sure twas my sonne: this accidental discovery of Gostanzo's is the moving cause of the whole plot, since Rinaldo's assertion that Gratiana was Fortunio's wife and the whole subsequent entanglement springs from it. It compares favourably as a piece of stage-device with the wholly unexpected impudence with which in the *Heautontimorumenos* Syrus introduces Bacchis to his master's house under the pretence that she is Clinia's mistress. Chapman may have taken a hint from the *Adelphi*, where Demea surprises his son in the music girl's company.

13, 193. Indeede he 's one, etc.: Gostanzo's pride in his son's eloquence resembles that of Demea. (*Adelphi*, III, iii, 58.)

13, 195–196. What thrifty . . . knowledge: cf. Syrus's report of the scolding Ctesipho administered to Aeschinus. (*Adelphi*, III, iii, 50–56.)

14, 199–200. respect . . . riches: regard riches as the true, or first, wife.

14, 213–215. What a difference . . . you thus! This speech is almost directly borrowed from the *Adelphi*, III, iii, 37–42. In Gostanzo's reply Chapman uses a speech of Demea's earlier in the *Adelphi* (I, ii, 14–16).

15, 233. wise . . . sonne: Collier retains the reading "wife" of the quartos. It is, however, an evident misprint. Gostanzo's wife is nowhere mentioned, and Rinaldo has just been praising Valerio's wisdom.

17, 260–261. buildes . . . choyce: is not grounded upon the goodness of his choice.

17, 263. poore: in the *Adelphi*, IV, vi, 10–11, Demea in like manner urges the poverty of Pamphila as an objection to her marriage with Aeschinus.

17, 265–266. have in her . . . disparagement: has made choice of a wife whose birth and virtues make her his equal. "Disparagement" has here its original meaning; see *Glossary*.

17, 270. What should I doe? Marc. Antonio's easy and loving temper in this scene corresponds to that of Menedemus in the *Heautontimorumenos*, III, i, when Chremes tells him of his son's infatuation for Bacchis.

18, 275. You ope him doores: cf. *Heautontimorumenos*, III, i, 72. "Quantam fenestram ad nequitiam patefeceris."

18, 278–80. knights competency . . . begger: this prediction is borrowed from the *Heautontimorumenos*, III, i, where Chremes foretells the ruin of Menedemus by the extravagance of Bacchis. Chapman occasionally preserves the very phrases of the original, thus l. 284 corresponds to *Heautontimorumenos*, III, i, 54: "Sic me di amabunt, ut me tuarum miseritumst."

19, 301. want of misery: miserable poverty.

19, 306. runne into the warres: an adaptation from the *Heautontimorumenos*, I, i, 47–65, where the harsh rebukes of Menedemus to his son for his intrigue with Antiphila led to the young gentleman's flight from home and his enlisting in the Persian army.

19, 316. **Padoa**: apparently at this time the most famous in England of all Italian universities. The references to it in Elizabethan drama are innumerable. In *May-Day* Chapman introduces a foolish student of Padua come to Venice to learn the fashions of a town-gallant.

23, 390. **eld**: Collier changes the Quarto reading "eld" to "old" in order to make the passage correspond literally with Gostanzo's speech, l. 315. There seems to me no need to insist upon such scrupulous exactness in Rinaldo's speech.

25, 32. **with his best**: by all possible means.

26, 46, 47. **ayre . . . cold**: cf. *Mother Bombie*, III, iii, 16.

27, 68. **Gra.** It seems plain from the following speech of Valerio that he is answering a remark of his wife. Hence this speech should belong to Gratiana. The phrase, "we shall breake," moreover, meaning "we shall be separated by your father's anger," is much more appropriate to her than to Fortunio. Several speeches are misassigned in the Quarto. Cf. III, i, 469, IV, 393, V, ii, 97.

27, 69. **jealous espiall.** All copies of the Quarto read *Ielosie Spy-all*, which Collier interprets as an appositive phrase, "jealousy, spy-all." This, however, seems very awkward. Shepherd's emendation "jealous spy-all" suggested to me what I believe to be the true reading "jealous espiall," from which the corruption in the text might easily proceed. Dr. Bradley suggests "jealouse spiall."

27, 75. **rascole . . . mace**: a bailiff, or sergeant, with his official staff.

27, 78. **cals**: "Nature" understood from the preceding line is the subject, — a not uncommon construction in Chapman.

28, 87–88. **what cause . . . loves**: what good cause my profound sagacity gives for you all to love me.

28–29, 94–95. **what rage . . . for her**: what anger against her would seize her father's mind.

30, 118. **lye at racke and manger**: live at ease. See *English Dialect Dictionary*, *sub* "rack."

30–31, 138–139. **not touch her . . . my father!** almost a translation of *Heautontimorumenos*, II, iii, 135–6.

31, 144. **conferme**: The reading of the Quarto "conseave,"

though accepted by Collier and Shepherd, who read "conceive," does not make good sense. Following a suggestion by Dr. Bradley I read "conferme," from which in MS. "conseave" might easily be derived. Dr. Bradley calls my attention to a passage in Shirley, *The Doubtful Heir*, v, ii (Dyce's edition, vol. 4, p. 344),

> And I have satisfied these lords so well
> They are confirm'd in your just claim and person,

where the meaning is exactly the same.

33, 20. olde acquaintance: this is another instance of the influence of the *Adelphi*. In the *Heautontimorumenos* the acquaintance between the fathers is quite recent.

33, 28. all your amities: friendship with all of you, or you all as friends.

34, 53. saw . . . a grate: saw through a grating in a door, *i. e.* saw at distance only, was not intimate with.

35, 67. to shift . . . contentment: to satisfy and get rid of him. Unless some word like "hence" has been dropped from the line, "contentment" must be accented on the first syllable. Jonson (*The English Grammar*, chap. vii) asserted that all trisyllabic nouns are accented on the first syllable.

36. Enter Fortunion, etc.: this admirable scene, in which Gostanzo receives his son's secret wife thinking her the wife of his old friend's son, is Chapman's own invention and has no counterpart in either the *Heautontimorumenos* or the *Adelphi*. The feigned clownishness of Valerio and his reluctance to kiss his own wife is very admirable fooling.

39, 153. of his house: Collier changes without comment to "to his house," which probably is the sense. It is, however, an uncommon usage, and we might perhaps understand "of his house" as modifying "Dutchesse."

40, 163. drinking tobacco: at this time the ordinary phrase for smoking. In *Every Man out of his Humour* (III, iii), we have a picture of a gallant courting his mistress between whiffs of a pipe. Rosalind (*As You Like It*, IV, ii, 73–75) recommends a better way to the "gravelled" lover.

40, 172–76. accrostique . . . Blancke Verse: to display his versatility as a poet Gostanzo reels off the names of some popular forms of verse. "Exordion," *i. e* Exordium, is properly speaking

not a form of verse, but merely an introduction whether in prose or metre. By "Sonnets in Doozens" he probably means songs or poems of twelve lines in length, such as Sidney's Sonnet LIV (Grosart, *Complete Poems of Philip Sidney*) or Shakespeare's Sonnet CXXVI. "Quatorzains" was a frequent technical designation of the true sonnet (see Lee, *Elizabethan Sonnets*, p. xxxiii). "Sdruciolla" are the triple, or dactylic, rhymes called *sdrucciolo*, or slippery, in Italian. Sir John Harrington's translation of *Orlando Furioso*, 1591, in which such rhymes were lavishly employed, seems to have provoked considerable discussion. See his defence of his action in *An Apologie of Poetry*, prefixed to the translation [reprinted in Haslewood, *Ancient Critical Essays*].

41, 184–186. **You let him . . . y'faith:** a reminiscence and elaboration of Micio's comment on Demea's conduct toward his son (*Adelphi*, I, i, 39–40).

41–42, 198–201. **made . . . workt:** correct syntax demands that these verbs should be participles in composition with "have" (l. 193), but the numerous infinitives with which they are surrounded seem in the Quarto to have attracted them from their proper form. Chapman himself may have been responsible for the loose construction.

42, 206. **Of thine:** dependent upon "the wit," understood.

42, 208. **th' evening crownes the daie:** an old proverbial saying (*vide* Hazlitt, *English Proverbs*, p. 380).

42, 210. **in a string:** to be led about at will.

42. Enter Gazetta sowing: this stage-direction seems to show that the front scene in this act was conceived of as a street. At the rear two doors led into the houses of Gostanzo and Cornelio. After the exit of Gostanzo into his house and the subsequent entrance of Rinaldo and Valerio therefrom, Gazetta enters from her husband's house to take the air and sew before his door. I am inclined to think that all scenes in the play are laid in the same place, a street before the houses of Gostanzo and Cornelio, except the last, which is laid in a tavern.

43, 226. **swagger:** apparently a new bit of slang about the close of the sixteenth century. In his address "To the Understander" prefixed to *Achilles Shield* (1598), Chapman says:

"Swaggering is a new word among them [the captious young readers of the day] and round headed custom gives it privilege with much imitation, being created as it were by a natural Prosopopeia without etymology or derivation."

43, 230. **this light**: the sword which he here draws.

43, 233–234. **pancie . . . columbine**: Mr. Fleay (*Chronicle of English Drama*, vol. 1, p. 58) sees here a palpable imitation of the famous scene in *Hamlet* (IV, v) where Ophelia distributes flowers. The resemblance consists in the mention of pansy and columbine and in the meaning assigned or imputed to these flowers in both plays. Inasmuch as the columbine is not mentioned in the first Quarto of *Hamlet*, but appears in Q_2 (1604), Fleay holds that the present passage of *All Fooles* indicates a revision of this play some time after 1603. I do not feel that this is a strong argument. The language of flowers was probably as familiar to Chapman as to Shakespeare, and Chapman has his own reasons for making the jealous Cornelio refer to the pansy, and to the columbine, the cuckold's flower.

44, 240. **adores . . . adhornes**: the second of these words used in the sense of "plants horns on" appears to be a coinage of Chapman's. This play on "adores" and "adhornes" appears again in *The Widow's Tears*, 1, i (vol. 3, p. 9).

44, 252. **Thinke . . . netts**: the phrases "to dance, to hide, or to march, in a net" were in proverbial use in Elizabethan English to denote an ineffectual attempt at concealment. Cf. *King Henry V*, 1, ii, 93, and *The Spanish Tragedy*, IV, iv, 118, with Professor Boas's note on the latter passage. The phrase is awkwardly applied here, and it might be better to read as Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests: "Think that you dance in nets."

46, 281. **Play Menelaus**: the allusion is to the hospitable reception given by Menelaus to Paris, *vide* Ovid, *Heroides: Epistola* XVI, 127:

Excipit hospitio, vir me tuus, etc.

46, 282. **well-taught, wayting-woman**: cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, V, i (vol. 1, p. 245): "You may be waiting-woman to any dame in Europe: that Petrarch does good offices . . . As when any lady is in private courtship with this or that gallant, your Petrarch helps to entertaine time."

46, 291. looking to . . . marke: by taking care of the mark at which they aim (*i. e.* Gazetta's honour) and so preventing their touching it.

47, 303. lether jerkins: the buff coats which were at this time the regular dress of the sergeants who arrested debtors.

47, 306. Forget his day: forget the day on which a debt, or bill, came due.

47, 307. corporals: the military term is here applied jestingly to the sergeant's underlings.

48, 334. besides their bookes: beyond their briefs, or without their notes, and therefore incoherently.

48, 336–38. that same vayne . . . grossest: this speech is probably a "gag" inserted during the revision of the play, with reference to the so-called "War of the Theatres." "Your best poet" may perhaps refer to Jonson, the leading poet at this time for the Blackfriars company.

49, 346–347. put a mad spleene . . . pigeon: cf. *Hamlet*, II, ii, 605.

50, 370–371. Of all mens wits . . . Valerioes: the trick played upon Valerio in this scene is responsible for the developement of the under-plot, for which the ground has already been laid by the revelation of Cornelio's jealousy. It might be objected that such a fool as Cornelio was not likely to make a fool of Valerio. But Chapman seems to believe, with Lincoln, that "you can fool all of the people some of the time." Each of the leading characters in the play is "gulled" in turn by being attacked on the side of his "humour," or ruling passion, and Valerio's ruling passion is pride in his gallant accomplishments.

50, 378. th' Italian: Chapman forgets with characteristic Elizabethan carelessness that the scene of the play is laid in Italy.

50, 381. against the hayre: literally, "against the grain, contrary to one's inclination." Here, however, it must mean rather "in spite of a seeming impossibility."

51, 385. judge um lyte: Collier noted that the reading of the Quarto was unintelligible and proposed to read "'em light." It is more probable that "lyte" is the old adjective = little, and that "on" is a misprint for "um" = "'em," as often in this play.

51, 395. Toucht a theorbo: "touch" was the proper technical term for playing upon a stringed instrument.

51, 398. husband: here in the sense of an economical or frugal man, with an implied pun on the speaker's position as a "husband" = husbandman.

51. untrusses: loosens the "points" which tied his hose to his doublet, so as to gain more freedom for his capers.

52, 406–407. Foote, will you . . . Italy? All previous editions give this speech to Dariotto, but it would be quite out of keeping with the situation for Dariotto to abuse Valerio's voice at this point. On the other hand the speech is an exact counterpart of ll. 383 and 394 in its "pride that apes humility."

52, 409–410. naturall . . . naturall sonne: in the first line "naturall" = "a gift of nature" (cf. *Twelfth Night*, I, iii, 29–30); in the second "natural" = "legitimate." Valerio means that Gostanzo would renounce a son with such gifts as his, as being no true son of such a father.

55, 14. the ivory gate: the gate through which in Greek mythology deluding dreams were said to come. *Vide Aeneid*, VI, 893–96, and *Odyssey*, XIX, 562.

55, 20–22. My deerest . . . free-hold: this embrace of Valerio corresponds to the caress which Clitipho bestows on Bacchis in the *Heautontimorumenos*, III, iii. There as here the action is observed and misinterpreted by the father.

55, 28. last day: this phrase gives the time of this scene and shows that a night has intervened between Acts II and III. The same interval occurs at the same place in the *Heautontimorumenos*.

55, 30–31. weare . . . moderne fashion: *i. e.* adorned with horns.

56, 36–37. your sister . . . here: the reason for the transfer of the mistress, or, as here, the secret wife, from one house to another is rather more satisfactory in this play than in the *Heautontimorumenos*. Nothing could have been likelier than that Chremes, after the rebuke he inflicted on Clitipho for taking liberties with a friend's mistress (*Heautontimorumenos*, III, iii), should have ordered the too tempting lady to be removed from his house. But he fails to do so, and the transfer is arranged later by Syrus for quite other than moral reasons.

56, 53. the setting on: *i. e.* of a pair of horns. Probably spoken with a gesture to the head.

58, 83–84. to say . . . your sonnes wife: this device of telling the truth with intent to deceive is the cardinal point on which both the *Heautontimorumenos* and *Al Fooles* turn. In the former, however, the intriguer, Syrus, does not tell Chremes of his device until the transfer has been effected. Professor Koeppel (*Quellen und Forschungen*, Heft 82, pp. 6, 7) thinks that Chapman in the haste of his adaptation has sinned against the natural character developement of Gostanzo in permitting him to commit the "incredible folly" of believing that Marc. Antonio would receive Gratiana as Valerio's wife. But Chapman's *Al Fooles* is no hasty adaptation, and his departures from the original are usually carefully considered. It is Gostanzo's contempt for the "honest, simple knight" that makes him believe Marc. Antonio will swallow even this "gross gob." In fact Gostanzo is gulled through his master passion, self-conceit and contempt of his neighbour.

59, 91. in sadnesse: in earnest, truly.

59, 94. swallow . . . gudgion? take the bait.

59, 107. sing the cuckooes note: be a cuckold.

59–60, 109–110. what would . . . counsell? Cf. *Heautontimorumenos*, III, iii, 30–31:

> quid illum porro credis facturum . . .
> Nisi eum . . . servas, castigas, mones?

60, 115. Out of . . . hands: when unhelped by Fortune.

60, 119. grope . . . trowt: "*Grope* or *tickle*, a kind of fishing, by putting one's hand into the water-holes where fish lye, and tickling them about the gills; by which means they 'll become so quiet, that a man may take them in his hand." (Halliwell, *Dict. Rust.*) "Catching trout in this manner is an old . . . method of poaching, . . . can only be practised . . . when the water is exceedingly low." (Furness, note on *Twelfth Night*, II, v, 23.)

60, 123. Even that . . . fooles: even that small quantity of wit which fools generally possess.

60, 130. his: Dariotto's.

61, 134. procure her quiet: make her peace.

61, 139. yellow fury: jealousy.

61, 148. And who . . . keepers: a translation of the well-

known phrase of Juvenal, *quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* (*Sat.* VI, 347–8.)

61, 152. keepers fee: cf. an old rhyme quoted in Scott's *Woodstock*, chap. 31:

> The haunch to thee,
> The breast to me,
> The hide and the hornes for the keeper's fee,

and 3 *King Henry VI*, III, i, 22.

62, 182. in her of all that name: Collier proposes to read "in her all of that name"; but the meaning is clear as it stands.

63, 188. Mercurio: Mercury, the god, among other things, of eloquence.

63, 200. set to: impressed.

63, 207–208. high set . . . taken downe? If she is high pitched, excited, are you not correspondingly dejected?

64, 219. bracke: a broken bit bearing the same relation to a whole piece of velvet as the paring to the cheese. Cf. Chapman's *Odyssey*, XVII, 249. Stier points out that the whole passage is a parody of a passage in Lyly's *Euphues*. (Lyly, *Works*, ed. by Bond, vol. I, p. 179.)

64, 230–231. gardens neere the towne: Collier in his note on this line refers to a passage in Stubbes' *The Anatomy of Abuses*, to the effect that gardens in the suburbs were used as trysting-places by city wives and their lovers.

64, 236. Curio: this is the only place where the page's name is mentioned. I am inclined to suspect that it is not his name in this instance, but an abbreviation of "Mercurio," cf. l. 188. In this case whoever prepared the play for the press may have misunderstood its significance and, taking it as the page's name, included it in the *Dramatis Personae*.

65, 252. the law . . . no wils: by the Acts of 32 Hen. VII, c. 1 (1540), and 34 and 35 Hen. VIII, c. 5, married women, along with infants and idiots, were incapacitated to devise real estate.

At common law a married woman in England could not, with a few exceptions, make a will without her husband's license and consent until the *Married Women's Property Act*, 1882.

65, 267. superannated: Collier reads "superannuated," but "superannate" occurs in Elizabethan English.

66, 268. men of their hands: men of valour, here no doubt in the wars of love.

67, 301. lips perfumde: one of the marks of a courtier in Chapman's day. Cf. *As You Like It*, III, ii, 65.

67, 308–309. Mars . . . Vulcans snare: the well-known story, first appearing in the *Odyssey*, Book VIII.

67, 317–318. And, me thinks . . . before. This speech certainly seems to be out of keeping with the character of Marc. Antonio. Possibly Chapman's conception of Marc. Antonio is here, as elsewhere, coloured by that of Micio, the easy-going man of the world, in the *Adelphi*. (Cf. *Adelphi*, I, i, 16–18, and I, ii, 21–23.)

68, 329. Sine periculo friget lusus: Professor E. K. Rand suggests that Chapman, with memories of certain lines of Ovid (*e. g. Amores*, 2. 19; *Art of Love*, 2. 247, and 3. 603), may have fashioned his line from one of Terence (l. 732 of *Eunuchus*): "Verbum, hercle, hoc verum erit sine Cerere et libero friget Venus."

69, 341. these . . . whelps: *i. e.* Valerio and Claudio.

70, 372. to be a cuckold. With these words Dariotto probably makes horns at Cornelio. This accounts for the latter's outburst.

70, 376. rayse the streets: call on the passers-by for aid. (Cf. *Othello*, I, i, 168, 183.)

71, 391. your hat . . . weare it. It was a common practice for the Elizabethan lover to wear a "favour" of his lady, a glove, for example, in his hat.

72, 413. Out of France: one of the innumerable references of Elizabethan writers to *lues venerea* as of French origin.

72, 414. stood on my armes: prided myself upon my coat of arms.

72, 420. shew good cardes for: bring good proof of, show genealogical charts.

73, 430. joynt of mutton: probably "mutton" here, as so often in Elizabethan usage, for a loose woman.

73, 450. writt of error: a writ brought to procure the reversal of a judgement on the ground of error.

74, 464–465. came in at the window: is an illegitimate child. Valerio makes the charge here that Cornelio did above (lines 281–283). Cf. *King John*, I, i, 171, and *The Ball*, II, i.

74, 469–470. **So, sir . . . ridiculouse:** all previous editions give these words to Dariotto; but it is plain that they belong to Valerio. The bloody coxcomb which the latter's tale-bearing has procured Dariotto is his return for the courtier's share in the trick played upon Valerio at the close of the preceding act. In the Quarto, v, ii, 97–104, a speech is similarly taken from Valerio and given to the preceding speaker. Unless the latter part of l. 470 is lost, we must assume that this speech is interrupted by Rinaldo.

74, 469. **rings lowd acquittance:** makes (or proclaims) payment in full.

74, 471. **salve your license:** make good the liberty you took, *i. e.* with Gratiana.

77, 23–26. **O the good God . . . our owne:** Professor Koeppel notes that we have here a characteristic elaboration of the simple style of Terence into the figurative language of the Elizabethans. Cf. *Heautontimorumenos*, III, i, 93–96.

77, 29. **white sonne:** pure, guiltless son: ironical. The phrase "white boy" was sometimes used as a term of endearment to a child (*Yorkshire Tragedy*, Sc. v).

77, 31–32. **Credulity . . . Decrepity:** credulity, such as yours, is a sure way to hasten the decrepitude, imbecility, of old age.

77, 35. **All this is . . . plot:** in the same manner Chremes (*Heautontimorumenos*, IV, viii) opens, as he thinks, the eyes of Menedemus. Chapman has enlarged the scene and brought out forcibly the self-conceit and contempt of his neighbour which characterises Gostanzo.

78, 50. **I . . . suggested:** Gostanzo in the height of his triumph over Marc. Antonio calmly assumes the credit for Rinaldo's "queint devise." Cf. III, i, 78–89.

78, 53. **this fount:** Gostanzo touches his head as he speaks.

78, 62. **my circumstance . . . fact:** the circumstance that I shortly before had believed myself slighted by my son and yet had not been angry, serving to lessen Valerio's "fact," *i. e.* fault, offence.

79. **Intrant Rynaldo, etc.:** the following scene to the departure of the two fathers is Chapman's own invention, and shows him, perhaps, at his best in comedy. It has no analogue in the

plays of Terence, but is devised partly for the sake of the highly comic situation, partly to prepare for the solution in the last act.

79, 82–83. bolt . . . life: with the thunderbolt of my anger cut off the support which you draw from my estate. The language is purposely exaggerated.

80, 86–92. If teares . . . dame: an involved and somewhat obscure passage. Valerio, in his feigned submission, appeals to his father by the tie of blood. His tears come from his "inward eyes," *i. e.* they are not outward show; they are indeed "so many drops of blood," and these drops issue from the "creator of his heart," *i. e.* from Gostanzo himself. Collier, who does not seem to have understood the passage, suggested that "creator" was a corruption of "crater"; but this reading would destroy the meaning.

80, 98–99. You thought . . . with her: Rinaldo's aside introduces a motive which has no analogue in Terence. It cannot be said to add to the interest of the play, as nothing more is heard of it; but it serves to show the hypocritical character of Gostanzo's morality.

81, 115–116. birth-right . . . messe of broth: Gostanzo seems to be thinking of Esau and his mess of pottage.

81, 121. of any: by any one.

82, 133–134. world so . . . beauty: your age so far advanced that you may not look again with eyes of love on such a beauty (as Gratiana's).

82, 140. it: *i. e.* love, understood from "affections" in the preceding line.

82, 147–148. large thongs . . . leather: to cut large thongs out of other people's leather was an old saying [Heywood's *Proverbs*, pt. II, chap. 5], implying to make free use of another man's goods. Gostanzo here applies it, in an admiring aside, to the eloquent defence Valerio is making of Fortunio's supposed case.

83, 150. these men: such simple souls as Marc. Antonio.

83, 158. I can hold no longer: it is not quite evident whether Gratiana speaks these words in earnest or merely to play up to Valerio. Gostanzo evidently believes the latter, see note below on line 161. But Gostanzo misunderstands the whole situation, and I incline to believe that Gratiana is so carried away by the

excellence of Valerio's acting that she believes he is renouncing her in earnest.

83, 161. has her lyripoope: has her wits about her. The word "lyripoop," a scarf or hood worn by one who had taken a university degree, was used figuratively to denote first learning, then wit or common sense. Cf. *Mother Bombie*, I, iii, 128.

84, 168–171. No, no . . . you both. Gostanzo's forgiveness is of course as pure a piece of acting as Valerio's repentance. Having shown Marc. Antonio how a disobedient son should be reproved, he now condescends to give a lesson in the art of forgiveness.

84, 178. armd you . . . expectation: had I not warned you in advance.

85, 204. beare a braine: a common Elizabethan phrase for "hold in mind, remember." Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iii, 29.

86, 214. the honor'd action: the marriage.

86, 220. In her true kinde: *i. e.* as your wife.

88, 252–255. a white sheete . . . capitall letters: the sheet in which adulterers did public penance, and the letters indicative of their sin which were bound to their foreheads.

88, 258. in minde: I retain the reading of the Quarto on the chance of its being correct. A friend suggests that "in minde" = in my (Cornelio's) mind. Cornelio sharply contrasts mere physical with mental torture. I am inclined, however, to accept Collier's suggestion of "mine" = my (forehead). The mistake of a "d" for an "e" would be an easy one in an Elizabethan MS.

88, 270. stable of your honour: Ingleby, *Shakespeare Hermeneutics*, pp. 77–78, cites this passage in defence of his assertion that the phrase, "to keep one's stables," was familiar in Shakespeare's day and meant "to keep personal watch over one's wife's, or one's mistress's chastity." Cf. *Winter's Tale*, II, i, 134.

90, 311. autenticall dashes: the dashes over words to represent a missing "m" or "n," without which the document might be invalid.

90, 316. Butiro & Caseo: butter and cheese. Augustine Vincent (*Discovery of Errors, etc.*, 1622) speaks of "Scogan's scholar who read Butyrum et Caseum for Brutum et Cassium." I do not find this story in *Scogan's Jests*, but it was probably a well-

known joke in Chapman's day. I do not understand the allusion to "Butler and Cason's case" which follows.

90, 322. in Florence: this casual phrase gives the scene of the play.

91, 345. easements chamber: not "easements, chamber," as Collier reads, but in the sense of a "chamber of ease," or water-closet.

91, 351. pole-deedes: more commonly "deed-polls," deeds made by one party only, and so differing from "indentures," deeds between two or more parties.

92, 360. 1500 and so forth: *i. e.* 15——. Mr. Fleay (*Chronicle of the English Drama*, vol. 1, p. 58) believes this to be one of the signs that the play was first performed in the sixteenth century.

92, 362. What els: not "What else shall I do besides setting to," but "of course," "or I will do nothing else."

92, 371. at large: in large characters, requiring plenty of ink.

92, 373–374. Ah, asse . . . lost it: addressed to the unfortunate Gazetta who is about to lose the happiness of having such a husband.

92, 375. my nose bleed: an omen, usually of ill luck. Cf. *The Duchess of Malfi*, II, iii, 42–44.

93, 387. howlet . . . cuckooe: an owl discovered by other birds in daytime is frequently attacked by them. (Cf. *The Case is Altered*, v, iii.) The cuckoo certainly deserves such treatment, although I have not heard of its infliction.

93, 399–400. with his glory: in his vain-glory.

94, 410. like two partes in me: Professor Baker suggests: "if like two independent persons, I do not gull each guller," or "as if I were two different persons, the man who may be gulled and the man who can gull others easily." I suspect a corruption of the text here.

95, 7–10. smocke-faces . . . substance: to some people Fortune gives smock-faces, *i. e.* beauty, or some (similar) gifts which enable them to "live in sensual acceptations," *i. e.* to gain a favourable reception on the part of the senses (or at the hands of those who judge only by the senses) and to make a show when they have no trace of real worth.

95, 14. in themselves no piece: no flaw or broken bit in their wits. Query: misprint for "one piece" = undivided, unbroken?

96, 38. beare him out: back him up, help him out.

96, 38–39. made Meanes . . . sequester him: used means to induce the officers to keep him in private instead of taking him to a debtor's prison. "Made meanes" probably = "sent people as go-betweens." Cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, I, ii, 159.

97, 42. take . . . order: take proper action at once.

97, 46. as you can wisely doo't: Rinaldo's "humour" is a love of intrigue, of managing other people's affairs. Like the other persons of this comedy he is gulled by an appeal to his master passion.

97, 53–54. beate . . . shelter: the figure is from ships at sea, no doubt suggested by "storme" in the preceding line, driven by the wind into a dangerous ("horred" = rough, bristling with rocks) harbour.

97, 60. this slight a milstone: "to see through a millstone" was a proverbial phrase for having very keen vision, mental as well as physical. This "slight," or trick, however, is a millstone too thick for Rinaldo.

98, 69. a red lettice: the lattice window painted red was formerly the common sign of an ale-house.

98, 75. Jam sumus ergo pares. Martial, *Epigrams*, II, xviii, 2, 4, 6.

98. Enter Valerio, etc.: the stage, which in the preceding scene represented a street in Florence, is now supposed to be a room in a tavern. Drawers enter with a table. Note that Chapman cleverly covers the poverty of the stage-setting by making Valerio say that they are changing from one room of the tavern to another.

98, 2. shift chances: change the luck. It is a common superstition among gamblers that a change of seats means a change of luck. Valerio seems from ll. 86–87 to have been having bad luck at the dice.

98, 5. where . . . becomes: what is become of that slave. Cf. *The Blind Beggar*, I, i (vol. I, p. 3).

99, 8. stands in print: stands in a formal manner, or precisely as it should.

99, 16. Rialto: Chapman here transfers the well-known quarter of Venice to Florence.

100, 34. unpledg'd: the expressions "pledge" and "unpledg'd" of this scene recall old customs of drinking healths which are, perhaps, best interpreted by the "Bier-Comment" of the German students to-day. Unless under exceptional circumstances, no man in a convivial gathering such as this in the Halfe-Moone, drank a glass without proposing a toast or drinking a health to some member of the company. This member was the "pledge" of the person drinking his health, and was bound to "pledge" him, *i. e.* to drink his health in return (cf. German, *Bescheid-thun*). This answering draught was also called the "pledge." In this scene Dariotto coming late to the carousal is ordered to drink a bumper "unpledg'd," so as to overtake the others. Dariotto proposes to drink this cup to the ladies (l. 66), whereupon Valerio offers to be their "pledge" (l. 67), *i. e.* to drink Dariotto's health in return and proposes at the same time Cornelio's health (l. 72), which is answered, "pledged," by Dariotto. Later Valerio proposes, as a toast, the comfort his father would take in him if he saw him (ll. 88–90); Fortunio answers, "Ile pledge it," *i. e.* "I 'll drink to that toast."

100, 43. pudding cane tabacco: tobacco rolled into a tight stick or cane which had to be shredded by the knife before being crammed into the pipe. A wood-cut reproduced from a Dutch book on tobacco (1623) in *Tobacco — its History*, etc. (Fairholt, 1859) shows a smoker with roll and knife on the table before him. "Leaf tobacco" needs no definition.

100, 44. linstock: the page has answered Valerio's call for tobacco (l. 37) and appears with a roll of the weed in one hand and in the other a pipe-light made out of a leaf of a book — probably, from the adjectives applied to it in l. 46, a page of Marston's *Satires*. He wilfully supposes Valerio's demand ("let mee see that leafe") to refer to the tobacco. Whereupon, to make it plain, Valerio says "I meane your linstock," *i. e.* the pipe-light. Properly "linstock" is a stick with a forked head to hold a lighted match.

101, 48–51. my boy . . . weeke after: apparently a current joke in the early seventeenth century. Jonson told it to Drum-

mond, who recorded it in a MS. volume of miscellanies as follows: "One who had fired a pipe of tobacco with a ballet [ballad] sweare he hearde the singing of it in his head thereafter the space of two dayes." (*Archaeologica Scotica*, IV, 78.)

101, 56. without hat or knee: without taking off his hat or kneeling in honour of the ladies. Collier quotes from R. Junius (*Drunkard's Character*, 1638): "Wine worshippers will be at it on their knees, especially if they drink a great man's health."

101, 63. runne all a head: all run headlong without order or restraint.

102, 65. elephant . . . joynts: that the elephant had no joints and could not kneel was, according to Sir Thomas Browne, "an old and grey-headed error even in the days of Aristotle." (*Vulgar Errors*, III, i.)

102, 73. Dar. Health to Gazetta: this speech, I think, certainly belongs to Dariotto, rather than, as in the Quarto, to Claudio. Dariotto has been ordered to drink upon his knees, but up to this point has been prevented by the interruptions. It cannot be Claudio who drinks here, for the drawer is ordered to fill for his draught below, l. 76. Moreover, the sentiment which the speaker utters is far more appropriate in Dariotto's mouth than in Claudio's.

102, 77. sett mee: set a stake, make a bet, with me on the next cast of the dice.

102, 77. let the: it seems plain that we have to do here with a simple corruption. The "mee" after "sett" has been repeated after "let" by the transcriber or printer, and the comma at the close of the line in the Quarto, introduced to set off what was now thought of as an independent phrase. But "come" in the next line must have, as the context shows, a subject in the third person, and this subject is "the rest."

102, 78. done . . . right: to do a man right, or reason, was a usual expression in pledging, or returning a health. Cf. 2 *King Henry IV*, v, iii, 76.

103, 85. lets sett him round: let all of us (round the table) bet against his throw. Valerio accepts and cries "at all," meaning that he casts against all the others.

103, 94. I barr: as Gostanzo speaks he comes forward from the back-stage, where he has been standing, to the table where the

revellers are sitting. We must suppose Fortunio and Bellanora to fly to the side of the stage, where they remain until Fortunio comes forward to thank Gostanzo (l. 146). Valerio, however, is by this time in a state where the appearance of his father does not cause him the least concern. On the contrary, he invites the old man to join them.

104, 98. thriftie sentences: prudent maxims.

104, 100. a pudding has two: an old proverb (see Bohn's *Handbook of Proverbs*, p. 89) runs: "Everything has an end and a pudding has two." Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests emending "time" (l. 99) to "term" in order to bring the text nearer to the proverb.

104, 100–103. satisfaction . . . insinuate: deliberate nonsense in ridicule of Gostanzo's "sentences."

104, 103. a tryall: Valerio encourages Gostanzo, who is inarticulate with rage, to speak out. The drunken insolence of Valerio in this scene may have been suggested by that of Syrus to Demea in the *Adelphi*, v, i. Cf. the phrases "thunder forth," "sentences," "wisely," with "Ohe jam tu verba fundis hic sapientia?" (*Adelphi*, v, i, 7.)

104, 112. at cittie: Collier suggests "o' th' city"; but "come at" was used for "come to." See *New English Dictionary*, *sub* 'at' 12 a.

104, 114. comes upon: is attacking, "hitting at."

105, 122. for cullour sake: for the sake of the pretence.

105, 125. Gratianas bed-chamber: the revelation by which Gostanzo's eyes are finally opened is borrowed almost verbally from the *Heautontimorumenos* (v, i, 29–41). Cf. "Is there any . . . his wife" (ll. 133–134) with *Heautontimorumenos*, v, i, 38–40:

> an dubium id tibi est?
> quemquamne animo tam comi esse, aut leni putas,
> qui se vidente amicam patiatur suam?

Cf. also ll. 135–138, "Why not . . . eyes" and "deare deceit . . . deceiver," with *Heautontimorumenos*, v, i, 41, and v, i, 45–46. Also, l. 144, "give my daughter all," with *Heautontimorumenos*, v, i, 69.

106, 142. peece of worke: a mighty matter. Ironically, since Gostanzo does not propose to trouble himself about a little thing like breaking his oath.

108, 196. come cut and long-tayle: a proverbial saying equivalent to "against all comers," "bar none." Nares (*Glossary*, vol. I, p. 220) gives "cut" = "curtail cur." Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III, iv, 47.

109, 202–203. looke to her water: diagnose her case.

109, 214–216. Young men . . . fooles: quoted by Camden (*Remains*, 1605) as a well-known saying of a certain Dr. Medcalfe.

109, 223. bridle . . . stomack: restrain her high spirit.

109, 224. draw on the cullour: obtain a pretext.

110, 239–240. within my compasse: into my stratagem, or device.

110, 241. in graine: an abbreviated form of "dyed in grain," = dyed scarlet, a "fast" colour. Hence "in grain" = "genuine through and through," often with a contemptuous sense. Cf. the modern slang phrase "dyed in the wool."

110, 249–250. potable humour: flowing vein, probably also with an allusion to Valerio's potations.

111, 280. worthier crest: cf. the song in *As You Like It*, IV, ii.

113, 324. Saturnian bull: the bull which was really the son of Saturn, *i. e.* Jupiter.

113, 328. hold by the horne: a play on "horne," perhaps also on "hold by" in the two senses of "cling to," as Europa did, and "retain, keep," as Europe does.

113, 333. I have read: this fable of Æsop's occurs in More's *Life of Richard III*, and also in Camden's *Remains*. Chapman may have seen it in either of these.

114, 354–355. fine . . . offices: it was not an uncommon practice in England at one time for rich citizens to evade election to unwelcome offices by paying down a certain sum to the public coffers. Cf. *The Alchemist*, I, 414.

116, 11. welcome: a substitute for an obvious rhyme. Of the six copies of the Quarto that I have seen, that in the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, that in the Bodleian, and the two in the British Museum have a parenthesis ( ) in this line before *welcome*. So, I hear, has the B. P. L. copy. The copies in the Edinburgh University Library and the Victoria and Albert Museum lack this mark.

Appendix

THE DEDICATION[1] OF ALL FOOLS

TO MY LONG LOV'D AND HONOURABLE FRIEND SIR THOMAS WALSINGHAM KNIGHT[2]

Should I expose to every common eye,
The least allow'd birth of my shaken braine;
And not entitle it perticulerly
To your acceptance, I were wurse then vaine.
And though I am most loth to passe your sight
with any such light marke of vanitie,
Being markt with Age for Aimes of greater weight,
and drownd in darke Death-ushering melancholy,
Yet least by others stealth it be imprest,
without my pasport, patcht with others wit,
Of two enforst ills I elect the least;
and so desire your love will censure it;

1 This dedication is here printed from the slip bound up in Dyce's copy of the Quarto. It agrees exactly with the reprint in the Pearson edition of Chapman, vol. I, p. 111, except that the latter has a misprint 'beway' for 'bewray' in the last line.

2 Sir Thomas Walsingham, a kinsman of Elizabeth's great minister, was a courtier and patron of literature in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. He seems to have entertained Marlowe; and the publisher of Marlowe's *Hero and Leander* dedicated the first edition of this poem to him, as Chapman did his continuation of Marlowe's work to Lady Walsingham. In 1608 Chapman dedicated to him and to his son the two Biron plays in words which at least seem to imply that the poet had never before dedicated any work to him — the phrase is: "I know you ever stood little affected to these unprofitable rites of Dedication (which disposition in you hath made me hetherto dispense with your right in my other impressions)." Mr. Sidney Lee suggests that the words may mean that other copies of the 1608 edition of *Byron* lacked this dedication. It appears, however, so far as I know, in all extant copies of these plays, and the obvious meaning of the words is that noted above.

Though my old fortune keep me still obscure,
The light shall still bewray my ould love sure.

This dedication, a sonnet in the Shakespearian form, does not appear in any old copy that I have been able to see, viz., those in the Edinburgh University Library, Advocates' Library, British Museum, Bodleian, Victoria and Albert Museum, and the Boston Public Library. Nor is it found in the Duke of Devonshire's copy at Chatsworth, in the two copies belonging to Mr. T. J. Wise, nor in that at Britwell Court.

The first reprint of *All Fools* (Dodsley's *Old Plays*, 1780) did not contain this dedication. The second reprint (*Select Collection of Old Plays*, ed. by J. P. Collier, 1825) contains it, with the following note by the editor:

"This dedication by Chapman to his patron is now for the first time inserted, the copies of 'All Fools' seen and used by Mr. Reed [*i. e.* the editor of the 1780 Dodsley] being without it. Whether it was inserted in a few impressions in 1605 and afterwards cancelled does not appear, though it seems probable that it was so, because in the dedication of his 'Byron's Conspiracy and Tragedy,' 1608, to the same distinguished individual, Chapman apologises for previous neglect and seeming ingratitude to his patron 'in dispensing with his right in his other impressions.' It was found in a copy in the possession of Mr. Rodd,[1] of Great Newport Street."

This copy seems afterwards to have come into Collier's own possession, for a MS. note in Dyce's hand in the quarto now in the Victoria and Albert Museum says:

"The Dedication to Walsingham is found only in a single copy of this play which belongs to Mr. Collier.

1 A well-known bookseller of that time, mentioned by Collier, in *History of Dramatic Poetry*, vol. 3, p. 79 n.

He reprinted twelve copies of that Dedication, and one of them is inserted here."

Since we have no other testimony to the authenticity of the dedication than Collier's statement, the suspicion at once arises that it may be only one of the "mystifications" of that ingenious scholar. And this suspicion is strengthened by the inconsistency of Collier's own statements *in re* the dedication in his two editions of *The History of Dramatic Poetry*. In 1831 he says (III, 393) that Chapman's dedication of his *All Fools*, 1605, "seems to have been cancelled in many copies." In 1879 he speaks of it (III, 74) as "a sonnet prefixed to only a few copies"; but later on (III, 196) he says it "seems to have been cancelled in all extant copies." This is an extraordinary remark if he had himself possessed a 1605 quarto containing the dedication.

It has been suggested to me by Mr. T. J. Wise that the sonnet may be a genuine poem by Chapman, the dedication of some other work, wrongly bound up in a copy of *All Fools*, with which it had originally no connexion (there is no mention of the play by name in the sonnet). No such poem is known to me, but it could be determined, I suppose, by an investigation of the Collier quarto whether the sonnet found there were printed by an Elizabethan printer.

Mr. W. C. Hazlitt informs me that Collier's copy did contain the dedication, and that it was sold with the library of Mr. Ouvry at Sotheby's. In Sotheby's catalogue of the sale of the library of Frederic Ouvry, March 30, 1882, Lot 254 is "G. Chapman's Al Fooles, a comedy: with the Dedicatory Sonnet to Sir T. Walsingham, T. Thorpe Quarto, 1605." This copy was sold for *1l.* 12*s.* to Robson, the booksellers, *i. e.* Messrs. Robson & Co., 23 Coventry Street. Messrs. Robson are unable

at present to inform me who purchased the copy from them, and all my efforts to discover its present location have been in vain.

The price seems very low for a copy of *All Fools* containing what was supposed to be the only original and contemporary example of the dedication. And this leads me to suspect that the dedication here noted may be nothing more than one of the twelve reprints which Collier had made.

In itself the dedication, which has been generally received since Collier printed it as a genuine poem by Chapman,[1] is not suspicious. Its phrasing and turn of thought seem to me rather like what Chapman might have written, and I do not wish to be considered as peremptorily stigmatising it as a forgery. But Collier was at least as skilful as he was conscienceless in his extraordinary inventions, and the evidence for the authenticity of the dedication rests at present wholly upon Collier's word. Such being the case, I have considered it the prudent course to remove the dedication from its usual place at the beginning of the play and to print it in an appendix with a statement of the reasons which have led me to doubt its authenticity. If Collier's copy of *All Fools* should ever come to light the question would, I suppose, be settled positively.

1 Fleay, *Chronicle of the English Drama*, vol. 1, p. 59, notes that its genuineness has been suspected, but he does not say by whom, and seems himself inclined to accept it.

TEXT

The Gentleman Usher was entered under the title of *Vincentio and Margaret* for Valentine Syms in the *Stationers' Register* on November 26, 1605. It was printed in quarto form in 1606 by V. S. (Valentine Syms) for Thomas Thorppe, who had published *All Fooles* in 1605, and was later to publish *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Byron*, 1608. No reprint appeared till 1873, when it was included in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, published by John Pearson. The Quarto text was reproduced with the original spelling and punctuation, but with a number of errors, a few grave. A later edition with modernised spelling and punctuation, and a few emendations, appeared in 1874 in *The Works of George Chapman — Plays*, edited by R. H. Shepherd and published by Chatto and Windus.

For the present edition the text has been transcribed from a copy of the Quarto in the Malone Collection at the Bodleian, and has been collated with the two copies at the British Museum and with that in the Dyce Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The differences between these copies amount at most to an occasional variation in punctuation or the replacing of a dropped letter. Clearly they belong to one edition. The Quarto was evidently printed from an acting copy and there is no reason to think it was revised by the author. The original spelling has been retained; but the capitalisation has been modernised, and the use of italics for proper names abandoned. The punctuation has been revised throughout, but wherever the old punctuation might indicate a different construction attention has been called to it in a footnote. A few evident misprints, such as *facel : et* for *face : let*, I, i, 64, and *Snite* for *Suite*, I, ii, 31, etc., have been silently corrected. The few conjectural emendations are included in brackets, [ ], and distinguished by "Emend. ed." in the footnotes. Shepherd's emendations when recorded are distinguished by S.

In the Quarto the play is in five acts of one scene each. Further scene-divisions have been made, in brackets, wherever there is an evident change of place. Additions to stage-directions have also been bracketed. The whole name of each speaker, in modern form, and normalised, is prefixed to his first speech in each scene.

SOURCES

The immediate source of the play is not known. The love-intrigue is so clearly conceived and so steadily carried through as to suggest that Chapman, whose forte was by no means invention, borrowed it entire from some French or Italian novel. A few scenes to which attention is called in the *Notes* are suggested by, or perhaps borrowed from, the earlier play of *Sir Gyles Goose-cappe*. As to the connection between the characters of Bassiolo and Malvolio see *Introduction*, pp. xliii, xliv.

In a *Nachtrag* to his *Quellen-Studien in den Dramen Chapman's*, etc., page 221, Professor Koeppel has pointed out certain similarities between *The Gentleman Usher*, on the one hand, and the anonymous plays, *The Wisdom of Dr. Dodypoll*, and *The History of the Trial of Chivalry*, on the other. The first, printed in 1600 and reprinted by Mr. Bullen (*Old Plays*, vol. III, 1884), tells among other things the story of the unsuccessful passion of a Duke Alphonso for the Lady Hyanthe, daughter of Earl Cassimere, who loves and is beloved by the Duke's son, Alberdure. Apart from the name of the father, Alphonsus, the only thing in common to the plays is the theme of the father's love for his son's mistress, and this may go back in each case to a common source, the story of Zenothemes and Menecrates in Lucian's *Toxaris*.

The similarity between two episodes in *The Gentleman Usher* and *The Trial by Chivalry* is more apparent. In the latter play, entered S. R., December 4, 1604, but probably written much earlier, the metre and technic point to the sixteenth century. A rejected suitor smears a lady's face with poison which makes her "spotted, disfigured, a loathsome leper." The prince to whom she is betrothed, however, insists upon carrying out his contract of marriage, although the lady declares that she is unworthy. The situation is closely akin to that in the last scene of *The Gentleman Usher*, and the similarity is heightened by the fact that in each case the lady is cured by a wonder-working physician, in *The Gentleman Usher* by Benivemus, in *The Trial* by a hermit, skilled in "physic." It seems quite possible that Chapman lifted the whole episode of the poison from this earlier play.

THE GENTLEMAN USHER.

By

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

AT LONDON
Printed by V. S. for Thomas Thorppe.
1606.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE ALPHONSO.
STROZZA, *a Lord.*
POGIO, *the foolish nephew of* STROZZA.
PRINCE VINCENTIO, *son of* ALPHONSO.
MEDICE, *the favorite of* ALPHONSO.
SARPEGO, *a Pedant.*
EARL LASSO, *an old Lord.*
BASSIOLO, *gentleman usher to* LASSO.
FUNGUS, *a servant of* LASSO.
BENIVEMUS, *a Doctor.*
JULIO, *a Courtier.*
A Servant of MEDICE.

CYNANCHE, *wife of* STROZZA.
CORTEZA, *sister of* LASSO.
MARGARET, *daughter of* LASSO.
ANCILLA.

Attendants, Servants, Huntsmen, Guard, Two Pages, Maids.

FIGURES IN THE MASQUES

Enchanter, Spirits, SYLVANUS, *a Nymph. Broom-man, Rush-man, Broom-maid, Rush-maid, a man-bug, a woman-bug.*

Scene — ITALY.]

Dramatis Personæ. Supplied by Editor.

The Gentleman Vsher

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

[*Before the House of Strozza.*]

Enter Strozza, Cynanche, and Pogio.

Strozza. Haste, nephew; what, a sluggard? Fie for shame!
Shal he that was our morning cock turn owle,
And locke out day light from his drowsie eies?

Pogio. Pray pardon mee for once, lord unkle, for Ile bee sworne I had such a dreame this morning: me thought one came with a commission to take a sorrell curtoll, that was stolne from him, wheresoever hee could find him. And because I feared he would lay claime to my sorrell curtoll in my stable, I ran to the smith to have him set on his mane againe and his taile presently, that the Commission-man might not thinke him a curtoll. And when the smith would not doe it, I fell a beating of him, so that I could not wake for my life til I was revenged on him.

Cynanche. This is your old valure, nephew, that will fight sleeping as well as waking.

Pog. Slud, aunt, what if my dreame had beene true (as it might have beene for any thing I knew)? There 's never a smith in Italie shall make an asse of me in my sleepe if I can chuse.

Stro. Well said, my furious nephew: but I see
You quite forget that we must rowse to day
The sharp-tuskt bore, and blaze our huntsmanship
Before the Duke.

Pog. Forget, lord unkle? I hope not; you thinke belike my wittes are as brittle as a beetle, or as skittish as your Barbarie mare: one cannot crie "wehie," but straight shee cries "tihi."

Stro. Well ghest, coosen Hysteron Proteron!

Pog. But which way will the Dukes Grace hunt to day?

Stro. Toward Count Lassos house his Grace will hunt,
Where he will visit his late honourd mistresse.

Pog. Who, Ladie Margaret, that deare yong dame?
Will his antiquitie never leave his iniquitie?

Cyn. Why, how now, nephew? turnd Parnassus lately?

Pog. "Nassus?" I know not: but I would I

had all the Dukes living for her sake, Ide make him a poore duke, ifaith.

Stro. No doubt of that, if thou hadst all his living.

Pog. I would not stand dreaming of the matter as I do now.

Cyn. Why how doe you dreame, nephew?

Pog. Mary, all last night me thought I was tying her shoostring.

Stro. What, all night tying her shoostring?

Pog. I, that I was, and yet I tied it not neither; for as I was tying it, the string broke, me thought, and then, me thought, having but one poynt at my hose, me thought, I gave her that to tie her shoo withall.

Cyn. A poynt of much kindnesse, I assure you.

Pog. Wherupon, in the verie nicke, me thought, the Count came rushing in, and I ranne rushing out, with my heeles about my hose for haste.

Stro. So; will you leave your dreaming, and dispatch?

Pog. Mum, not a worde more; Ile goe before, and overtake you presently. *Exit* [*Pogio*].

Cyn. My lord, I fancie not these hunting sports
When the bold game you follow turnes againe,

And stares you in the face: let me behold
A cast of faulcons on their merry wings,
Daring the stooped prey that shifting flies:
Or let me view the fearefull hare or hinde
Tosst like a musicke point with harmonie
Of well mouthed hounds. This is a sport for princes,
The other rude; boares yeeld fit game for boores.
Stro. Thy timorous spirit blinds thy judgement, wife;
Those are most royall sports that most approve
The huntsmans prowesse and his hardie minde.
Cyn. My lord, I know too well your vertuous spirit;
Take heede, for Gods love, if you rowse the bore,
You come not neere him, but discharge aloofe
Your wounding pistoll or well aymed dart.
Stro. I, mary, wife, this counsaile rightly flowes
Out of thy bosome; pray thee take lesse care;
Let ladies at their tables judge of bores,
Lords in the field: and so farewell, sweete love;
Faile not to meete me at Earle Lassos house.

70 *rude; boares.* Qq, rude Boares. Punctuation suggested to the editor by Mr. P. A. Daniel.

74 *vertuous.* Mr. Daniel suggests, venturous.

Cyn. Pray pardon me for that: you know I love not
These solemne meetings.
Stro. You must needes, for once,
Constraine your disposition; and indeede
I would acquaint you more with Ladie Margaret,
For speciall reason.
Cyn. Very good, my lord.
Then I must needes go fit me for that presence.
Stro. I pray thee doe; farewell.
Exit Cyn [*anche*].
Here comes my friend.

Enter Vincentio.

Good day, my lord; why does your Grace confront
So cleare a morning with so clowdie lookes?
Vincentio. Ask'st thou my griefes, that knowst my desprate love
Curbd by my fathers sterne rivalitie?
Must I not mourne that know not whether yet
I shall enjoy a stepdame or a wife?
Stro. A wife, Prince, never doubt it; your deserts
And youthfull graces have engag'd so farre
The beauteous Margaret that she is your owne.
Vin. O but the eie of watchfull jealousie
Robs my desires of meanes t' injoy her favour.
Stro. Despaire not: there are meanes enow for you;

Suborne some servant of some good respect
Thats neere your choice, who, though she needs no wooing,
May yet imagine you are to begin
Your strange yong love sute, and so speake for you,
Beare your kind letters, and get safe accesse.
All which when he shall do, you neede not feare
His trustie secrecie, because he dares not
Reveale escapes whereof himselfe is author;
Whom you may best attempt, she must reveale;
For if she loves you, she already knowes,
And in an instant can resolve you that.

Vin. And so she will, I doubt not: would to heaven
I had fit time, even now, to know her minde:
This counsaile feedes my heart with much sweet hope.

Stro. Pursue it then; t'will not be hard t'effect:
The duke haz none for him but Medice,
That fustian lord, who in his buckram face
Bewraies, in my conceit, a map of basenesse.

Vin. I, theres a parcell of unconstrued stuffe,
That unknowne minion raisde to honours height
Without the helpe of vertue or of art,
Or (to say true) [of any] honest part:

123 *of any honest*, emend. S. Qq, nay of honest.

O how he shames my father! he goes like
A princes foote-man, in old fashioned silkes,
And most times in his hose and dublet onely;
So miserable, that his owne few men
Doe beg by vertue of his liverie;
For he gives none, for any service done him,
Or any honour, any least reward.

Stro. Tis pittie such should live about a prince:
I would have such a noble counterfet nailde
Upon the pillory, and, after, whipt
For his adultery with nobilitie.

Vin. Faith, I would faine disgrace him by all meanes,
As enemy to his base-bred ignorance,
That, being a great lord, cannot write nor reade.

Stro. For that, wee'le follow the blinde side of him,
And make it sometimes subject of our mirth.

Enter Pogio poste [*-haste*].

Vin. See, what newes with your nephew Pogio?

Stro. None good, I warrant you.

Pog. Where should I finde my lord unckle?

Stro. Whats the huge haste with you?

Pog. O ho, you will hunt to day!

Stro. I hope I will.

124 *he shames*, emend. S. Qq, she shames.

Pog. But you may hap to hop without your hope: for the truth is Kilbucke is runne mad.

Stro. Whats this?

Pog. Nay, t'is true, sir: and Kilbucke, being runne mad, bit Ringwood so by the left buttocke, you might have turnd your nose in it.

Vin. Out, asse!

[illegible]ven, you might, my lord: d'ee

[illegible]ides, might I? Lets blanket him,

[illegible]nket heere!

[illegible], good my lord Vincentio, by this rush I tell you for good will: and Venus, your brache there, runnes so prowd that your huntsman cannot take her downe for his life.

Stro. Take her up, foole, thou wouldst say.

Pog. Why, sir, he would soone take her down, and he could take her up, I warrant her.

Vin. Well said, hammer, hammer!

Pog. Nay, good now, lets alone. [*To Strozza.*] And theres your horse, Gray Strozza, too, haz the staggers, and haz strooke Bay Bettrice, your Barbary mare, so that shee goes halting a this fashion, most filthily.

Stro. What poison blisters thy unhappy tongue,
Evermore braying forth unhappy newes?
Our hunting sport is at the best, my lord;
How shall I satisfie the Duke your father,

Defrauding him of his expected sport?
See, see, he comes.

Enter Alphonso, Medice, Sarpego, with attendants.

Alphonso. Is this the copie of the speech you wrote, Signieur Sarpego?

Sarpego. It is a blaze of wit poeticall;
Reade it, brave Duke, with eyes pathetical.

Alp. We will peruse it strait: well met, Vincentio,
And good Lord Strozza; we commend you both
For your attendance; but you must conceive
Tis no true hunting we intend to day,
But an inducement to a certaine shew,
Wherewith we will present our beauteous love,
And therein we bespeake your company.

Vin. We both are ready to attend your Highnesse.

Alp. See then, heere is a poeme that requires
Your worthy censures, offerd, if it like,
To furnish our intended amorous shew;
Reade it, Vincentio.

Vin. Pardon me, my Lord,
Lord Medices reading will expresse it better.

Medice. My patience can digest your scoffes, my lord.
I care not to proclaime it to the world:
I can nor write nor reade; and what of that?
I can both see and heare as well as you.

177 *Signieur Sarpego.* Qq, separate line.

Alp. Still are your wits at warre. [*To Vincentio.*] Heere, read this poeme.

Vin. [*reads*]. "The red fac'd sunne hath firkt the flundering shades,
And cast bright ammell on Auroraes brow."

Alp. High words and strange! Reade on, Vincentio.

Vin. [*reads*]. "The busky groves that gag-tooth'd boares do shrowd
With cringle crangle hornes do ring alowd."

Pog. My lord, my lord, I have a speech heere worth ten of this, and yet Ile mend it too.

Alp. How likes Vincentio?

Vin. It is strangely good,
No inkehorne ever did bring forth the like.
Could these brave prancing words with actions spurre
Be ridden throughly and managed right,
T'would fright the audience, and perhaps delight.

Sar. Doubt you of action, sir?

Vin. I, for such stuffe.

Sar. Then know, my lord, I can both act and teach
To any words; when I in Padua schoolde it,
I plaid in one of Plàutus comedies,
Namely, *Curculio*, where his part I acted,
Projecting from the poore summe of foure lines
Forty faire actions.

Alp. Lets see that, I pray.

Sar. Your Highnesse shall commaund;
But pardon me, if in my actions heate
Entering in post post haste, I chaunce to take up
Some of your honord heels.
Pog. Y'ad best leave out
That action for a thing that I know, sir.
Sar. Then shal you see what I can do without it. [*Sarpego puts on his parasite's dress.*]
Alp. See, see, he hath his furniture and all.
Sar. You must imagine, lords, I bring good newes,
Whereof being princely prowd I scowre the streete
And over-tumble every man I meete.
Exit Sarp[*ego*].
Pog. Beshrew my heart if he take up my heeles!
[*Re-*]*enter Sarp*[*ego as Curculio*].
Sar. [*running wildly about the stage*].
Date viam mihi, notì atq[*ue*] *ignoti, dum ego hic officium meum*
Facio: fugite omnes, abite et de via secedite,
Ne quem in cursu capite aut cubito aut pectore offendam aut genu.

220–221 *Y'ad . . . know, sir.* Qq, 2 ll. of prose.
228–230 *Date . . . genu.* Corrected by Teubner Plautus.
Qq read: *Date viam mihi Noti, atq, Ignoti.*
Dum ego, hic, officium meum facio.
Fugite omnes atqꝑ abite & de via secedite, ne quem in cursu; aut capite, aut cubito, aut pectore offendam, aut genu.

Alp. Thankes, good Seigneur Sarpego.
How like you, lords, this stirring action?
Stro. In a cold morning it were good, my lord,
But something harshe upon repletion.
Sar. Sir, I have ventred, being enjoynde, to eate
Three schollers commons, and yet drewe it neate.
Pog. Come, sir, you meddle in too many matters; let us, I pray, tend on our owne shew at my lord Lassos.
Sar. Doing obeisance then to every lord,
I now consorte you, sir, even *toto corde*.
Exit Sarp[*ego*] *&* *Pog*[*io*].
Med. My lord, away with these scholastique wits,
Lay the invention of your speech on me,
And the performance too; Ile play my parte
That you shall say, Nature yeelds more then Art.
Alp. Bee't so resolv'd; unartificiall truth
An unfaind passion can descipher best.
Vin. But t'wil be hard, my lord, for one unlearnd.
Med. "Unlearnd?" I cry you mercie, sir; "unlearnd?"
Vin. I meane untaught, my lord, to make a speech

As a pretended actor, without close
More gratious then your doublet and your hose.
Alp. What, thinke you, sonne, we meane
t' expresse a speech
Of speciall weight without a like attire?
Vin. Excuse me then, my lord; so stands it
well. [*Alphonso puts rich robes on Medice.*]
Stro. [*aside*]. Haz brought them rarely in to
pageant him.
Med. What, thinke you, lord, we thinke not
of attire?
Can we not make us ready at this age?
Stro. [*to Alphonso*]. Alas, my lord, your wit
must pardon his.
Vin. I hope it will, his wit is pittyfull.
Stro. [*to Medice*]. I pray stand by, my Lord;
y' are troublesome.
[*Med.*] To none but you; am I to you, my
lord?
[*Vin.*] Not unto mee.
[*Med.*] Why, then, you wrong me,
Strozza.
[*Vin.*] Nay, fall not out, my lords.
Stro. May I not know
What your speech is, my Liege?

251 *close;* so Qq. S, clothes.

262–264 *To none . . . lords.* In Qq Medice's speeches are given to Vincentio, and *vice versa*. The present assignment renders the passage intelligible. See *Notes*, p. 283.

Alp. None but my selfe and the Lord Medice.
Med. No, pray, my lord.
Let none partake with us.
Alp. No, be assur'd,
But for another cause; a word, Lord Strozza;
I tell you true I feare Lord Medice
Will scarce discharge the speach effectually:
As we goe, therefore, Ile explaine to you
My whole intent, that you may second him
If neede and his debilitie require.
Stro. Thanks for this grace, my Liege.
Vincentio overheares [*them*].
Med. My lord, your sonne!
Alp. Why, how now, sonne? Forbeare. Yet tis no matter,
Wee talke of other businesse, Medice;
And come, we will prepare us to our shew.
Exeunt [*Alphonso, Medice, and attendants*].
Stro. [*and*] *Vin.* Which as we can weele cast to overthrow.
[*Exeunt Strozza and Vincentio.*]

[Scæna Secunda.

A Room in the House of Lord Lasso.]

Enter Lasso, Bassiolo, Sarpego, two Pages. Bassiolo bare before [the rest].

Bassiolo. Stand by there, make place.

Lasso. Saie now, Bassiolo, you on whom relies
The generall disposition of my house
In this our preparation for the Duke,
Are all our officers at large instructed
For fit discharge of their peculiar places?

Bas. At large, my lord, instructed.

Las. Are all our chambers hung? Thinke you our house
Amplie capacious to lodge all the traine?

Bas. Amply capacious, I am passing glad.
And now then to our mirth and musicall shew,
Which after supper we intend t' indure,
Welcomes cheefe dainties; for choice cates at home
Ever attend on princes, mirth abroad.
Are all parts perfect?

Sarpego. One I know there is.

Las. And that is yours.

Sar. Well guest, in earnest, lord;

Qq read: *Enter Lasso, Corteza, Margaret, Bassiolo, etc.*; but the proper entry for the ladies occurs below, after l. 37.

12 *t' indure*; so Qq. Dr. Bradley suggests *t' induce*. 15–16 (*One . . . yours.* In Qq one line.

I neede not *erubescere* to take
So much upon me; that my backe will beare.
Bas. Nay, he will be perfection it selfe
For wording well and dexterous action too.
Las. And will these waggish pages hit their songs?
[*Both*] *Pag*[*es*]. *Re mi fa sol la!*
Las. O they are practising; good boyes, well done;
But where is Pogio? There y' are overshot,
To lay a capitall part upon his braine,
Whose absence tells me plainely hee'le neglect him.
Bas. O no, my lord, he dreames of nothing else,
And gives it out in wagers hee'le excell;
And see, (I told your Lo[rdship],) he is come.

Enter Pogio.

Pogio. How now, my lord, have you borrowed a suite for me? Seigneur Bassiolo, can all say, are all things ready? The Duke is hard by, and little thinks that Ile be an actor, ifaith; I keepe all close, my lord.
Las. O, tis well done; call all the ladies in. Sister and daughter, come, for Gods sake, come, Prepare your courtliest carriage for the Duke.

22 *Both Pages.* Qq, *2 Pag.*
29 *Lordship.* Emend. S. Qq, Lo:

Enter Corte[*za*], *Margarite, and Maids.*

Corteza. And, neece, in any case remember this,
Praise the old man, and when you see him first,
Looke me on none but him, smiling and lovingly;
And then, when he comes neere, make beisance low,
With both your hands thus moving, which not onely
Is, as t'were, courtly, and most comely too,
But speakes, (as who should say, "Come hither, Duke.")
And yet saies nothing but you may denie.

Las. Well taught, sister.

Margaret. I, and to much end:
I am exceeding fond to humour him.

Las. Harke! does he come with musicke? what, and bound?
An amorous device: daughter, observe!

Enter Enchanter, with spirits singing; after them Medice like Sylvanus; next, the Duke bound, Vincentio, Strozza, with others.

Vincentio [*aside to Strozza*]. Now lets gull Medice; I doe not doubt
But this attire put on will put him out.

44 *as . . . Duke.* In Qq the parenthesis only includes the words, *as . . . say.*

Strozza [*aside to Vincentio*]. Weele doe our best to that end, therefore marke.

Enchanter. Lady, or Princesse, both your choice commands,
These spirits and I, all servants of your beautie,
Present this royall captive to your mercie.

Mar. Captive to mee a subject?

Vin. I, faire nimph;
And how the worthy mystery befell
Sylvanus heere, this woodden god, can tell.

Alphonso. Now, my lord.

Vin. Now is the time, man, speake.

Medice. Peace.

Alp. Peace, Vincentio.

Vin. Swonds, my Lord!
Shall I stand by and suffer him to shame you?
My Lord Medice!

Stro. Will you not speake, my lord?

Med. How can I?

Vin. But you must speake, in earnest:
Would not your Highnesse have him speake, my lord?

Med. Yes, and I will speake, and perhaps speake so
As you shall never mend: I can, I know.

Vin. Doe then, my good lord.

Alp. Medice, forth.

Med. Goddesse, faire goddesse, for no lesse,—no lesse— [*Medice is at a loss.*]

Alp. [*to Strozza*]. No lesse, no lesse? No more, no more! Speake you.

Med. Swounds! they have put me out.

Vin. Laugh you, fair goddesse? This nobleman disdaines to be your foole.

Alp. Vincentio, peace.

Vin. Swounds, my lord, it is as good a shew! Pray speake, Lord Strozza.

Stro. Honourable dame —

Vin. Take heede you be not out, I pray, my lord.

Stro. I pray forbeare, my Lord Vincentio.
How this destressed Prince came thus inthralde
I must relate with words of height and wonder:
His Grace this morning visiting the woods,
And straying farre to finde game for the chase,
At last out of a mirtle grove he rowsde
A vast and dreadfull boare, so sterne and fierce,
As if the feend, fell Crueltie her selfe,
Had come to fright the woods in that strange shape.

Alp. Excellent good!

Vin. [*aside*]. Too good, a plague on him!

Stro. The princely savage being thus on foote,
Tearing the earth up with his thundering hoofe,
And with the 'nragde Ætna of his breath

71 *you.* Emend. S. Qq, your.

Firing the ayre and scorching all the woods,
Horror held all us huntsmen from pursuit;
Onely the Duke, incenst with our cold feare,
Incouragde like a second Hercules —
Vin. [*aside*]. Zwounds, too good, man!
Stro. [*aside*]. Pray thee let me alone.
And like the English signe of great Saint George —
Vin. [*aside*]. Plague of that simile!
Stro. Gave valorous example, and, like fire,
Hunted the monster close, and chargde so fierce
That he inforc'd him (as our sence conceiv'd)
To leape for soile into a cristall spring,
Where on the suddaine strangely vanishing,
Nimph-like, for him, out of the waves arose
Your sacred figure, like Diana armde,
And (as in purpose of the beasts revenge)
Dischargde an arrow through his Highnesse breast,
Whence yet no wound or any blood appearde;
With which the angry shadow left the light:
And this Enchanter, with his power of spirits,
Brake from a cave, scattering enchanted sounds
That strooke us sencelesse, while in these strange bands
These cruell spirits thus inchainde his armes,
And led him captive to your heavenly eyes,
Th' intent whereof on their report relies.

En. Bright Nimph, that boare figur'd your crueltie,
Chared by love, defended by your beautie.
This amorous huntsman heere we thus inthral'd,
As the attendants on your Graces charmes,
And brought him hither, by your bounteous hands
To be releast, or live in endlesse bands.
Las. Daughter, release the Duke: alas! my Liege,
What meant your Highnesse to indure this wrong?
Cor. Enlarge him, neece; come, dame, it must be so.
Mar. What, madam, shall I arrogate so much?
Las. His Highnesse pleasure is to grace you so.
Alp. Performe it then, sweete love; it is a deede
Worthy the office of your honor'd hand.
Mar. Too worthie, I confesse, my lord, for me,
If it were serious: but it is in sport,
And women are fit actors for such pageants.
[*She unbinds Alphonso.*]
Alp. Thanks, gracious love; why made you strange of this?

115 *Chared*, so Qq; S, chased. Dr. Bradley suggests "charged," as in l. 98.

I rest no lesse your captive then before;
For, me untying, you have tied me more.
Thanks, Strozza, for your speech; [*to Medice.*]
no thanks to you.
Med. No, thanke your sonne, my Lord!
Las. T'was very well,
Exceeding well performed on every part.
How say you, Bassiolo?
Bas. Rare, I protest, my lord.
Cor. O, my lord Medice became it rarely;
Me thought I likde his manlie being out;
It becomes noblemen to doe nothing well.
Las. Now then, wil't please your Grace to
grace our house,
And still vouchsafe our service further honour?
Alp. Leade us, my lord; we will your daughter leade.
[*Exeunt all but Vincentio and Strozza.*]
Vin. You do not leade, but drag her leaden steps.
Stro. How did you like my speech?
Vin. O fie upon't!
Your rhetoricke was too fine.
Stro. Nothing at all:
I hope Saint Georges signe was grosse enough:
But (to be serious) as these warnings passe,

Exeunt . . . Strozza. Qq have only *Exit.*
144–145 *How . . . all.* Qq print as three lines: *How . . . speech? | O . . fine. | Nothing . . . all.* |

Watch you your father, Ile watch Medice,
That in your love-suit we may shun suspect:
To which end, with your next occasion, urge
Your love to name the person she will choose,
By whose meanes you may safely write or meete.
Vin. Thats our cheefe businesse: and see, heere she comes.

Enter Margaret in haste.

Mar. My lord, I onely come to say y' are welcome,
And so must say farewell.
Vin. One word, I pray.
Mar. Whats that?
Vin. You needes must presently devise
What person, trusted chiefely with your guard,
You thinke is aptest for me to corrupt,
In making him a meane for our safe meeting.
Mar. My fathers usher, none so fit,
If you can worke him well: and so farewell,
With thanks, my good Lord Strozza, for your speech. *Exit* [*Margaret*].
Stro. I thanke you for your patience, mocking lady.
Vin. O what a fellow haz she pickt us out!
One that I would have choosde past all the rest,
For his close stockings onely.

155–156 *And . . . devise.* Qq print as three lines: *And . . . farewell.* | *One . . . that?* | *You . . . devise.* |

Stro. And why not
For the most constant fashion of his hat?
Vin. Nay then, if nothing must be left unspoke,
For his strict forme thus still to weare his cloke.
Stro. Well sir, he is your owne, I make no doubt;
For, to these outward figures of his minde,
He hath two inward swallowing properties
Of any gudgeons, servile avarice,
And overweening thought of his owne worth,
Ready to snatch at every shade of glory:
And, therefore, till you can directly boord him,
Waft him aloofe with hats and other favours,
Still as you meete him.
Vin. Well, let me alone;
He that is one mans slave is free from none.
Exeunt [*Vincentio and Strozza*].

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

[*A Room in the House of Lasso.*]

Enter Medice, Corteza, a Page with a cuppe of secke.

Medice. Come lady, sit you heere. Page, fill some sacke.
[*Aside.*] I am to worke upon this aged dame,
To gleane from her if there be any cause
(In loving others) of her neeces coines
To the most gratious love suite of the Duke:
[*To Corteza.*] Heere, noble lady, this is healthfull drinke
After our supper.
Corteza. O, tis that, my lorde,
That of all drinkes keeps life and soule in me.
Med. Heere, fill it, Page, for this my worthy love:
[*Aside.*] O how I could imbrace this good olde widdow!
Cor. Now, lord, when you do thus, you make me thinke
Of my sweete husband; for he was as like you;
Eene the same words and fashion, the same eies,

To the stage-direction, *Enter . . . secke*, Qq add, "*Strozza following close*"; but Strozza's proper entrance is marked below, after l. 27.

Manly and cholerike, eene as you are, just;
And eene as kinde as you for all the world.
Med. O my sweete widdow, thou dost make me prowd.
Cor. Nay, I am too old for you.
Med. Too old, thats nothing;
Come pledge me, wench, for I am drie againe,
And strait will charge your widdowhood fresh, ifaith: [*She drinks.*]
Why, thats well done.
Cor. Now, fie on 't! heeres a draught.
Med. O, it will warme your blood: if you should sip,
Twould make you heart-burnd.
Cor. Faith, and so they say:
Yet I must tell you, since I plide this geere
I have beene hanted with a horson paine heere,
And every moone, almost, with a shrewd fever,
And yet I cannot leave it: for, thanke God,
I never was more sound of winde and limbe.

Enter Strozza [*close. Corteza thrusts out*] *a great bumbasted legge.*

Looke you, I warrant you I have a leg,
Holds out as hansomly —
Med. Beshrew my life,
But tis a legge indeed, a goodly limbe!
Strozza [*aside*]. This is most excellent!
Med. O that your neece

Were of as milde a spirit as your selfe!
Cor. Alas, Lord Medice, would you have a girle
As well seene in behaviour as I?
Ah, shees a fond yong thing, and growne so prowde,
The wind must blow at west stil or sheele be angry.
Med. Masse, so me thinke[s]; how coy shees to the Duke!
I lay my life she haz some yonger love.
Cor. Faith, like enough.
Med. Gods me, who should it bee?
Cor. If it be any — Page, a little sacke —
If it be any, harke now, if it be —
I know not, by this sacke, — but if it be,
Marke what I say, my lord, — I drink tee first.
Med. Well said, good widdow, much good do['t] thy heart!
So; now, what if it be?
Cor. Well, if it be —
To come to that I said, for so I said, —
If it be any, tis the shrewde yong Prince;
For eies can speake, and eies can understand,
And I have markt her eies; yet, by this cup,
Which I will onely kiss — [*She drinks again.*]

37 *thinkes.* Emend. ed. Qq, thinke.
44 *do't.* Emend. ed. Qq, do.

Stro. [*aside*]. O noble crone!
Now such a huddle and kettle never was.
Cor. I never yet have seene — not yet, I say —
But I will marke her after for your sake.
Med. And doe, I pray; for it is passing like;
And there is Strozza, a slie counsailor
To the yong boy: O, I would give a limbe
To have their knaverie limm'd and painted out.
They stand upon their wits and paper-learning:
Give me a fellow with a naturall wit,
That can make wit of no wit, and wade through
Great things with nothing, when their wits sticke fast:
O, they be scurvie lords.
Cor. Faith, so they be;
Your Lordship still is of my mind in all,
And eene so was my husband.
Med. [*spying Strozza*]. Gods my life!
Strozza hath evesdropt here, and over-heard us.
Stro. [*aside*]. They have descried me.
[*Coming forward.*] What, Lord Medice,
Courting the lustie widow?
Med. I, and why not?
Perhaps one does as much for you at home.
Stro. What, cholericke, man? and toward wedlocke too?
Cor. And if he be, my lord, he may do woorse.

Stro. If he be not, madame, he may do better.

Enter Bassiolo with servants with rushes and a carpet.

Bassiolo. My lords, and madame, the Dukes Grace intreates you
T' attend his new-made Dutchesse for this night
Into his presence.

Stro. We are readie, sir.

Exeunt [*Corteza, Medice, Strozza and Page*].

Bas. Come strew this roome afresh; spread here this carpet;
Nay, quickly, man, I pray thee; this way, foole;
Lay me it smoothe and even; looke if he will!
This way a little more; a little there.
Hast thou no forecast? slood, me thinks a man
Should not of meere necessitie be an asse.
Looke how he strowes here too: come, Sir Giles Goosecap,
I must do all my selfe; lay me um thus,
In fine smoothe threaves, looke you, sir, thus, in threaves.
Perhaps some tender ladie will squat here,
And if some standing rush should chance to pricke her,
Shee'd squeak & spoile the songs that must be sung.

Enter Vin[*centio*] *and Stroz*[*za*].

Stro. See where he is; now to him, and prepare
Your familiaritie.

Vincentio. Save you, master Bassiolo.
I pray a word, sir; but I feare I let you.

Bas. No, my good lord, no let.

Vin. I thanke you, sir.
Nay pray be coverd; O, I crie you mercie,
You must be bare.

Bas. Ever to you, my lord.

Vin. Nay, not to me, sir,
But to the faire right of your worshipfull place.
[*Vincentio uncovers.*]

Stro. [*aside*]. A shame of both your worships. [*Exit Strozza.*]

Bas. What means your lordship?

Vin. Onely to doe you right, sir, and my selfe ease.
And what, sir, will there be some shew to night?

Bas. A slender presentation of some musick
And some thing else, my lord.

Vin. T'is passing good, sir;
Ile not be overbold t' aske the particulars.

Bas. Yes, if your lordship please.

Vin. O no, good sir;

Enter Vincentio . . . Strozza. Qq put this direction after Strozza's speech.

But I did wonder much for, as me thought,
I saw your hands at work.
Bas. Or else, my lord,
Our busines would be but badly done.
Vin. How vertuous is a worthy mans example!
Who is this throne for, pray?
Bas. For my lords daughter,
Whom the Duke makes to represent his Dutches.
Vin. T'will be exceeding fit; and all this roome
Is passing wel preparde; a man would sweare
That all presentments in it would be rare.
Bas. Nay, see if thou canst lay um thus in threaves.
[*Giving Vincentio a bundle of rushes.*]
Vin. In threaves, dee call it?
Bas. I, my lord, in threaves.
Vin. A pretty terme!
Well, sir, I thanke you highly for this kindnesse,
And pray you alwayes make as bold with me
For kindnesse more then this, if more may bee.
Bas. O, my lord, this is nothing.
Vin. Sir, tis much.
And now Ile leave you, sir; I know y' are busie.
Bas. Faith, sir, a little.
Vin. I commend me tee, sir.
Exit Vin[*centio*].

Bas. A courteous prince, beleeve it; I am sory
I was no bolder with him; what a phrase
He usde at parting! "I commend me tee."
Ile h'ate, yfaith!

Enter Sarpego halfe drest.

Sarpego. Good Master Usher, will you dictate to me
Which is the part precedent of this night-cap,
And which posterior? I do *ignorare*
How I should weare it.

Bas. Why, sir, this, I take it,
Is the precedent part; I, so it is.

Sar. And is all well, sir, thinke you?

Bas. Passing well.

Enter Pogio and Fungus.

Pogio. Why, sir, come on; the usher shal be judge:
See, Master Usher, this same Fungus here,
Your lords retainer, whom I hope you rule,
Would weare this better jerkin for the Rush-man
When I doe play the Broome-man, and speake first.

Fungus. Why, sir, I borrowed it, and I will weare it.

Enter. . . drest. After this direction Qq have (?) possibly by mistake for (!) omitted after "yfaith."

Pog. What, sir, in spite of your lords gentleman usher?
Fun. No spite, sir, but you have changde twice already.
And now would ha't againe.
Pog. Why, thats all one, sir,
Gentillitie must be fantasticall.
Bas. I pray thee, Fungus, let Master Pogio weare it.
Fun. And what shall I weare then?
Pog. Why here is one
That was a Rush-mans jerkin, and, I pray,
Wer't not absurd then a Broome-man should weare it?
Fun. Foe! theres a reason; I will keepe it, sir.
Pog. "Will," sir? Then do your office, Maister Usher,
Make him put off his jerkin; you may plucke
His coate over his eares, much more his jerkin.
Bas. Fungus, y'ad best be rulde.
Fun. "Best," sir! I care not.
Pog. No, sir? I hope you are my lords retainer.
I neede not care a pudding for your lord.
But spare not, keepe it, for perhaps Ile play
My part as well in this as you in that.

142–144 *Why . . . it.* Qq print as two lines of prose.

Bas. Well said, Master Pogio.
[*To Fungus.*] My lord shall know it.

Enter Corteza, with the Broom-wench & Rush-wench in their petticotes, clokes over them, with hats over their head-tyres.

Cor. Looke, Master Usher, are these wags wel drest?
I have beene so in labour with um truly.

Bas. Y'ave had a verie good deliverance, ladie.
[*Aside.*] How I did take her at her labour there,
I use to gird these ladies so sometimes.

Enter Lasso, with Sylvan and a Nymph, a man bugge and a woman [*bug*].

1st Bug. I pray, my lord, must not I weare this haire?

Lasso. I pray thee, aske my usher; come, dispatch,
The Duke is readie: are you readie there?

2nd Bug. See, Master Usher; must he weare this haire?

1st Bug. Pray, Master Usher, where must I come in?

2nd Bug. Am not I well for a bug, Master Usher?

Bas. What stirre is with these boyes here: God forgive me,

160–169. Except in l. 164 Qq use merely 1. and 2. to indicate the bugs' speeches; l. 169 has 1. Bug.

If t'were not for the credite on't, I 'de see
Your apish trash afire ere I 'de indure this.
1st Bug. But pray, good Master Usher —
Bas. Hence, ye brats,
You stand upon your tyre; but for your action
Which you must use in singing of your songs
Exceeding dexterously and full of life,
I hope youle then stand like a sort of blocks
Without due motion of your hands and heads,
And wresting your whole bodies to your words;
Looke too't, y' are best, and in; go, all go in.
Pog. Come in, my masters; lets be out anon.
Exeunt [*all but Lasso and Bassiolo*].
Las. What, are all furnisht well?
Bas. All well, my lord.
Las. More lights then here, and let lowd musicke sound.
Bas. Sound musicke!
Exeunt [*Lasso and Bassiolo*].

Enter Vincentio, Strozza bare, Margaret, Corteza and Cynanche bearing her traine. After her the Duke whispering with Medice, Lasso with Bassiolo, &c.

Alphonso. Advaunce your selfe, faire Dutchesse, to this throne,
As we have long since raisde you to our heart;
Better decorum never was beheld
Then twixt this state and you: and as all eyes
Now fixt on your bright graces thinke it fit,
So frame your favour to continue it.

Margaret. My lord, but to obey your earnest will,
And not make serious scruple of a toy,
I scarce durst have presumde this minuts height.
Las. Usher, cause other musicke; begin your shew.
Bas. Sound, consort; warne the pedant to be readie.
Cor. Madam, I thinke you'le see a prettie shew.
Cynanche. I can expect no lesse in such a presence.
Alp. Lo! what attention and state beautie breedes,
Whose mo[v]ing silence no shrill herauld needes.

Enter Sarpego.

Sar. Lords of high degree,
And Ladies of low courtesie,
I, the Pedant, here,
Whom some call schoolmaistere,
Because I can speake best,
Approch before the rest.
Vin. A verie good reason.
Sar. But there are others comming,
Without maske or mumming;
For they are not ashamed,
If need be, to be named,
Nor will they hide their faces
In any place or places;

195 *moving.* Emend. S. Qq, moning.

For though they seeme to come
Loded with rush and broome,
The Broomeman, you must know,
Is Seigneur Pogio,
Nephew, as shall appeare,
To my Lord Strozza here —

Stro. O Lord! I thanke you, sir; you grace me much.

[*Sar.*] And to this noble dame,
Whome I with finger name.
[*Pointing to Cynanche.*]

Vin. A plague of that fooles finger!

Sar. And women will ensue,
Which, I must tell you true,
No women are indeed,
But pages made, for need,
To fill up womens places
By vertue of their faces,
And other hidden graces.

A hall, a hall! whist, stil, be mum,
For now with silver song they come.

Enter Pogio, Fungus, with the song, Broome-maid, and Rush-maid, [*Sylvan, a Nymph, and two Bugs.*] *After which Pogio* [*speaks*].

Pog. Heroes, and heroines, of gallant straine,
Let not these broomes motes in your eies remaine,

216–17 *And . . . name.* In Qq these lines are given to Strozza.
Sylvan . . . Bugs. Possibly these should enter after l. 272.

For in the moone theres one beares with'red bushes;
But we (deare wights) do beare greene broomes, green rushes,
Whereof these verdant herbals, cleeped broome,
Do pierce and enter everie ladies roome:
And to prove them high borne, and no base trash,
Water, with which your phisnomies you wash,
Is but a broome. And, more truth to deliver,
Grim Hercules swept a stable with a river.
The wind, that sweepes fowle clowds out of the ayre,
And for you ladies makes the welken faire,
Is but a broome: and O Dan Titan bright,
Most clearkly calld the Scavenger of Night,
What art thou but a verie broome of gold
For all this world not to be cride nor sold?
Philosophy, that passion sweepes from thought,
Is the soules broome, and by all brave wits sought:
Now if philosophers but broomemen are,
Each broomeman then is a philosopher.
And so we come (gracing your gratious Graces)
To sweepe Cares cobwebs from your cleanly faces.

Alp. Thanks, good Master Broomeman.
Fun. For me Rushman, then,

242 *What . . . gold.* Qq place (?) after this line.

To make rush ruffle in a verse of ten:
A rush, which now your heeles doe lie on here—
[*Pointing to Vincentio.*]
Vin. Crie mercie, sir.
Fun. Was whilome used for a pungent speare,
In that odde battaile, never fought but twice
(As Homer sings) betwixt the frogs and mice.
Rushes make true-love knots; rushes make rings;
Your rush maugre the beard of Winter springs.
And when with gentle, amorous, laysie lims
Each lord with his faire ladie sweetly swims
On these coole rushes, they may with these bables
Cradles for children make, children for cradles.
And lest some Momus here might now crie,
"Push!"
Saying our pageant is not woorth a rush,
Bundles of rushes, lo, we bring along
To picke his teeth that bites them with his tongue.
Stro. See, see, thats Lord Medice.
Vin. Gods me, my lord!
Haz hee pickt you out, picking of your teeth?
Med. What picke you out of that?
Stro. Not such stale stuffe
As you picke from your teeth.

265 *bring*, so Qq; P, followed by S, hung.

Alp. Leave this warre with rushes :
Good Master Pedant, pray, forth with your shew.
Sar. Lo, thus farre then (brave Duke) you see
Meere entertainement ; now our glee
Shall march forth in Moralitie :
And this queint Dutchesse here shall see
The fault of virgine nicetie,
First wooed with rurall courtesie.
Disburthen them, praunce on this ground,
And make your exit with your round.
[*Pogio and Fungus dance with the Broome-maid and Rush-maid and*] *exeunt.*
Well have they daunc'd, as it is meet,
Both with their nimble heades and feet.
Now as our country girls held off,
And rudely did their lovers scoff,
Our Nymph likewise shall onely glaunce
By your faire eies, and looke askaunce
Upon her female friend that wooes her,
Who is in plaine field forc'd to loose her.
And after them, to conclude all
The purlue of our pastorall,
A female bug, and eke her friend,
Shall onely come and sing, and end.

Bugs Song.

[*Sar.*] This, Lady and Dutchesse, we conclude:
Faire virgins must not be too rude:
For though the rurall, wilde and antike,
Abusde their loves as they were frantike,
Yet take you in your ivory clutches
This noble Duke, and be his Dutches.
Thus thanking all for their *tacete*,
I void the roome, and cry *valete*.

Exit [*Sarpego, Nymph, Sylvan and the two Bugs*].

Alp. Generally well and pleasingly performed.
Mar. Now I resigne this borrowed majesty,
Which sate unseemely on my worthlesse head,
With humble service to your Highnesse hands.
Alp. Well you became it, lady, and I know
All heere could wish it might be ever so.
Stro. [*aside*]. Heeres one saies nay to that.
Vin. [*aside to Strozza*]. Plague on you, peace.
Las. Now let it please your Highnesse to accept
A homely banquet to close these rude sports.
Alp. I thanke your Lordship much.
Bas. Bring lights, make place.

292 *This.* B. P. L., Malone, as here, but with *Thus* as catch-word for page.

Enter Pogio in his cloke and broome-mans attire.

Pog. How d'ee, my lord?

Alp. O Master Broomeman, you did passing well.

Vin. A! you mad slave you! you are a tickling actor.

Pog. I was not out like my Lord Medice. How did you like me, aunt?

Cyn. O rarely, rarely.

Stro. O thou hast done a worke of memory, And raisde our house up higher by a story.

Vin. Friend, how conceit you my young mother heere?

Cyn. Fitter for you, my lord, than for your father.

Vin. No more of that, sweete friend, those are bugs words.

Exeunt [*omnes*].

319 *Fitter. . . father.* Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests assigning this line to Bassiolo.

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertii Scæna Prima.

[*A Room in the House of Lasso.*]

Medice after the song whispers alone with his servant.

Medice. Thou art my trusty servant, and thou knowst
I have beene ever bountifull lord to thee,
As still I will be: be thou thankfull then,
And doe me now a service of import.

Servant. Any, my lord, in compasse of my life.

Med. To morrow, then, the Duke intends to hunt,
Where Strozza, my despightfull enemie,
Will give attendance busie in the chase,
Wherein (as if by chance, when others shoote
At the wilde boare) do thou discharge at him,
And with an arrow cleave his canckerd heart.

Ser. I will not faile, my lord.

Med. Be secret, then;
And thou to me shalt be the dear'st of men.

Exeunt [*Medice and Servant*].

[Scæna Secunda.

Another Room in the House of Lasso.]

Enter Vincentio and Bassiolo [*severally*].

Vincentio [*aside*]. Now Vanitie and Policie inrich me
With some ridiculous fortune on this usher. —
Wheres Master Usher?

Bas. Now I come, my lord.

Vin. Besides, good sir, your shew did shew so well.

Bas. Did it, in deede, my lord?

Vin. O sir, beleeve it;
Twas the best fashiond and well orderd thing
That ever eye beheld: and, there withall,
The fit attendance by the servants usde,
The gentle guise in serving every guest
In other entertainements; every thing
About your house so sortfully disposde,
That even as in a turne-spit calld a jacke
One vice assists another, the great wheeles,
Turning but softly, make the lesse to whirre
About their businesse, every different part
Concurring to one commendable end, —
So, and in such conformance, with rare grace,
Were all things orderd in your good lordes house.

Bas. The most fit simile that ever was.

Vin. But shall I tell you plainely my conceit
Touching the man that I thinke causde this order?
Bas. I, good my lord.
Vin. You note my simile?
Bas. Drawne from the turne-spit.
Vin. I see you have me.
Even as in that queint engine you have seene
A little man in shreds stand at the winder,
And seemes to put all things in act about him,
Lifting and pulling with a mightie stirre,
Yet addes no force to it, nor nothing does:
So (though your lord be a brave gentleman
And seemes to dó this busines), he does nothing;
Some man about him was the festivall robe
That made him shew so glorious and divine.
Bas. I cannot tell, my lord, yet I should know
If any such there were.
Vin. "Should know," quoth you;
I warrant you know: well, some there be
Shall have the fortune to have such rare men,
(Like brave beasts to their armes) support their state,

29–30 *though . . . busines.* In Qq the parenthesis includes only the words, *though . . . gentleman.* Line 30 in Qq is printed as two lines broken at *busines.*

33–34 *I . . . were.* This speech is printed as one line in Qq.

35 *I warrant you know*, so Qq. S, warrant you you know.

When others, of as high a worth and breede,
Are made the wastefull food of them they feede:
What state hath your lord made you for your service?

Bas. He haz beene my good lord, for I can spend
Some fifteene hundred crownes in lands a yeare,
Which I have gotten since I serv'd him first.

Vin. No more then fifteene hundred crownes a yeare?

Bas. It is so much as makes me live, my lord,
Like a poore gentleman.

Vin. Nay, tis prettie well:
But certainely my nature does esteeme
Nothing enough for vertue; and had I
The Duke my fathers meanes, all should be spent
To keepe brave men about me: but, good sir,
Accept this simple jewell at my hands,
Till I can worke perswasion of my friendship
With worthier arguments.

Bas. No, good my lord,
I can by no meanes merite the free bounties
You have bestowed besides.

Vin. Nay, be not strange,
But doe your selfe right, and be all one man
In all your actions; doe not thinke but some

Have extraordinarie spirits like your selfe,
And wil not stand in their societie
On birth and riches, but on worth and vertue,
With whom there is no nicenesse, nor respect
Of others common friendship; be he poore
Or basely borne, so he be rich in soule
And noble in degrees of qualities,
He shall be my friend sooner then a king.

Bas. Tis a most kingly judgement in your lordship.

Vin. Faith, sir, I know not, but tis my vaine humour.

Bas. O, tis an honour in a nobleman.

Vin. Y'ave some lords now so politike and prowd,
They skorne to give good lookes to worthy men.

Bas. O fie upon um! by that light, my lord,
I am but servant to a nobleman,
But if I would not skorne such puppet lords,
Would I weare breathlesse.

Vin. You, sir? So you may,
For they will cogge so when they wish to use men,
With, "Pray be coverd, sir," "I beseech you sit,"
"Whoe's there? waite of Master Usher to the doore."

O, these be godly gudgeons: where 's the deedes,
The perfect nobleman?
Bas. O, good my lord —
Vin. Away, away, ere I would flatter so,
I would eate rushes like Lord Medici.
Bas. Well, wel, my lord, would there were more such princes!
Vin. Alas, twere pitty, sir; they would be gulld
Out of their very skinnes.
Bas. Why, how are you, my lord?
Vin. Who, I? I care not:
If I be gulld where I professe plaine love,
T'will be their faults, you know.
Bas. O t'were their shames.
Vin. Well, take my jewell, you shall not be strange;
I love not manie words.
Bas. My lord, I thanke you;
I am of few words too.
Vin. Tis friendlie said;
You prove your selfe a friend, and I would have you
Advance your thoughts, and lay about for state

78 *godly*, so Qq. Query? goodly.
89–90 *I love . . . said.* Qq print as three lines, thus: *I love . . . words* | *My . . . too.* | *Tis . . . said.* |

Worthy your vertues: be the mineon
Of some great king or duke: theres Medici
The minion of my father — O the Father!
What difference is there? But I cannot flatter;
A word to wise men!
Bas. I perceive your lordship.
Vin. "Your lordship?" Talke you now like a friend?
Is this plaine kindnesse?
Bas. Is it not, my lord?
Vin. A palpable flattring figure for men common:
A my word I should thinke, if twere another,
He meant to gull mee.
Bas. Why, tis but your due.
Vin. Tis but my due, if youle be still a stranger;
But as I wish to choose you for my friend,
As I intend, when God shall call my father,
To doe I can tell what — but let that passe, —
Thus tis not fit; let my friend be familiar,
Use not [my] lordship, nor yet call me lord,
Nor my whole name, Vincentio; but Vince,
As they call Jacke or Will; tis now in use
Twixt men of no equallity or kindnesse.
Bas. I shall be quickely bold enough, my lord.

108 *my lordship*. Emend. ed. Qq, me Lordship.

Vin. Nay, see how still you use that coy terme, "lord."
What argues this but that you shunne my friendship?
Bas. Nay, pray, say not so.
Vin. Who should not say so?
Will you afford me now no name at all?
Bas. What should I call you?
Vin. Nay, then tis no matter.
But I told you, "Vince."
Bas. Why, then, my sweete Vince.
Vin. Whie, so then; and yet still there is a fault
In using these kind words without kinde deedes:
Pray thee imbrace me too.
Bas. Why, then, sweete Vince.
[*He embraces Vincentio.*]
Vin. Why, now I thank you; sblood, shall friends be strange?
Where there is plainenesse, there is ever truth:
And I will still be plaine since I am true:
Come, let us lie a little; I am wearie.
Bas. And so am I, I sweare, since yesterday.
[*They lie down together.*]
Vin. You may, sir, by my faith; and, sirra, hark thee,
What lordship wouldst thou wish to have, ifaith,
When my old father dies?
Bas. Who, I? alas!

Vin. O, not you! Well, sir, you shall have none;
You are as coy a peece as your lords daughter.
Bas. Who, my mistris?
Vin. Indeede! Is she your mistris?
Bas. I, faith, sweet Vince, since she was three yeare old.
Vin. And are not wee [two] friends?
Bas. Who doubts of that?
Vin. And are not two friends one?
Bas. Even man and wife.
Vin. Then what to you she is, to me she should be.
Bas. Why, Vince, thou wouldst not have her?
Vin. O, not I!
I do not fancie anything like you.
Bas. Nay, but I pray thee tell me.
Vin. You do not meane to marry her your self?
Bas. Not I, by heaven!
Vin. Take heede now, do not gull me.
Bas. No, by that candle!
Vin. Then will I be plaine.
Thinke you she dotes not too much on my father?
Bas. O yes, no doubt on 't.
Vin. Nay, I pray you speake.

134 *two.* Emend. S. Qq, too.
137–38 *O . . . you.* Qq print this speech as one line.

Bas. You seely man, you! she cannot abide him.

Vin. Why, sweete friend, pardon me; alas, I knew not.

Bas. But I doe note you are in some things simple,
And wrong your selfe too much.

Vin. Thanke you, good friend,
For your playne dealing, I do meane, so well.

Bas. But who saw ever summer mixt with winter?
There must be equall yeares where firme love is.
Could we two love so well so soddainely,
Were we not some thing equaller in yeares
Then he and shee are?

Vin. I cry ye mercy, sir,
I know we could not; but yet be not too bitter,
Considering love is fearefull. And, sweete friend,
I have a letter t' intreate her kindnesse,
Which if you would convay —

Bas. I, if I would, sir!

Vin. Why, fayth, deare friend, I would not die requitelesse.

Bas. Would you not so, sir?
By heaven! a little thing would make me boxe you;
"Which if you would convaie"! Why not, I pray,
"Which (friend) thou shalt convaie"?

Vin. Which, friend, you shall then.

154–155 *I cry . . . bitter.* One line in Qq.

Bas. Well, friend, and I will then.
Vin. And use some kinde perswasive wordes for me?
Bas. The best, I sweare, that my poore toung can forge.
Vin. I, wel said, "poore toung"! O, tis rich in meekenesse;
You are not knowne to speake well? You have wonne
Direction of the Earle and all his house,
The favour of his daughter and all dames
That ever I sawe come within your sight,
With a poore tongue? A plague a your sweete lippes!
Bas. Well, we will doe our best: and, faith, my Vince,
She shall have an unweldie and dull soule,
If she be nothing moov'd with my poore tongue —
Call it no better, be it what it will.
Vin. Well said, ifaith. Now if I doe not thinke
Tis possible, besides her bare receipt
Of that my letter, with thy friendly tongue
To get an answere of it, never trust me.
Bas. "An answer," man? Sbloud, make no doubt of that.
Vin. By heaven I thinke so; now a plague of Nature,
That she gives all to some, and none to others!

Bas. [*rising, aside*]. How I endeare him to me! — Come, Vince, rise;
Next time I see her I will give her this:
Which when she sees, sheele thinke it wondrous strange
Love should goe by descent and make the sonne
Follow the father in his amorous steppes.
Vin. Shee needes must thinke it strange, that never yet saw
I durst speake to her, or had scarce hir sight.
Bas. Well Vince, I sweare thou shalt both see and kisse her.
Vin. Sweares my deere friend? By what?
Bas. Even by our friendship.
Vin. O sacred oath! which how long will you keepe?
Bas. While there be bees in Hybla, or white swannes
In bright Meander; while the banks of Po
Shall beare brave lillies; or Italian dames
Be called the bone robes of the world.
Vin. 'Tis elegantly said: and when I faile,
Let there be found in Hybla hives no bees;
Let no swannes swimme in bright Meander streame,
Nor lillies spring upon the banks of Po,
Nor let one fat Italian dame be found,
But leane and brawne-falne; I, and scarsly sound.

Bas. It is enough, but lets imbrace with all.
Vin. With all my hart.
Bas. So now farewell, sweet Vince.
Exit [*Bassiolo*].
Vin. Farewell, my worthie friend. I thinke I have him.

[*Re-*]*enter Bassiolo.*

Bas. [*aside*]. I had forgot the parting phrase he taught me. —
I commend me t'ee, sir.
Exit [*Bassiolo*] *instant*[*er*].
Vin. At your wisht service, sir.
O fine friend, he had forgot the phrase:
How serious apish soules are in vaine forme!
Well, he is mine, and he, being trusted most
With my deare love, may often worke our meeting,
And, being thus ingagde, dare not reveale.

Enter Pogio in haste, Strozza following.

Pogio. Horse, horse, horse, my lord, horse!
Your father is going a hunting.
Vin. "My lord horse?" You asse, you; d'ee call my lord horse?
Strozza. Nay, he speakes huddles still; lets slit his tongue.
Pog. Nay, good unkle, now, sbloud, what captious marchants you be; so the Duke tooke

Exit Bassiolo. Qq place this direction after l. 204.

me up even now, my lord unckle heere, and my old Lord Lasso. By heaven! y' are all too witty for me; I am the veriest foole on you all, Ile be sworne.

Vin. Therein thou art worth us all, for thou knowst thy selfe.

Stro. But your wisedom was in a pretty taking last night; was it not, I pray?

Pog. O, for taking my drink a little? Ifaith, my lord, for that you shall the best sport presently with Madam Corteza that ever was; I have made her so drunke that she does nothing but kisse my Lord Medice. See, shee comes riding the Duke; shees passing well mounted, beleeve it.

Enter Alphonso, Corteza [leaning on the Duke], Cynanche, [Margaret,] Bassiolo first, two women attendants, and hunts-men, Lasso.

Alphonso. Good wench, forbeare.

Corteza. My lord, you must put forth your selfe among ladies; I warrant you have much in you, if you would shew it; see, a cheeke a twentie, the bodie of a George, a good legge still, still a good calfe, and not [flabby] nor hanging, I warrant you; a brawne of a thumb here, and t'were a pulld partridge. Neece Meg,

women attendants. Malone and 1 Q in B. M. read, *attendant*; Dyce and 1 copy in B. M. correctly, *attendants*.

242 *flabby*. Emend. P. Qq, slabby.

thou shalt have the sweetest bedfellow on him that ever call'd ladie husband; trie him, you shamefac'd bable you, trie him.

Margaret. Good Madame, be rulde.

Cor. What a nice thing it is! My lord, you must set foorth this gere, and kisse her; yfaith, you must; get you togither and be naughts awhile, get you together.

Alp. Now what a merrie, harmlesse dame it is!

Cor. My Lord Medice, you are a right noble man & wil do a woman right in a wrong matter, and neede be; pray, do you give the Duke ensample upon me; you come a wooing to me now; I accept it.

Lasso. What meane you, sister?

Cor. Pray, my lord, away; consider me as I am, a woman.

Pog. [*aside*]. Lord, how I have whittld her!

Cor. You come a wooing to me now; pray thee, Duke, marke my Lord Medice; and do you marke me, virgin; stand you aside, my lord[s] all, and you, give place. Now my Lord Medice, put case I be strange a little, yet you like a man put me to it. Come kisse me, my lord, be not ashamde.

266–267 *my lords all, and you, give.* Emend. ed. Qq, *my Lord, all, and you; give.* S, my lord, and all you, give.

Medice. Not I, Madame, I come not a wooing to you.

Cor. Tis no matter, my lord, make as though you did, and come kisse me; I won't be strange a whit.

Las. Fie, sister, y' are too blame; pray, will you goe to your chamber.

Cor. Why, harke you, brother.

Las. Whats the matter?

Cor. Dee thinke I am drunke?

Las. I thinke so, truly.

Cor. But are you sure I am drunke?

Las. Else I would not thinke so.

Cor. But I would be glad to be sure on 't.

Las. I assure you then.

Cor. Why, then, say nothing, & Ile begone. God bwy, Lord Duke, Ile come againe anone.

Exit [*Corteza*].

Las. I hope your Grace will pardon her, my Liege,
For tis most strange; shees as discreete a dame
As any in these countries, and as sober,
But for this onely humour of the cup.

Alp. Tis good, my lord, sometimes.
Come, to our hunting; now tis time, I thinke.

Omnes. The verie best time of the day, my lord.

286–287 *Why, then . . . anone.* Qq arrange in two lines, thus: *Why then . . . Duke,* | *Ile . . . anone.*

Alp. Then, my lord, I will take my leave till night,
Reserving thanks for all my entertainment
Till I returne; in meane time, lovely dame,
Remember the high state you last presented,
And thinke it was not a mere festivall shew,
But an essentiall type of that you are
In full consent of all my faculties.
And harke you, good my lord, —
[*He whispers to Lasso.*]
Vin. [*aside to Strozza and Cynanche*]. See now, they whisper
Some private order, (I dare lay my life)
For a forc'd marriage t'wixt my love and father;
I therefore must make sure; and, noble friends,
Ile leave you all when I have brought you forth,
And seene you in the chase; meane-while observe
In all the time this solemne hunting lasts
My father and his minion, Medice,
And note if you can gather any signe
That they have mist me, and suspect my being;
If which fall out, send home my page before.
Stro. I will not faile, my lord.
Med. Now take thy time.

Vin[centio] & *Str*[rozza] *have al this while talked togither a prettie way.*

Medice whispers with I[st] *Huntsman all this while.*

Medice whispers . . . while. Qq print this as two lines in the margin opposite l. 313.

[*1st*] *Huntsman.* I warrant you, my lord, he shall not scape me.

Alp. Now, my deere mistresse, till our sports intended
End with my absence, I will take my leave.

Las. Bassiolo, attend you on my daughter.

Exeunt [*Alphonso, Lasso, Medice, Strozza, Huntsmen, and attendants*].

Bas. I will, my lord.

Vin. [*aside*]. Now will the sport beginne; I think my love
Will handle him as well as I have doone.

Exit [*Vincentio*].

Cynanche. Madam, I take my leave and humblie thanke you.

Mar. Welcome, good madam; mayds wait on my lady. *Exit* [*Cynanche*].

Bas. So, mistris, this is fit.

Mar. "Fit," sir, why so?

Bas. Why so? I have most fortunate newes for you

Mar. For me, sir? I beseech you what are they?

Bas. Merit and fortune, for you both agree;
Merit what you have, and have what you merit.

Mar. Lord, with what rhetorike you prepare your newes!

Bas. I need not; for the plaine contents they beare,

Uttred in any words, deserve their welcome,
And yet I hope the words will serve the turne.
[*He offers Margaret the letter.*]
Mar. What, in a letter?
Bas. Why not?
Mar. Whence is it?
Bas. From one that will not shame it with his name;
And that is Lord Vincentio.
Mar. King of Heaven!
Is the man madde?
Bas. "Mad," madam! why?
Mar. O heaven! I muse a man of your importance
Will offer to bring me a letter thus.
Bas. Why, why, good mistresse, are you hurt in that?
Your answer may be what you will your selfe.
Mar. I, but you should not doe it: Gods my life!
You shall answer it.
Bas. Nay, you must answer it.
Mar. I answer it! Are you the man I trusted,
And will betray me to a stranger thus?
Bas. Thats nothing, dame; all friends were strangers first.
Mar. Now was there ever woman overseene so
In a wise mans discretion?

Bas. Your braine is shallow; come, receive this letter.

Mar. How dare you say so, when you know so well
How much I am engaged to the Duke?

Bas. The Duke? A proper match! a grave olde gentman,
Haz beard at will, and would, in my conceyt,
Make a most excellent patterne, for a potter,
To have his picture stampt on a jugge,
To keepe ale-knights in memorie of sobrietie.
Heere, gentle madam, take it.

Mar. "Take it," sir?
Am I [a] common taker of love letters?

Bas. "Common?" Why, when receiv'd you one before?

Mar. Come, tis no matter; I had thought your care
Of my bestowing would not tempt me thus
To one I know not; but it is because
You know I dote so much on your direction.

Bas. On my direction?

Mar. No, sir, not on yours.

Bas. Well, mistris, if you will take my advice
At any time, then take this letter now.

Mar. Tis strange; I woonder the coy gentleman,

353 *a jugge.* S, a stone jug. Cf. Act IV, Sc. iv, l. 120.
356 *I a common.* Emend. S. Qq, I common.

That seeing mee so oft would never speake,
Is on the sodaine so far wrapt to write.
Bas. It shewd his judgement that he would not speake,
Knowing with what a strict and jealous eie
He should be noted; holde, if you love yourselfe;
Now will you take this letter? pray be rulde.
[*He puts the letter into her hands.*]
Mar. Come, you have such another plaguie toung;
And yet, yfaith, I will not. [*She drops the letter.*]
Bas. Lord of Heaven!
What, did it burne your hands? holde, hold, I pray,
And let the words within it fire your heart.
[*He gives her the letter again.*]
Mar. I woonder how the devill he found you out
To be his spokesman, — O the Duke would thanke you
If he knew how you urgde me for his sonne.
[*She reads the letter.*]
Bas. [*aside*]. "The Duke!" I have fretted her
Even to the liver, and had much adoe
To make her take it, but I knew t'was sure;
For he that cannot turne and winde a woman
Like silke about his finger is no man.
Ile make her answer 't too.
Mar. O here 's good stuffe!

Hold, pray take it for your paines to bring it.
[*She returns him the letter.*]

Bas. Ladie, you erre in my reward a little,
Which must be a kind answere to this letter.

Mar. Nay, then, yfaith, t'were best you brought a priest,
And then your client, and then keepe the doore.
Gods me! I never knew so rude a man.

Bas. Wel, you shall answer; Ile fetch pen and paper. *Exit* [*Bassiolo*].

Mar. Poore usher, how wert thou wrought to this brake?
Men worke on one another for we women,
Nay, each man on himselfe; and all in one
Say: "No man is content that lies alone."
Here comes our gulled squire.

[*Re-enter Bassiolo.*]

Bas. Here, mistresse, write.

Mar. What should I write?

Bas. An answer to this letter.

Mar. Why, sir, I see no cause of answer in it,
But if you needs will shew how much you rule me,
Sit downe and answer it as you please your selfe;
Here is your paper, lay it faire afore you.

Bas. Lady, content; Ile be your secretorie.
[*He sits down to write.*]

Mar. [*aside*]. I fit him in this taske; he thinkes his penne
The shaft of Cupid in an amorous letter.
Bas. Is heere no great worth of your answer, say you?
Beleeve it, tis exceedingly well writ.
Mar. So much the more unfit for me to answere,
And therefore let your stile and it contend.
Bas. Well, you shall see I will not be farre short,
Although (indeede) I cannot write so well
When one is by, as when I am alone.
Mar. O, a good scribe must write, though twenty talke,
And he talke to them too.
Bas. Well, you shall see. [*He writes.*]
Mar. [*aside*]. A proper peece of scribesship, theres no doubt;
Some words pickt out of proclamations,
Or great mens speeches, or well-selling pamphlets:
See how he rubbes his temples: I beleeve
His muse lies in the backe-part of his braine,
Which, thicke and grosse, is hard to be brought forward. —
What? is it loath to come?
Bas. No, not a whit:
Pray hold your peace a little.

Mar. [*aside*]. He sweates with bringing on his heavie stile;
Ile plie him still, till he sweate all his wit out. — What, man, not yet?

Bas. Swoons, yowle not extort it from a man! How do you like the word, "endeare"?

Mar. O, fie upon 't!

Bas. Nay, then I see your judgement: what say you to "condole"?

Mar. Worse and worse.

Bas. O brave! I should make a sweete answer, if I should use no words but of your admittance.

Mar. Well, sir, write what you please.

Bas. Is "modell" a good word with you?

Mar. Put them togither, I pray.

Bas. So I will, I warrant you. [*He writes.*]

Mar. [*aside*]. See, see, see, now it comes powring downe.

Bas. I hope youle take no exceptions to "beleeve it."

Mar. Out upon 't! that phrase is so runne out of breath in trifles that we shall have no beleefe at all in earnest shortly. "Beleeve it, tis a prettie feather"; "Beleeve it, a daintie rush"; "Beleeve it, an excellent cocks-combe."

Bas. So, so, so, your exceptions sort very collaterally.

Mar. "Collaterally"? Theres a fine word now; wrest in that if you can by any meanes.

Bas. I thought she would like the very worst of them all! How thinke you? Do not I write, and heare, and talke, too, now?

Mar. By my soule, if you can tell what you write now, you write verie readily.

Bas. That you shall see straight.

Mar. But do you not write that you speake now?

Bas. O yes, doe you not see how I write it? I can not write when any bodie is by me, I!

Mar. Gods my life! stay man; youle make it too long.

Bas. Nay, if I can not tell what belongs to the length of a ladies device, yfaith!

Mar. But I will not have it so long.

Bas. If I can not fit you?

Mar. O me, how it comes upon him! pre thee be short.

Bas. Wel, now I have done, & now I wil reade it:

[*Reads.*] "Your lordships motive accõmodating my thoughts with the very model of my hearts mature consideration, it shall not be out of my element to negotiate with you in this amorous duello; wherein I will condole with you that our project cannot be so collaterally made as our

endeared hearts may verie well seeme to insinuate."

Mar. No more, no more; fie upon this!

Bas. "Fie upon this"? Hees accurst that haz to doe with these unsound women of judgement: if this be not good, yfaith!

Mar. But tis so good, t'will not be thought to come from a womans braine.

Bas. Thats another matter.

Mar. Come, I will write my selfe.

[*She sits down to write.*]

Bas. A Gods name, lady! and yet I will not loose this, I warrant you; [*folding up the letter.*] I know for what ladie this will serve as fit. Now we shall have a sweete peece of inditement.

Mar. How spell you "foolish"?

Bas. F, oo, l, i, sh. [*Aside.*] She will presume t' endite that cannot spel.

Mar. How spell you "usher"?

Bas. Sblood, you put not in those words togither, do you?

Mar. No, not togither.

Bas. What is betwixt, I pray?

Mar. "Asse the."

Bas. "Asse the"? Betwixt "foolish," and "usher"! Gods my life, "foolish asse the Usher"!

Mar. Nay then, you are so jealous of your wit! Now reade all I have written, I pray.

Bas. [*reads*]. "I am not so foolish as the Usher would make me," — O, "so foolish as the Usher would make me"? Wherein would I make you foolish?

Mar. Why, sir, in willing me to beleeve he lov'd me so wel, being so meere a stranger.

Bas. O, is 't so? You may say so, indeed.

Mar. Crie mercie, sir, and I will write so too. [*She begins to write, but stops.*] And yet my hand is so vile. Pray thee, sit thee downe and write as I bid thee.

Bas. With all my heart, lady. What shall I write now?

Mar. You shall write this, sir:

I am not so foolish to thinke you love me, being so meere a stranger —

Bas. [*writing*]. "So meere a stranger"!

Mar. And yet I know love works strangely —

Bas. "Love workes strangely —"

Mar. And therefore take heed by whom you speake for love —

Bas. "Speake for love —"

Mar. For he may speake for himselfe.

Bas. "May speake for himselfe —"

Mar. Not that I desire it —

Bas. "Desire it —"

Mar. But if he do, you may speede, I confesse.

512 *too. And yet.* Emend. ed. Qq, too, & yet.

Bas. "Speede, I confesse —"

Mar. But let that passe, I do not love to discourage any bodie; —

Bas. "Discourage any bodie —"

Mar. Do you, or he, picke out what you can; & so farewell.

Bas. "And so fare well." Is this all?

Mar. I, and he may thanke your syrens tongue that it is so much.

Bas. [*looking over the letter*]. A proper letter, if you marke it.

Mar. Well, sir, though it be not so proper as the writer, yet tis as proper as the inditer; everie woman cannot be a gentleman usher; they that cannot go before must come behind.

Bas. Well, ladie, this I will carrie instantly; I commend me tee, ladie. *Exit* [*Bassiolo*].

Mar. Pittifull usher, what a prettie sleight
Goes to the working up of everie thing!
What sweet varietie serves a womans wit!
We make men sue to us for that we wish.
Poore men, hold out a while, and do not sue,
And spite of custome we will sue to you.
Exit [*Margaret*].

Finis Actus Tertii.

Actus Quarti Scæna Prima.

[*Before the House of Strozza.*]

Enter Pogio running in, and knocking at Cynanches doore.

Pogio. O God, how wearie I am! Aunt, Madam Cynanche, aunt!

[*Enter Cynanche.*]

Cynanche. How now?

Pog. O God, aunt! O God, aunt! O God!

Cyn. What bad newes brings this man? Where is my lord?

Pog. O aunt, my uncle! hees shot.

Cyn. "Shot!" ay me! How is he shot?

Pog. Why, with a forked shaft, As he was hunting, full in his left side.

Cyn. O me accurst, where is hee? Bring me; where?

Pog. Comming with Doctor Benivemus; Ile leave you, and goe tell my Lord Vincentio.

Exit [*Pogio*].

Enter Benivemus with others, bringing in Strozza with an arrow in his side.

Cyn. See the sad sight; I dare not yeeld to griefe,

But force faind patience to recomfort him.
My lord, what chance is this? How fares your lordship?

Strozza. Wounded, and faint with anguish; let me rest.

Benivemus. A chaire.

Cyn. O Doctor, ist a deadly hurt?

Ben. I hope not, madam, though not free from danger.

Cyn. Why plucke you not the arrow from his side?

Ben. We cannot, lady, the forckt head so fast
Stickes in the bottome of his sollide ribbe.

Stro. No meane then, Doctor, rests there to educe it?

Ben. This onely, my good lord, to give your wound
A greater orifice, and in sunder break
The pierced ribbe, which being so near the midriffe,
And opening to the region of the heart,
Will be exceeding dangerous to your life.

Stro. I will not see my bosome mangled so,
Nor sternely be anatomizde alive;
Ile rather perish with it sticking still.

Cyn. O, no; sweete Doctor, thinke upon some help.

Ben. I tolde you all that can be thought in arte,

Which since your lordship will not yeelde to use,
Our last hope rests in Natures secret aide,
Whose power at length may happily expell it.
Stro. Must we attend at Deaths abhorred doore
The torturing delaies of slavish Nature?
My life is in mine owne powers to dissolve:
And why not then the paines that plague my life?
Rise, Furies, and this furie of my bane
Assaile and conquer: what men madnesse call
(That hath no eye to sense, but frees the soule,
Exempt of hope and feare, with instant fate)
Is manliest reason; manliest reason, then,
Resolve and rid me of this brutish life,
Hasten the cowardly protracted cure
Of all diseases: King of phisitians, Death,
Ile dig thee from this mine of miserie.
Cyn. O, hold, my lord; this is no Christian part,
Nor yet skarce manly, when your mankinde foe,
Imperious Death, shall make your grones his trumpets
To summon resignation of Lifes fort,
To flie without resistance; you must force
A countermine of fortitude, more deepe
Than this poore mine of paines, to blow him up,
And spight of him live victor, though subdu'd:

Patience in torment is a valure more
Than ever crownd th' Alcmenean conquerour.
Stro. Rage is the vent of torment; let me rise.
Cyn. Men doe but crie that rage in miseries,
And scarcely beaten children become cries:
Paines are like womens clamors, which the lesse
They find mens patience stirred, the more they cease.
Of this tis said, afflictions bring to God,
Because they make us like him, drinking up
Joyes that deforme us with the lusts of sense,
And turne our generall being into soule,
Whose actions, simply formed and applied,
Draw all our bodies frailties from respect.
Stro. Away with this unmedcinable balme
Of worded breath; forbeare, friends, let me rest;
I sweare I will be bands unto my selfe.
Ben. That will become your lordship best indeed.
Stro. Ile breake away, and leape into the sea,
Or from some turret cast me hedlong downe,
To shiver this fraile carkasse into dust.
Cyn. O my deare lord, what unlike words are these
To the late fruits of your religious noblesse?
Stro. Leave me, fond woman.
Cyn. Ile be hewne from hence
Before I leave you; helpe me, gentle Doctor.

Ben. Have patience, good my lord.
Stro. Then leade me in,
Cut off the timber of this cursed shaft,
And let the fork'd pile canker to my heart.
Cyn. Deare lord, resolve on humble sufferance.
Stro. I will not heare thee, woman; be content.
Cyn. O never shall my counsailes cease to knocke
At thy impatient eares till they flie in
And salve with Christian patience pagan sinne.
Exeunt [*omnes*].

[Scæna Secunda.

A Room in the House of Lasso.]

Enter Vincentio with a letter in his hand, [*and*] *Bassiolo.*

Bassiolo. This is her letter, sir; you now shall see
How seely a thing tis in respect of mine,
And what a simple woman she haz prov'd
To refuse mine for hers; I pray looke heere.
Vincentio. Soft, sir, I know not, I being her sworn servant,
If I may put up these disgracefull words,
Given of my mistris, without touch of honour.
Bas. "Disgracefull words!" I protest I speake not

To disgrace her, but to grace my selfe.
Vin. Nay then, sir, if it be to grace your selfe,
I am content; but otherwise, you know,
I was to take exceptions to a king.
Bas. Nay, y' are ith right for that; but reade, I pray;
If there be not more choice words in that letter
Than in any three of Guevaras *Golden Epistles*,
I am a very asse. How thinke you, Vince?
Vin. By heaven, no lesse, sir; it is the best thing— *He rends it* [*as if by mistake*].
Gods, what a beast am I!
Bas. It is no matter,
I can set it together againe.
Vin. Pardon me, sir, I protest I was ravisht:
But was it possible she should preferre
Hers before this?
Bas. O sir, she cride "Fie upon this"!
Vin. Well, I must say nothing; love is blind, you know, and can finde no fault in his beloved.
Bas. Nay, thats most certaine.
Vin. Gee 't me; Ile have this letter.
Bas. No, good Vince, tis not worth it.
Vin. Ile ha 't, ifaith. [*Taking Bassiolo's letter.*]

13–16 *Nay . . . Vince.* Prose in Qq and in S.
20–22 *Pardon . . . this.* Prose in Qq and in S.
23–32 *O sir . . . twere.* These lines might be forced into rough metrical form; but the rhythm seems that of prose.

Heeres enough in it to serve for my letters as long as I live; Ile keepe it to breede on as twere.

But I much wonder you could make her write.

Bas. Indeede there were some words belongd to that.

Vin. How strong an influence works in well-plac'd words!

And yet there must be a prepared love
To give those words so mighty a command,
Or twere impossible they should move so much:
And will you tell me true?

Bas. In any thing.

Vin. Does not this lady love you?

Bas. Love me? Why, yes; I thinke she does not hate me.

Vin. Nay, but, ifaith, does she not love you dearely?

Bas. No, I protest.

Vin. Nor have you never kist her?

Bas. Kist her! Thats nothing.

Vin. But you know my meaning:
Have you not beene, as one would say, afore me?

Bas. Not I, I sweare.

Vin. O, y' are too true to tell.

Bas. Nay, be my troth, she haz, I must confesse,

Usde me with good respect and nobly still,
But for such matters —
Vin. [*aside*]. Verie little more
Would make him take her maidenhead upon him. —
Well, friend, I rest yet in a little doubt,
This was not hers.
[*Pointing to Margaret's letter.*]
Bas. T'was, by that light that shines;
And Ile goe fetch her to you to confirme it
Vin. O passing friend!
Bas. But when she comes, in any case be bold,
And come upon her with some pleasing thing,
To shew y' are pleasde, how ever she behaves her:
As, for example, if she turne her backe,
Use you that action you would doe before,
And court her thus:
"Lady, your backe part is as faire to me
As is your fore part."
Vin. T'will be most pleasing.
Bas. I, for if you love
One part above another, tis a signe
You love not all alike; and the worst part
About your mistris you must thinke as faire,
As sweete and daintie, as the very best,

61–62 *Lady . . . part.* Printed as prose in Qq, continuously with l. 60, thus: *And court . . . part.*

So much for so much, and considering, too,
Each severall limbe and member in his kinde.
Vin. As a man should.
Bas. True; will you thinke of this?
Vin. I hope I shall.
Bas. But if she chance to laugh,
You must not lose your countenance, but devise
Some speech to shew you pleasde, even being laugh'd at.
Vin. I, but what speech?
Bas. Gods pretious, man! do something of your selfe!
But Ile devise a speech. *He studies.*
Vin. [*aside*]. Inspire him, Folly!
Bas. Or tis no matter; be but bold enough,
And laugh when she laughs, and it is enough:
Ile fetch her to you. *Exit* [*Bassiolo*].
Vin. Now was there ever such a demilance,
To beare a man so cleare through thicke and thinne?

[*Re-*]*enter Bassiolo.*

Bas. Or harke you, sir, if she should steale a laughter
Under her fanne, thus you may say, "Sweete lady,
If you will laugh and lie downe, I am pleasde."

70–71 *As . . . laugh.* Qq print as three lines: *As . . . should.* | *True . . . shall.* | *But . . . laugh.* |

Vin. And so I were, by heaven; how know you that?

Bas. Slid, man, Ile hit your very thoughts in these things.

Vin. Fetch her, sweete friend; Ile hit your words, I warrant.

Bas. Be bold then, Vince, and presse her to it hard.

A shame-fac'd man is of all women barr'd.

Exit [*Bassiolo*].

Vin. How easly worthlesse men take worth upon them,

And being over credulous of their owne worth,
Doe underprize as much the worth of others.
The foole is rich, and absurd riches thinks
All merit is rung out where his purse chinks.

[*Re-*]*enter Bassiolo, and Margaret.*

Bas. My lord, with much intreaty heeres my lady.

Nay, maddam, looke not backe: why, Vince, I say!

Margaret [*aside*]. "Vince"? O monstrous jeast!

Bas. To her, for shame!

[*As Vincentio approaches, Margaret turns her back upon him.*]

Vin. Lady, your backe part is as sweete to me as all your fore part.

Bas. [*aside*]. He miss'd a little: he said her back part was "sweet", when he should have said "faire"; but see, she laughs most fitly to bring in the tother.

Vince, to her againe; she laughs.

Vin. Laugh you, faire dame?
If you will laugh and lie downe, I am pleasde.

Mar. What villanous stuffe is heere?

Bas. Sweete mistris, of meere grace imbolden now
The kind young prince heere; it is onely love,
Upon my protestation, that thus daunts
His most heroicke spirit: so a while
Ile leave you close together; Vince, I say —
Exit [*Bassiolo*].

Mar. O horrible hearing! Does he call you Vince?

Vin. O I, what else? And I made him imbrace me,
Knitting a most familiar league of friendship.

Mar. But wherefore did you court me so absurdly?

Vin. Gods me, he taught me! I spake out of him.

Mar. O fie upon 't! Could you for pitty make him

104 *Vince . . . laughs.* Qq print as prose like the foregoing lines of this speech.

Such a poore creature? Twas abuse enough
To make him take on him such sawcie friendship;
And yet his place is great; for hees not onely
My fathers usher, but the worlds beside,
Because he goes before it all in folly.
Vin. Well, in these homely wiles must our loves maske,
Since power denies him his apparant right.
Mar. But is there no meane to dissolve that power,
And to prevent all further wrong to us,
Which it may worke by forcing mariage rites
Betwixt me and the Duke?
Vin. No meane but one,
And that is closely to be maried first,
Which I perceive not how we can performe;
For at my fathers comming backe from hunting,
I feare your father and himselfe resolve
To barre my interest with his present nuptialls.
Mar. That shall they never doe; may not we now
Our contract make, and marie before heaven?
Are not the lawes of God and Nature more
Than formall lawes of men? Are outward rites
More vertuous then the very substance is
Of holy nuptialls solemnizde within?

123 *loves*, so Qq. Query? love.

Or shall lawes made to curbe the common world,
That would not be contain'd in forme without them,
Hurt them that are a law unto themselves?
My princely love, tis not a priest shall let us:
But since th' eternall acts of our pure soules
Knit us with God, the soule of all the world,
He shall be priest to us; and with such rites
As we can heere devise we will expresse
And strongly ratifie our hearts true vowes,
Which no externall violence shall dissolve.
Vin. This is our onely meane t' enjoy each other:
And, my deare life, I will devise a forme
To execute the substance of our mindes
In honor'd nuptialls. First, then, hide your face
With this your spotlesse white and virgin vaile:
Now this my skarfe Ile knit about your arme,
As you shall knit this other end on mine,
And as I knit it, heere I vow by heaven,
By the most sweete imaginarie joyes
Of untride nuptialls, by Loves ushering fire
Fore-melting beautie, and Loves flame it selfe,
As this is soft and pliant to your arme
In a circumferent flexure, so will I
Be tender of your welfare and your will
As of mine owne, as of my life and soule,
In all things and for ever; onelie you

Shall have this care in fulnesse, onely you
Of all dames shall be mine, and onely you
Ile court, commend, and joy in, till I die.
Mar. With like conceit on your arme this I tie,
And heere in sight of heaven, by it I sweare,
By my love to you, which commands my life,
By the deare price of such a constant husband
As you have vowed to be, and by the joy
I shall imbrace by all meanes to requite you,
Ile be as apt to governe as this silke,
As private as my face is to this vaile,
And as farre from offence as this from blacknesse.
I will be courted of no man but you,
In and for you shall be my joyes and woes:
If you be sicke, I will be sicke, though well;
If you be well, I will be well, though sicke:
Your selfe alone my compleat world shall be,
Even from this houre to all eternity.
Vin. It is inough, and binds as much as marriage.

[*Re-*]*enter Bassiolo.*

Bas. Ile see in what plight my poore lover stands.
Gods me! a beckons me to have me gone,
It seemes hees entred into some good vaine:
Ile hence; Love cureth when he vents his paine. *Exit* [*Bassiolo*].

Vin. Now, my sweet life, we both remember well
What we have vow'd shall all be kept entire
Maugre our fathers wraths, danger, and death:
And to confirme this shall we spend our breath?
Be well advisde, for yet your choice shall be
In all things, as before, as large and free.

Mar. What I have vow'd, Ile keepe even past my death.

Vin. And I: and now in token I dissolve
Your virgin state, I take this snowie vaile
From your much fairer face, and claime the dues
Of sacred nuptialls: and now, fairest Heaven,
As thou art infinitely raisde from earth,
Diffrent and opposite, so blesse this match,
As farre remov'd from customes popular sects,
And as unstaind with her abhorr'd respects.

[*Re-*]*enter Bassiolo.*

Bas. Mistris, away; Pogio runnes up and downe,
Calling for Lord Vincentio; come away,
For hitherward he bends his clamorous haste.

Mar. Remember, love.

Exit Mar[*garet*] *and Bassiolo.*

Vin. Or else forget me Heaven!
Why am I sought for by this Pogio?
The asse is great with child of some ill newes,
His mouth is never fill'd with other sound.

Enter Pogio.

Pogio. Where is my Lord Vincentio? Where is my lord?

Vin. Here he is, asse; what an exclaiming keep'st thou!

Pog. Slood, my lord, I have followed you up and downe like a Tantalus pig, till I have worne out my hose here abouts, Ile be sworne, and yet you call me asse still; but I can tell you passing ill newes, my lord.

Vin. I know that well, sir; thou never bringst other.
Whats your newes now, I pray?

Pog. O Lord! my lord uncle is shot in the side with an arrow.

Vin. Plagues take thy tongue! Is he in any danger?

Pog. O, danger, I; he haz lien speechlesse this two houres, and talkes so idlely.

Vin. Accursed newes! Where is he? Bring me to him.

Pog. Yes, do you lead, and Ile guide you to him. *Exeunt* [*Vincentio and Pogio*].

218–219 *I . . . pray.* As prose in Qq.

[Scæna Tertia.

A Room in the House of Strozza.]

Enter Strozza brought in a chaire, Cynanche, with others.

Cynanche. How fares it now with my deare lord and husband?

Strozza. Come neere me, wife; I fare the better farre
For the sweete foode of thy divine advice.
Let no man value at a little price
A vertuous womans counsaile; her wing'd spirit
Is featherd oftentimes with heavenly words,
And (like her beautie) ravishing and pure;
The weaker bodie, still the stronger soule;
When good endevours do her powers applie,
Her love drawes neerest mans felicitie.
O what a treasure is a vertuous wife,
Discreet and loving! Not one gift on earth
Makes a mans life so highly bound to heaven;
She gives him double forces, to endure
And to enjoy, by being one with him,
Feeling his joies and griefes with equall sence;
And, like the twins Hypocrates reports,
If he fetch sighes, she drawes her breath as short:

Cynanche, with others. Qq read *Cynanche, Benenemus, with others.* But *Benivemus* does not enter till after l. 85.

If he lament, she melts her selfe in teares:
If he be glad, she triumphs: if he stirre,
She moov's his way: in all things his sweete ape:
And is, in alterations passing strange,
Himselfe divinely varied without change.
Gold is right pretious, but his price infects
With pride and avarice; Aucthority lifts
Hats from mens heades, and bowes the strongest knees,
Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hearts;
Musicke delights but one sence, nor choice meats;
One quickly fades, the other stirre to sinne;
But a true wife both sence and soule delights,
And mixeth not her good with any ill;
Her vertues (ruling hearts) all powres command;
All store without her leaves a man but poore;
And with her, povertie is exceeding store;
No time is tedious with her; her true woorth
Makes a true husband thinke his armes enfold
(With her alone) a compleate worlde of gold.

Cyn. I wish (deare love) I could deserve as much
As your most kinde conceipt hath well exprest:
But when my best is done, I see you wounded,
And neither can recure nor ease your pains.

Stro. Cynanche, thy advise hath made me well;

My free submission to the hand of Heaven
Makes it redeeme me from the rage of paine.
For though I know the malice of my wound
Shootes still the same distemper through my vaines,
Yet the judiciall patience I embrace,
(In which my minde spreads her impassive powres
Through all my suffring parts) expels their frailetie,
And rendering up their whole life to my soule,
Leaves me nought else but soule; and so, like her,
Free from the passions of my fuming blood.
Cyn. Would God you were so; and that too much payne
Were not the reason you felt sence of none.
Stro. Thinkst thou me mad, Cynanche? for mad men,
By paynes ungovernd, have no sense of payne.
But I, I tell you, am quite contrary,
Easde with well governing my submitted payne.
Be cheerd then, wife; and looke not for, in mee,
The manners of a common wounded man:
Humilitie hath raisde me to the starres;
In which (as in a sort of cristall globes)
I sit and see things hidde from humane sight.
I, even the very accidents to come

Are present with my knowledge; the seventh day
The arrow head will fall out of my side.
The seaventh day, wife, the forked head will out.
Cyn. Would God it would, my lord, and leave you wel!
Stro. Yes, the seventh day, I am assurd it will:
And I shall live, I know it; I thanke heaven,
I knowe it well; and Ile teach my phisition
To build his c[u]res heereafter upon heaven
More then on earthly medcines; for I knowe
Many things showne me from the op'ned skies
That passe all arts. Now my phisition
Is comming to me, he makes friendly haste;
And I will well requite his care of mee.
Cyn. How knowe you he is comming?
Stro. Passing well;
And that my deare friend, Lord Vincentio,
Will presently come see me too; Ile stay
(My good phisition) till my true friend come.
Cyn. [*aside*]. Ay me, his talke is idle, and, I feare,
Foretells his reasonable soule now leaves him.
Stro. Bring my phỳsition in, hee 's at the doore.

72 *cures.* Emend. ed. Qq, cares.
78–79 *Passing . . . Vincentio.* Qq print this as one line.

Cyn. Alas theres no physition !
Stro. But I know it ;
See, he is come.

Enter Benevemius.

Benevemus. How fares my worthy lord ?
Stro. Good Doctor, I endure no paine at all,
And, the seaventh day, the arrowes head will out.
Ben. Why should it fall out the seventh day, my lord ?
Stro. I know it ; the seventh day it will not faile.
Ben. I wish it may, my lord.
Stro. Yes, t'will be so.
You come with purpose to take present leave,
But you shall stay a while ; my lord Vincentio
Would see you faine, and now is comming hither.
Ben. How knowes your lordship ? Have you sent for him ?
Stro. No, but t'is very true ; hee 's now hard by,
And will not hinder your affaires a whit.
Ben. [*aside*]. How want of rest distempers his light braine !
Brings my lord any traine ?
Stro. None but himselfe.

85–86 *Alas . . . lord.* Qq print as four lines. *Alas . . . Physition.* | *But . . . it.* | *See . . . come.* | *How . . . lord?* |

My nephew Pogio now hath left his grace.
Good Doctor, go, and bring him by his hand
(Which he will give you) to my longing eyes.
Ben. Tis strange, if this be true.
Exit [*Benevemus*].
Cyn. The Prince, I thinke,
Yet knowes not of your hurt.

Enter Vincentio, holding the Doctors hand.

Stro. Yes, wife, too well.
See, he is come; welcome, my princely friend:
I have been shot, my lord; but the seventh day
The arrowes head will fall out of my side,
And I shall live.
Vincentio. I doe not feare your life;
But, Doctor, is it your opinion
That the seventh day the arrow head will out?
Stro. No, t'is not his opinion, t'is my knowledge:
For I doe know it well; and I do wish
Even for your onely sake, my noble lord,
This were the seventh day, and I now were well,
That I might be some strength to your hard state,
For you have many perils to endure:
Great is your danger, great; your unjust ill

103–104 *Tis . . . well.* Qq print as four lines. *Tis . . . true.* | *The . . . thinke,* | *Yet . . . hurt.* | *Yes . . . well.* |

Is passing foule and mortall; would to God
My wound were something well, I might be with you.
Nay, do not whisper; I know what I say
Too well for you, my lord; I wonder heaven
Will let such violence threat an innocent life.
Vin. What ere it be, deare friend, so you be well,
I will endure it all; your wounded state
Is all the daunger I feare towards me.
Stro. Nay, mine is nothing; for the seventh day
This arrow head will out, and I shall live;
And so shall you, I thinke; but verie hardly.
It will be hardly you will scape indeed.
Vin. Be as will be; pray heaven your prophecie
Be happily accomplished in your selfe,
And nothing then can come amisse to me.
Stro. What sayes my doctor? Thinks he I say true?
Ben. If your good lordship could but rest a while,
I would hope well.
Stro. Yes, I shall rest, I know,
If that will helpe your judgement.
Ben. Yes, it will,
And, good my lord, lets helpe you in to trie.
Stro. You please me much, I shall sleepe instantly. *Exeunt* [*omnes*].

[Scæna Quarta.

A Room in the House of Lasso.]

Enter Alphonso and Medice.

Alphonso. Why should the humorous boy forsake the chace,
As if he tooke advantage of my absence
To some act that my presence would offend?
Medice. I warrant you, my lord, t'is to that end:
And I beleeve he wrongs you in your love.
Children, presuming on their parents kindnesse,
Care not what unkind actions they commit
Against their quiet: and were I as you,
I would affright my sonne from these bold parts,
And father him as I found his deserts.
Alp. I sweare I will: and can I prove he aymes
At any interruption in my love,
Ile interrupt his life.
Med. We soone shall see,
For I have made Madam Corteza search
With pick-locks all the ladies cabynets
About Earle Lassos house; and if there be
Traffique of love twixt any one of them
And your suspected sonne t'will soone appeare
In some signe of their amorous marchandise;
See where she comes, loded with jems & papers.

Enter Cort[eza].

Corteza. See here, my lord, I have rob'd all
their caskets;
Know you this ring? this carquanet? this
chaine?
Will any of these letters serve your turne?
Alp. I know not these things; but come, let
me reade
Some of these letters.
[*Med.*] Madam, in this deed
You deserve highly of my lord the Duke.
Cor. Nay, my lord Medice, I thinke I told
you
I could do prettie well in these affaires:
O these yong girles engrosse up all the love
From us, (poore beldams!) but, I hold my
hand,
Ile ferret all the cunni-holes of their kindnesse
Ere I have done with them.
Alp. Passion of death!
See, see, Lord Medice, my trait'rous sonne
Hath long joyde in the favours of my love:
Woe to the wombe that bore him, and my care
To bring him up to this accursed houre,
In which all cares possesse my wretched life!
Med. What father would beleeve he had a
sonne

25 *Med.* Qq and S, *Lass.* See *Notes*, p. 292.

So full of trecherie to his innocent state?
And yet, my lord, this letter shewes no meeting,
But a desire to meete.
Cor. Yes, yes, my lord,
I doe suspect they meete; and I beleeve
I know well where too; I beleeve I doe;
And therefore tell me, does no creature know
That you have left the chase thus suddenly
And are come hither? Have you not beene seene
By any of these lovers?
Alp. Not by any.
Cor. Come then, come follow me; I am perswaded
I shall go neare to shew you their kind hands.
Their confidence that you are still a hunting
Will make your amorous sonne, that stole from thence,
Bold in his love-sports; come, come, a fresh chace!
I hold this pickelocke, you shall hunt at view.
What, do they thinke to scape! An old wives eye
Is a blew cristall full of sorcerie.
Alp. If this be trüe, the traitorous boy shall die. *Exeunt* [*omnes*].

49 *hands*, so Qq. Query, hants.

Enter Lasso, Margaret, Bassiolo going before.

Lasso. Tell me, I pray you, what strange hopes they are
That feed your coy conceits against the Duke,
And are prefer'd before the assured greatnes
His Highnesse graciously would make your fortunes.

Margaret. I have small hopes, my lord; but a desire
To make my nuptiall choice of one I love,
And as I would be loath t' impaire my state,
So I affect not honours that exceed it.

Las. O you are verie temp'rate in your choice,
Pleading a judgement past your sexe and yeares.
But I beleeve some fancie will be found
The forge of these gay gloses: if it be,
I shall descipher what close traitor tis
That is your agent in your secret plots—

Bassiolo [*aside*]. Swoones!

Las. And him for whom you plot; and on you all
I will revenge thy disobedience
With such severe correction as shall fright
All such deluders from the like attempts:
But chiefly he shall smart that is your factor.

Bas. [*aside*]. O me accurst!

Las. Meane time Ile cut
Your poore craft short, yfaith.

Mar. Poore craft, indeede,
That I, or any others, use for me.

Las. Well, dame, if it be nothing but the jarre
Of your unfitted fancie that procures
Your wilfull coynesse to my lord the Duke,
No doubt but time and judgement will conforme it
To such obedience as so great desert
Proposde to your acceptance doth require.
To which end doe you counsaile her, Bassiolo.
And let me see, maid, gainst the Duks returne,
Another tincture set upon your lookes
Then heretofore; for be assur'd at last
Thou shalt consent, or else incurre my curse:
Advise her you, Bassiolo. *Exit* [*Lasso*].

Bas. I, my good lord;
[*Aside.*] Gods pittie, what an errant asse was I
To entertaine the Princes craftie friendship!
Slood, I halfe suspect the villaine guld me.

Mar. Our squire, I thinke, is startl'd.

Bas. Nay, ladie, it is true,
And you must frame your fancie to the Duke,
For I protest I will not be corrupted,
For all the friends and fortunes in the world,
To gull my lord that trusts me.

Mar. O sir, now,
Y'are true too late.

Bas. No, ladie, not a whit;
Slood, and you thinke to make an asse of me,
May chance to rise betimes; I know 't, I know.

Mar. Out, servile coward! Shall a light suspect,
That hath no slendrest proofe of what we do,
Infringe the weightie faith that thou hast sworne
To thy deare friend the Prince, that dotes on thee,
And will in peeces cut thee for thy falshood?
Bas. I care not; Ile not hazard my estate
For any prince on earth: and Ile disclose
The complot to your father, if you yeeld not
To his obedience.
Mar. Doe, if thou dar'st,
Even for thy scrapt up living and thy life!
Ile tell my father, then, how thou didst wooe me
To love the yong Prince, and didst force me, too,
To take his letters; I was well enclin'd,
I will be sworne, before, to love the Duke,
But thy vile railing at him made me hate him.
Bas. I raile at him?
Mar. I, marie, did you, sir;
And said he was a patterne for a potter,
Fit t' have his picture stampt on a stone jugge,
To keepe ale-knights in memorie of sobriety.
Bas. [*aside*]. Sh'as a plaguie memory!
Mar. I could have lov'd him else; nay, I did love him,
Though I dissembled it, to bring him on,
And I by this time might have beene a Dutchesse;

And now I thinke on 't better, for revenge
Ile have the Duke, and he shall have thy head
For thy false wit within it to his love.
Now goe and tell my father, pray be gone.
Bas. Why, and I will goe.
Mar. Goe, for Gods sake goe; are you heere yet?
Bas. Well, now I am resolv'd. [*Going.*]
Mar. Tis bravely done, farewell: but do you heare, sir?
Take this with you besides: the young Prince keepes
A certaine letter you had writ for me,
("Endearing," and "Condoling," and "Mature")
And if you should denie things, that, I hope,
Will stop your impudent mouth: but goe your waies,
If you can answer all this, why tis well.
Bas. Well, lady, if you will assure me heere
You will refraine to meete with the young Prince,
I will say nothing.
Mar. Good sir, say your worst,
For I will meete him, and that presently.
Bas. Then be content, I pray, and leave me out,
And meete heereafter as you can your selves.

Mar. No, no, sir, no; tis you must fetch him to me,
And you shal fetch him, or Ile do your arrand.
Bas. [*aside*]. Swounds, what a spight is this! I will resolve
T' endure the worst; tis but my foolish feare
The plot will be discoverd. — O the gods!
Tis the best sport to play with these young dames;
I have dissembl'd, mistris, all this while;
Have I not made you in a pretty taking?
Mar. O tis most good! thus may you play on me;
You cannot be content to make me love
A man I hated till you spake for him
With such inchanting speeches as no friend
Could possibly resist; but you must use
Your villanous wit to drive me from my wits:
A plague of that bewitching tongue of yours!
Would I had never heard your scurvie words.
Bas. Pardon, deare dame, Ile make amends, ifaith;
Thinke you that Ile play false with my deare Vince?
I swore that sooner Hybla should want bees,
And Italy bone robes, then I faith;

165–166 *then I faith*; | *And.* Emend. ed. Qq, *then I; faith* | *And.* S, than — i'faith, | And.

And so they shall.
Come, you shall meete, and double meete, in spight
Of all your foes, and dukes that dare maintaine them,
A plague of all old doters! I disdaine them.
Mar. Said like a friend; O let me combe the cokscombe.
[*Exeunt Margaret and Bassiolo.*]

170 *the.* So Qq. Query, thy.

Finis Actus Quarti.

Actus Quinti Scæna Prima.

[*A Room, with a Gallery, in the House of Lasso.*]

Enter Alphonso, Medice, Lasso, Cortezza above.

Corteza. Heere is the place will doe the deede, ifaith;
This, Duke, will shew thee how youth puts downe age,
I, and perhaps how youth does put downe youth.
Alphonso. If I shall see my love in any sort
Prevented, or abusde, th' abuser dies.
Lasso. I hope there is no such intent, my liege,
For sad as death should I be to behold it.
Medice. You must not be too confident, my lord,
Or in your daughter, or in them that guard her.
The Prince is politike, and envies his father:
And though not for himselfe, nor any good
Intended to your daughter, yet because
He knowes t'would kill his father, he would seeke her.
Cor. Whist, whist, they come.

[*They crouch in upper stage.*]

Enter [*below*] *Bassiolo, Vincentio, and Margaret.*

Bassiolo. Come, meete me boldly, come,
And let them come from hunting when they dare.

Vincentio. Haz the best spirit!
Bas. "Spirit"? What a plague!
Shall a man feare capriches? You, forsooth,
Must have your love come t'ee, and when he comes,
Then you grow shamefac'd, and he must not touch you:
But "Fie, my father comes!" and "Foe, my aunt!"
O t'is a wittie hearing, ist not, thinke you?
Vin. Nay, pray thee doe not mocke her, gentle friend.
Bas. Nay, you are even as wise a wooer too;
If she turne from you, you even let her turne,
And say you doe not love to force a lady,
T'is too much rudenesse. Gosh hat! what 's a lady?
Must she not be touch'd? What, is she copper, thinke you,
And will not bide the touch-stone? Kisse her, Vince,
And thou doost love me, kisse her.
Vin. Lady, now
I were too simple if I should not offer.
[*He kisses her.*]
Margaret. O God, sir, pray, away; this man talks idlely.
Bas. How shay by that? Now by that candle there,

Were I as Vince is, I would handle you
In ruftie tuftie wise, in your right kinde.
Mar. [*aside*]. O, you have made him a sweete beagle; ha'y not?
Vin. [*aside*]. T'is the most true beleever in himselfe
Of all that sect of follie; faith 's his fault.
Bas. So, to her, Vince! I give thee leave, my lad.
"Sweete were the words my mistris spake,
When teares fell from her eyes."
He lies down by them.
Thus, as the lyon lies before his den,
Guarding his whelps, and streakes his carelesse limbs,
And when the panther, foxe, or wolfe comes neere,
He never daines to rise to fright them hence,
But onely puts forth one of his sterne pawes,
And keepes his deare whelps safe, as in a hutch,
So I present his person, and keepe mine.
Foxes, goe by; I put my terror forth.
Cant[*at*].
Let all the world say what they can,
Her bargaine best she makes,
That hath the wit to choose a man,
To pay for that he takes.
Belle Piu, &c. *Iterum cant*[*at*].

39–40 *Sweete . . . eyes.* One line in Qq.

Dispatch, sweete whelps, the bug, the Duke, comes strait:
O tis a grave old lover, that same Duke,
And chooses minions rarely, if you marke him,
The noble Medice, that man, that Bobbadilla,
That foolish knave, that hose and dublet stinckard!
Med. Swounds, my lord, rise, lets indure no more.
Alp. A little, pray, my lord, for I beleeve
We shall discover very notable knavery.
Las. Alas, how I am greev'd and sham'd in this!
Cor. Never care you, lord brother, theres no harme done.
Bas. But that sweet creature, my good lords sister,
Madam Cortezza, she, the noblest dame
That ever any veine of honour bled,
There were a wife, now, for my Lord the Duke,
Had he the grace to choose her; but, indeede,
To speake her true praise I must use some study.
Cor. Now truly, brother, I did ever thinke
This man the honestest man that ere you kept.
Las. So, sister, so, because he praises you.
Cor. Nay, sir, but you shall heare him further yet.
Bas. Were not her head sometimes a little light,

And so, unapt for matter of much weight,
She were the fittest and the worthiest dame
To leape a window, and to breake her necke,
That ever was.
Cor. Gods pitty, arrant knave!
I ever thought him a dissembling varlot.
Bas. Well, now, my hearts, be warie, for by this
I feare the Duke is comming; Ile go watch,
And give you warning: I commend me t'ee.
Exit [*Bassiolo*].
Vin. O fine phrase!
Mar. And very timely usde!
Vin. What now, sweete life, shall we resolve upon?
We never shall injoy each other heere.
Mar. Direct you then, my lord, what we shall doe,
For I am at your will, and will indure
With you the cruellst absence from the state
We both were borne too that can be supposde.
Vin. That would extreamely greeve me; could my selfe
Onely indure the ill our hardest fates
May lay on both of us, I would not care;
But to behold thy sufferance I should die.
Mar. How can your lordship wrong my love so much

To thinke the more woe I sustaine for you
Breedes not the more my comfort? I, alas,
Have no meane else to make my merit even
In any measure with your eminent worth.

[*Re-*]*enter Bassiolo.*

Bas. [*aside*]. Now must I exercise my timorous lovers,
Like fresh arm'd souldiers, with some false alarms,
To make them yare and warie of their foe,
The boistrous bearded Duke: Ile rush upon them
With a most hideous cry.
— The Duke! the Duke! the Duke!
[*Vincentio and Margaret run out.*]
Ha, ha, ha, wo ho, come againe, I say;
The Duke 's not come, ifaith.

[*Re-enter Vincentio and Margaret.*]

Vin. Gods precious, man!
What did you meane to put us in this feare?
Bas. O sir, to make you looke about the more;
Nay, we must teach you more of this, I tell you:
What, can you be too safe, sir? What, I say,
Must you be pamperd in your vanities?
[*Aside.*] Ah, I do domineere and rule the rost.
Exit [*Bassiolo*].

Mar. Was ever such an ingle? Would to God,
(If twere not for our selves) my father saw him.
Las. Minion, you have your praier, and my curse,
For your good huswiferie.
Med. What saies your Highnesse?
Can you indure these injuries any more?
Alp. No more, no more; advise me what is best
To be the penance of my gracelesse sonne.
Med. My lord, no meane but death or banishment
Can be fit penance for him, if you meane
T'injoy the pleasure of your love your selfe.
Cor. Give him plaine death, my lord, and then y'are sure.
Alp. Death, or his banishment, he shall indure
For wreake of that joyes exile I sustaine.
Come, call our gard, and apprehend him strait.
Exeunt [*Alphonso, Medice, Lasso, and Corteza*].
Vin. I have some jewells, then, my dearest life,
Which, with what ever we can get beside,
Shall be our meanes, and we will make escape.

Enter Bassiolo running.

Bas. Sblood, the Duke and all come now in earnest;

The Duke, by heaven, the Duke!
Vin. Nay, then, ifaith,
Your jeast is too too stale.
Bas. Gods pretious,
By these ten bones, and by this hat and heart,
The Duke and all comes! See, we are cast away! *Exeunt* [*Bassiolo and Vincentio*].

Enter Alphonso, Medice, Lasso, [*who seizes Margaret,*] *Cortezza, and Julio.*

Alp. Lay hands upon them all, pursue, pursue!
Las. Stay, thou ungracious girle!
Alp. Lord Medice,
Leade you our guard, and see you apprehend
The treacherous boy, nor let him scape with life
Unlesse he yeelde to his [eternall] exile.
Med. T'is princely said, my lord.
Exit [*Medice*].
Las. And take my usher!
Mar. Let me goe into exile with my lord;
I will not live, if I be left behinde.
Las. Impudent damzell, wouldst thou follow him?
Mar. He is my husband, whom else should I follow?
Las. Wretch, thou speakest treason to my lord the Duke.

137 *eternall.* Emend S. Qq, external, probably influenced by the following word, *exile.*

Alp. Yet love me, lady, and I pardon all.
Mar. I have a husband, and must love none else.
Alp. Dispightfull dame, Ile dis-inherit him,
And thy good father heere shall cast off thee,
And both shall feede on ayre, or starve and die.
Mar. If this be justice, let it be our doomes:
If free and spotlesse love in equall yeares,
With honours unimpaired, deserve such ends,
Let us approve what justice is in friends.
Las. You shall, I sweare; sister, take you her close
Into your chamber, locke her fast alone,
And let her stirre, nor speake with any one.
Cor. She shall not, brother: come, neece, come with me.
Mar. Heaven save my love, and I will suffer gladly. *Exeunt Cor*[*teza and*] *Mar*[*garet*].
Alp. Haste, Julio, follow thou my sons pursuit,
And will Lord Medice not to hurt nor touch him,
But either banish him, or bring him backe:
Charge him to use no violence to his life.
Julio. I will, my lord. *Exit Julio.*
Alp. O Nature! how, alas,
Art thou and Reason, thy true guide, opposde!
More bane thou tak'st to guide Sense, led amisse,
Then, being guided, Reason gives thee blisse.
Exeunt [*Alphonso and Lasso*].

[Scæna Secunda.

A Room in the House of Strozza.]

Enter Cynanche, Benevenius, Ancilla, Strozza having the arrow head [in his hand].

Strozza. Now see, good Doctor, t'was no frantike fancie
That made my tongue presage this head should fall
Out of my wounded side the seventh day;
But an inspired rapture of my minde,
Submitted and conjoynde in patience
To my Creator, in whom I fore-saw
(Like to an angell) this divine event.

Benivemus. So is it plaine, and happily approv'd
In a right Christian president, confirming
What a most sacred medcine patience is,
That with the high thirst of our soules cleare fire
Exhausts corporeall humour, and all paine,
Casting our flesh off, while we it retaine.

Cynanche. Make some religious vow then, my deare lord,
And keepe it in the proper memorie
Of so celestiall and free a grace.

Stro. Sweete wife, thou restest my good angell still,

Suggesting by all meanes these ghostly counsailes.
Thou weariest not thy husbands patient eares
With motions for new fashions in attire,
For change of jewells, pastimes, and nice cates,
Nor studiest eminence, and the higher place
Amongst thy consorts, like all other dames;
But knowing more worthy objects appertaine
To every woman that desires t' injoy
A blessed life in mariage, thou contemn'st
Those common pleasures, and pursu'st the rare,
Using thy husband in those vertuous gifts
For which thou first didst choose him, and thereby
Cloy'st not with him, but lov'st him endlesly.
In reverence of thy motion, then, and zeale
To that most soveraigne power that was my cure,
I make a vowe to goe on foote to Rome,
And offer humbly in S[aint] Peters Temple
This fatall arrow head: which work let none judge
A superstitious rite, but a right use,
Proper to this peculiar instrument,
Which, visiblie resignde to memorie,
Through every eye that sees will stirre the soule
To gratitude and progresse, in the use

34 *Saint Peters.* Emend. ed. Qq, *S. Peters*

Of my tried patience, which, in my powers ending,
Would shut th' example out of future lives.
No act is superstitious that applies
All power to God, devoting hearts through eyes.
Ben. Spoke with the true tongue of a nobleman:
But now are all these excitations toyes,
And Honor fats his braine with other joyes.
I know your true friend, Prince Vincentio,
Will triumph in this excellent effect
Of your late prophecie.
Stro. O, my deare friends name
Presents my thoughts with a most mortall danger
To his right innocent life: a monstrous fact
Is now effected on him.
Cyn. Where? or how?
Stro. I doe not well those circumstances know,
But am assur'd the substance is too true.
Come, reverend Doctor, let us hearken out
Where the young Prince remaines, and beare with you
Medcines t' allay his danger; if by wounds,
Beare pretious balsome, or some soveraigne juyce;
If by fell poison, some choice antidote;
If by blacke witchcraft, our good spirits and prayers

Shall exorcise the divelish wrath of hell
Out of his princely bosome.

Enter Pogio running.

Pogio. Where? where? where?
Where 's my lord uncle, my lord my uncle?

Stro. Here 's the ill tydings-bringer; what newes now
With thy unhappie presence?

Pog. O my lord, my lord Vincentio
Is almost kild by my lord Medice.

Stro. See, Doctor, see, if my presage be true!
And well I know if he have hurt the Prince,
T'is trecherously done, or with much helpe.

Pog. Nay, sure, he had no helpe but all the Dukes guard; and they set upon him indeed; and after he had defended himselfe, dee see? he drew, & having as good as wounded the lord Medice almost, he strake at him, and missd him, dee marke?

Stro. What tale is here? Where is this mischiefe done?

Pog. At Monks-well, my lord; Ile guide you to him presently.

Stro. I doubt it not; fooles are best guides to ill,
And Mischiefes readie way lies open still.
Lead, sir, I pray. *Exeunt* [*omnes*].

63–64 *Where . . . my uncle.* Qq print this speech by *Pogio* as two lines of prose.

66–67 *O my . . . Medice.* Qq print as one line of prose.

[Scæna Tertia.

Corteza's Chamber, a Tower-room in Lasso's House.]

Enter Corteza and Margaret above.

Corteza. Quiet your selfe, nece; though your love be slaine,
You have another that 's woorth two of him.
Margaret. It is not possible; it cannot be
That heaven should suffer such impietie.
Cor. T'is true, I sweare, neece.
Mar. O most unjust truth!
Ile cast my selfe downe headlong from this tower,
And force an instant passage for my soule,
To seeke the wandring spirit of my lord.
Cor. Will you do so, neece? That I hope you will not;
And yet there was a maid in Saint Marks streete
For such a matter did so, and her clothes
Flew up about her so as she had no harme:
And grace of God, your clothes may flie up too,
And save you harmelesse; for your cause and hers
Are ene as like as can be.
Mar. I would not scape;
And certainly I thinke the death is easie.

Cor. O t'is the easiest death that ever was;
Looke, neece, it is so farre hence to the ground,
You shoulde bee quite dead long before you felt it.
Yet do not leape, neece.
Mar. I will kill my selfe
With running on some sworde, or drinke strong poison;
Which death is easiest I would faine endure.
Cor. Sure Cleopatra was of the same minde,
And did so; she was honord ever since:
Yet do not you so, neece.
Mar. Wretch that I am, my heart is softe and faint,
And trembles at the verie thought of death,
Though thoughts ten-folde more greevous do torment it;
Ile feele death by degrees, and first deforme
This my accursed face with uglie wounds,
That was the first cause of my deare loves death.
Cor. That were a cruell deed; yet Adelasia,
In Pettis *Pallace of Petit Pleasure*,
For all the worlde with such a knife as this
Cut off her cheeks and nose, and was commended
More then all dames that kept their faces whole.
[*Margaret seizes the knife and offers to cut her face.*]
O do not cut it.

Mar. Fie on my faint heart!
It will not give my hand the wished strength;
Beholde the just plague of a sensuall life,
That, to preserve it selfe in Reasons spight
And shunne Deaths horror, feels it ten times more.
Unworthy women! Why doe men adore
Our fading beauties, when, their worthiest lives
Being lost for us, we dare not die for them?
Hence haplesse ornaments that adorn'd this head,
Disorder ever these [enticing curles]
And leave my beautie like a wildernesse,
That never mans eie more may dare t' invade.
Cor. Ile tell you, neece,—and yet I will not tell you
A thing that I desire to have you doe—
But I will tell you onely what you might doe,
Cause I would pleasure you in all I cud.
I have an ointment heere which we dames use
To take off haire when it does growe too lowe
Upon our foreheads, and that, for a neede,
If you should rub it hard upon your face,
Would blister it, and make it looke most vildely.
Mar. O give me that, aunt.
Cor. Give it you, virgin? That were well indeede:
Shall I be thought to tempt you to such matters?

46 *enticing curles.* Emend. S. Qq, entring carles.

Mar. None (of my faith) shall know it: gentle aunt,
Bestow it on me, and Ile ever love you.
Cor. Gods pitty, but you shall not spoile your face.
Mar. I will not then, indeede.
Cor. Why then, neece, take it:
But you shall sweare you will not.
Mar. No, I sweare.
[*She seizes the box and rubs her face with the ointment.*]
Cor. What, doe you force it from me? Gods my deare!
Will you mis-use your face so? What, all over?
Nay, if you be so desp'rate, Ile be gone.
Exit [*Corteza*].
Mar. Fade, haplesse beauty, turne the ugliest face
Th[at] ever Æthiop, or affrightfull fiend,
Shew'd in th' amaz[e]d eye of prophan'd light:
See, pretious love, if thou be [yet] in ayre,
And canst breake darknesse and the strongest towres
With thy dissolved intellectuall powres,

70 *That.* Emend. S. Qq, The.
71 *amazed.* Emend. S. Qq, amaz'd.
72 *yet.* Emend. ed. Qq, it.

See a worse torment suffered for thy death
Then if it had extended his blacke force
In seven-fold horror to my hated life.
Smart, pretious ointment, smart, and to my braine
Sweate thy envenom'd furie, make my eyes
Burne with thy sulphre like the lakes of hell,
That feare of me may shiver him to dust
That eate his owne childe with the jawes of lust. [*Exit Margaret.*]

[Scæna Quarta.

A Room in Lasso's House.]

Enter Alphonso, Lasso, and others.

Alphonso. I wonder how farre they pursu'd my sonne,
That no returne of him or them appears;
I feare some haplesse accident is chanc'd
That makes the newes so loath to pierce mine eares.

Lasso. High Heaven vouchsafe no such effect succeede
Those wretched causes that from my house flow,
But that in harmelesse love all acts may end.

Enter Cortezza.

Corteza. What shall I do? Alas, I cannot rule

Exit Margaret. Qq, Exeunt.

My desparate neece; all her sweete face is spoylde,
And I dare keepe her prisoner no more:
See, see, she comes, frantike and all undrest.

Enter Marg[*aret*].

Margaret. Tyrant! behold how thou hast usde thy love;
See, theefe to Nature, thou hast kil'd and rob'd,
Kil'd what my selfe kill'd, rob'd what makes thee poore.
Beautie (a lovers treasure) thou hast lost
Where none can find it; all a poore maides dowre
Thou hast forc'd from me, all my joy and hope.
No man will love me more; all dames excell me:
This ougly thing is now no more a face
Nor any vile forme in all earth resembled,
But thy fowle tyrannie; for which all the paines
Two faithfull lovers feele, that thus are parted,
All joyes they might have felt, turne all to paines;
All a yong virgin thinks she does endure
To loose her love and beautie, on thy heart
Be heapt and prest downe till thy soule depart.

Enter Julio.

Julio. Haste, Liege! your sonne is daungerously hurt.

20 *resembled*, so Qq. S, resembles.

Lord Medice, contemning your commaund,
By me delivered, as your Highnesse will'd,
Set on him with your guard, who strooke him downe;
And then the coward lord with mortall wounds
And slavish insolencie plow'd up his soft breast;
Which barbarous fact, in part, is laid on you;
For first enjoyning it, and fowle exclaimes
In pittie of your sonne your subjects breathe
Gainst your unnaturall furie; amongst whom
The good Lord Strozza desp'rately raves,
And vengeance for his friends injustice craves.
See where he comes, burning in zeale of friendship.

Enter Strozza, Vincentio, brought in a chaire, Benevenius, Pogio, Cynanche, with a guard, & Medice.

Strozza. Where is the tyrant? Let me strike his eyes
Into his braine with horror of an object.
See, pagan Nero, see how thou hast ript
Thy better bosome, rooted up that flowre
From whence thy now spent life should spring anew,
And in him kild (that would have bred thee fresh)
Thy mother and thy father.

Vincentio. Good friend, cease.

guard . . . &. Between these words Qq insert "*Strozza before.*"

Stro. What hag, with child of monster, would have nurst
Such a prodigious longing? But a father
Would rather eate the brawne out of his armes
Then glut the mad worme of his wilde desires
With his deare issues entrailes.
Vin. Honourd friend,
He is my father, and he is my prince,
In both whose rights he may commaund my life.
Stro. What is a father? Turne his entrailes gulfs
To swallow children when they have begot them?
And whats a prince? Had all beene vertuous men,
There never had beene prince upon the earth,
And so no subject; all men had beene princes:
A vertuous man is subject to no prince,
But to his soule and honour, which are lawes
That carrie fire and sword within themselves,
Never corrupted, never out of rule;
What is there in a prince that his least lusts
Are valued at the lives of other men?
When common faults in him should prodigies be,
And his grosse dotage rather loath'd then sooth'd.
Alp. How thicke and heavily my plagues descend,
Not giving my mazde powres a time to speake!

Poure more rebuke upon me, worthie lord,
For I have guilt and patience for them all:
Yet know, deare sonne, I did forbid thy harme;
This gentleman can witnes, whom I sent
With all command of haste to interdict
This forward man in mischiefe not to touch thee:
Did I not, Julio? Utter nought but truth.
Jul. All your guard heard, my lord, I gave your charge
With lowd and violent itterations.
After all which Lord Medice cowardly hurt him.
The Guard. He did, my princely Lord.
Alp. Beleeve then, sonne,
And know me pierst as deeply with thy wounds:
And pardon, vertuous lady, that have lost
The dearest treasure proper to your sexe,
Ay me, it seemes, by my unhappie meanes!
O would to God I could with present cure
Of these unnaturall wounds, and moning right
Of this abused beautie, joyne you both,
(As last I left you) in eternall nuptials.
Vin. My lord, I know the malice of this man,
Not your unkinde consent, hath usde us thus.
And since I make no doubt I shall survive
These fatall dangers, and your Grace is pleasde

85 *moning right*, so Qq. Mr. P. A. Daniel suggests "moving sight."

To give free course to my unwounded love,
T'is not this outward beauties ruthfull losse
Can any thought discourage my desires:
And therefore, deare life, doe not wrong me so
To thinke my love the shadow of your beautie;
I wooe your vertues, which as I am sure
No accident can alter or empaire,
So, be you certaine, nought can change my love.
Mar. I know your honourable minde, my lord,
And will not do it that unworthie wrong
To let it spend her forces in contending
(Spite of your sence) to love me thus deformed:
Love must have outward objects to delight him,
Else his content will be too grave and sowre.
It is inough for me, my lord, you love,
And that my beauties sacrifice redeemde
My sad feare of your slaughter. You first lov'd me
Closely for beautie, which being with'red thus,
Your love must fade: when the most needfull rights
Of Fate and Nature have dissolv'd your life,
And that your love must needs be all in soule,
Then will we meete againe; and then (deare love)
Love me againe; for then will beautie be
Of no respect with Loves eternitie.
Vin. Nor is it now: I wooed your beautie first

But as a lover: now, as a deare husband,
That title and your vertues binde me ever.
Mar. Alas! that title is of little force
To stirre up mens affections; when wives want
Outward excitements, husbands loves grow skant.
Benivemus. Assist me, Heaven; and Art, give me your maske;
Open thou little store-house of great Nature,
Use an Elixar drawne through seven yeares fire,
That like Medeas cauldron can repaire
The ugliest losse of living temp'rature;
And for this princely paire of vertuous turtles
Be lavish of thy pretious influence.
Lady, t' attone your honourable strife,
And take all let from your loves tender eyes,
Let me for ever hide this staine of beauty
With this recureful maske.
[*Putting a mask on Margaret's face.*]
Heere be it fix'd
With painelesse operation; of it selfe,
(Your beauty having brook'd three daies eclips)
Like a dissolved clowd it shall fall off,
And your faire lookes regaine their freshest raies:
So shall your princely friend, (if heaven consent)
In twice your sufferd date renue recure;
Let me then have the honor to conjoyne
Your hands conformed to your constant hearts.

122 *Heaven; and Art, give me.* Query, *Heaven and Art! Give me.* See *Notes*, p. 295.

Alp. Grave Benevenius, honorable Doctor,
On whose most soveraigne Æsculapian hand
Fame with her richest miracles attends,
Be fortunate, as ever heeretofore,
That we may quite thee both with gold and honour,
And, by thy happy meanes, have powre to make
My sonne and his much injur'd love amends;
Whose well proportion'd choice we now applaud,
And blesse all those that ever further'd it.
Where is your discreete usher, my good lord,
The speciall furtherer of this equall match?

Jul. Brought after by a couple of your guard.

Alp. Let him be fetch'd, that we may doe him grace.

Pogio. Ile fetch him, my lord; [*detaining Julio.*] away, you must not go: O here he comes!

[*Enter Bassiolo guarded.*]

O Master Usher, I am sorie for you, you must presently be chopt in peeces.

Bassiolo. Wo to that wicked Prince that ere I saw him!

Pog. Come, come, I gull you, Master Usher; you are like to be the Dukes minion, man; dee thinke I would have beene seene in your companie, and you had beene out of favour? Here's my friend Maister Usher, my lord.

Alp. Give me your hand, friend; pardon us, I pray;
We much have wrong'd your worth, as one that knew
The fitnesse of this match above our selves.
Bas. Sir, I did all things for the best, I sweare;
And you must thinke I would not have beene gul'd;
I know what 's fit, sir, as I hope you know now:
Sweete Vince, how far'st thou? Be of honourd cheere.
Las. "Vince" does he call him? O foole, dost thou call
The Prince, Vince, like his equall?
Bas. O my lord, ahlas!
You know not what haz past twixt us two;
Here in thy bosome I will lie, sweete Vince,
And die if thou die, I protest by Heaven.
Las. I know not what this meanes.
Alp. Nor I, my lord;
But sure he saw the fitnes of the match
With freer and more noble eies then we.
Pog. Why I saw that as well as he, my lord;
I knew t'was a foolish match betwixt you two; did you not thinke so, my Lord Vincentio? Lord

165–166 *We . . . selves.* Q prints this as prose.
173 *past.* Query, passèd. S, pass'd betwixt.

uncle, did I not say at first of the Duke: "Will his antiquitie never leave his iniquitie"?

Stro. Go to, too much of this; but aske this lord,
If he did like it.

Pog. Who, my Lord Medice?

Stro. Lord Stinkard, man, his name is; aske him: "Lord Stinkard, did you like the match?" Say.

Pog. My lord Stinkard, did you like the match betwixt the Duke and my ladie Margaret?

Medice. Presumptuous sicophant, I will have thy life. [*He draws on Pogio.*]

Alp. Unworthie lord, put up: thirst'st thou more blood?
Thy life is fitt'st to be call'd in question
For thy most murthrous cowardise on my sonne;
Thy forwardnesse to every cruelty
Calls thy pretended noblesse in suspect.

Stro. "Noblesse," my lord? Set by your princely favour
That gave the lustre to his painted state,
Who ever view'd him but with deepe contempt,
As reading vilenesse in his very lookes?
And if he prove not sonne of some base drudge,
Trim'd up by Fortune, being dispos'd to jeast

193 *fitt'st.* So Qq. Query, fittest.

And dally with your state, then that good angell
That by divine relation spake in me,
Fore-telling these foule dangers to your sonne,
And without notice brought this reverend man
To rescue him from death, now failes my tongue,
And Ile confesse I doe him open wrong.
Med. And so thou doost; and I returne all note
Of infamy or basenesse on thy throte:
Damne me, my lord, if I be not a lord.
Stro. My Liege, with all desert even now you said
His life was duely forfet for the death
Which in these barbarous wounds he sought your sonne;
Vouchsafe me then his life, in my friends right,
For many waies I know he merits death;
Which (if you grant) will instantly appeare,
And that, I feele, with some rare miracle.
Alp. His life is thine, Lord Strozza; give him death.
Med. What, my lord,
Will your Grace cast away an innocent life?
Stro. Villaine, thou liest, thou guiltie art of death
A hundred waies, which now Ile execute.
Med. Recall your word, my lord.
Alp. Not for the world.

Stro. O my deare Liege, but that my spirit prophetike
Hath inward feeling if such sinnes in him,
As aske the forfait of his life and soule,
I would, before I tooke his life, give leave
To his confession and his penitence:
O, he would tell you most notorious wonders
Of his most impious state; but life and soule
Must suffer for it in him, and my hand
Forbidden is from heaven to let him live
Till by confession he may have forgivenesse.
Die therefore, monster.

Vin. O, be not so uncharitable, sweete friend,
Let him confesse his sinnes, and aske heaven pardon.

Stro. He must not, princely friend; it is heavens justice
To plague his life and soule, and heer 's heavens justice. [*He draws.*]

Med. O save my life, my lord.

Las. Hold, good Lord Strozza.
Let him confesse the sinnes that heaven hath told you,
And aske forgivenesse.

Med. Let me, good my lord,
And Ile confesse what you accuse me of,
Wonders, indeede, and full of damn'd deserts.

Stro. I know it, and I must not let thee live
To aske forgivenesse.

Alp. But you shall, my lord,
Or I will take his life out of your hand.
Stro. A little then I am content, my Liege:
Is thy name Medice?
Med. No, my noble lord,
My true name is Mendice.
Stro. "Mendice"? See
At first a mighty scandall done to honour.
Of what countrie art thou?
Med. Of no country, I;
But borne upon the seas, my mother passing
Twixt Zant and Venice.
Stro. Where wert thou christned?
Med. I was never christned,
But, being brought up with beggars, call'd Mendice.
Alp. Strange and unspeakeable!
Stro. How cam'st thou then
To beare that port thou didst, entring this court?
Med. My lord, when I was young, being able limb'd,
A captaine of the gipsies entertain'd me,
And many yeares I liv'd a loose life with them;
At last I was so favor'd that they made me
The King of Gipsies; and being told my fortune
By an old sorceresse, that I should be great
In some great princes love, I tooke the treasure

Which all our company of gipsies had
In many yeares, by severall stealths, collected,
And leaving them in warres, I liv'd abroad
With no lesse shew then now: and my last wrong
I did to noblesse was in this high court.

Alp. Never was heard so strange a counterfet.

Stro. Didst thou not cause me to be shot in hunting?

Med. I did, my lord, for which, for heavens love, pardon.

Stro. Now let him live, my lord; his bloods least drop
Would staine your court more then the sea could cleanse:
His soule 's too foule to expiate with death.

Alp. Hence then; be ever banish'd from my rule,
And live a monster, loath'd of all the world.

Pog. Ile get boyes and baite him out a'th court, my lord.

Alp. Doe so, I pray thee, rid me of his sight.

Pog. Come on, my Lord Stinckerd, Ile play "Fox, Fox, come out of thy hole," with you, ifaith.

Med. Ile runne and hide me from the sight of heaven.

Pog. Fox, Fox, goe out of thy hole; a two leg'd fox, a two leg'd fox!

Exit [*Pogio*] *with pages beating Medice.*

Ben. Never was such an accident disclosde.

Alp. Let us forget it, honourable friends,
And satisfie all wrongs with my sonnes right,
In solemne mariage of his love and him.

Vin. I humbly thanke your Highnesse: honor'd Doctor,
The balsome you infusde into my wounds
Hath easde me much, and given me sodaine strength
Enough t' assure all danger is exempt
That any way may let the generall joy
My princely father speakes of in our nuptialls.

Alp. Which, my deere sonne, shall with thy full recure
Be celebrate in greater majesty
Than ever grac'd our greatest ancestrie.
Then take thy love, which heaven with all joyes blesse,
And make yee both mirrors of happinesse.

FINIS

Notes on The Gentleman Usher

146. Pogio: the clown of the play. His buffoonery is precisely of the same type as that of Sir Giles Goosecap in the play of that name, an argument so far unnoticed for Chapman's authorship of that play. In the evolution of English comedy Pogio is a link with the past, corresponding to the buffooning vice of early times.

148, 28. brittle as a beetle: a mock proverb coined by Pogio. A beetle, *i. e.*, a paving-ram, was proverbially slow. In Withals' *Dictionary*, 1634, p. 555, "Celerius Elephanti pariunt" is rendered "quick as a beetle."

148, 30. "wehie" . . . "tihi": the feeble joke consists in Pogio's misuse of the onomatopœic words representing a human laugh and the neigh of a horse. A bit of doggerel gives the proper use:

> But when the hobby-horse did wihy,
> Then all the wenches gave a tihi.
>
> (Nares, *Glossary*, *sub* "Tihi.")

148, 31. Hysteron Proteron: a Greek term for the figure of speech in which the word that should come last is put first. Strozza gives Pogio the name because he has just put the cart before the horse. Cf. "heeles about my hose," I, i, 57–58.

148, 34. late honourd mistresse: the lady whom he has lately begun to honour.

150, 66. daring . . . prey: frightening the prey on which they swoop down. "Dare" and "stoop" are technical terms in falconry.

150, 67. hare or hinde: Chapman may have had in mind the advice Venus gave Adonis (*Venus and Adonis*, 673–8); but he has not imitated the diction of that passage.

150, 68. Tosst . . . harmonie: driven about as a melody or theme is in a fugue. The baying of the dogs is the harmony of the chase. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV, i, 110–130.

152, 103. who: the antecedent is not "choice," as it at first appears, but "servant" in the preceding line.

152, 104. are to begin: are yet to begin, have not begun.

152, 118. fustian . . . buckram: terms used to express Strozza's contempt for Medice whom he suspects of being an impostor. Fustian and buckram are cheap stuffs.

152, 120. parcell . . . stuffe: Vincentio carries on the dry-goods figure, calling Medice a bale of goods as yet "unconstrued," *i. e.*, unjudged, unvalued.

153, 128. beg . . . liverie: use his livery as a license to beg by, since wearing it they could not be arrested as masterless men. Compare the account of the shifts to which D'Olive's followers had resort. (*Monsieur D'Olive*, III, ii, ed. Pearson, vol. I, p. 228.)

153, 132. noble counterfet: counterfeit of nobility, impostor pretending to be a lord.

154, 164. hammer. Cf. *Glossary*.

154, 172. hunting . . . best: our sport is over, we have seen the best of it before it has begun.

155, 194. care not to proclaime: do not mind proclaiming.

156, 212. Padua. See note on *Al Fooles*, I, i, 316.
schoolde it: studied.

156, 214. Curculio: literally corn-worm, a hungry parasite in the comedy of Plautus bearing that name.

157, 219–220. take up . . . heels: trip up some of your honours.

157, 228–230. Date viam . . . genu: a quotation from the *Curculio* of Plautus, II, iii.

158, 234. upon repletion: after a full meal.

158, 235–236. ventred . . . neate: dared to eat the commons of the three scholars, *i. e.*, the portions assigned in the common dining-hall, and yet played this part completely in character. As the part is that of a hungry parasite, to play it well after a full meal proved Sarpego's mimetic talent.

159, 253–254. what, thinke you . . . attire: with this speech Alphonso beckons to his servants to array Medice in a garb fitting the part of Sylvanus which he is to play.

159, 258. make us ready: dress ourselves.

159, 262–264. To none but you . . . my lords: In the Quartos these speeches are wrongly assigned. Medice has Vincentio's and Vincentio Medice's. There can be no reason why Vincentio and Strozza should quarrel, Vincentio appeal to Medice, and Medice play peacemaker. Such a disposition of the speeches is in fact quite out of keeping with the situation. I take it that Medice jostles Strozza who turns sharply on him with "Stand-by; y' are troublesome." Medice then appeals to the Prince, who, not wishing an open quarrel with his father's favourite, returns the soft answer: "Not unto me." Medice encouraged by this speech ruffles up to Strozza, and Vincentio begs them to keep the peace. The two speeches of Vincentio in ll. 263 and 264 might be assigned to Alphonso, but then it would be more difficult to explain how the mistake arose. I imagine that the names of Medice and Vincentio, standing in immediate proximity to each other, were simply transposed either by a transcriber or by the printer.

161, 5. at large: fully.

161, 8. chambers hung: *i. e.*, with arras.

162, 24. y' are overshot: you have gone too far, done wrong.

162, 28. gives it out in wagers: makes bets. It was a not uncommon practice in Chapman's day for an amateur to play a part at a theatre for a wager. "He should have played Jeronimo with a shoemaker for a wager." *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *Induction* (Mermaid ed. p. 386).

164, 53. both your choice commands: you may choose to remain a lady or become a princess.

164, 56. I, faire nimph. This speech would seem naturally to belong to the Enchanter, but it is, I believe, better not to alter the text, and to regard it as an interruption by Vincentio containing a scarcely veiled sneer at Medice.

164, 66–67. speake . . . mend: speak in such a way that you will never be able to better it; a threat against the Prince and Strozza.

166, 95. like the English . . . George: like St. George, the "Signe" (*i. e.*, watch-word) of England. Cf. "Saint George of mery Engländ, the signe of victoree." (*Faerie Queene*, I, x, 61.)

166, 100. for soile: a technical expression in venery. A boar was said to "take soil" when he plunged into a swamp or stream, where he stood at bay.

166, 107. the shadow: the apparition of Margaret.

166, 113. Th' intent . . . relies: the reason for binding and bringing him hither depends upon their report, *i. e.*, their report of the event to you.

167, 130. made . . . this: made this a matter of difficulty, or seemed surprised at this.

170, 172–173. two inward . . . gudgeons: two internal, or mental characteristics which will swallow any bait. For the phrase cf. *Al Fooles*, III, i, 94, and *Monsieur D'Olive*, v, ii (ed. Pearson, p. 237).

170, 177. waft . . . favours: wave, beckon, to him from a distance with your hat and show him other favours.

171, 4. (In loving others): by reason of her love for another.

171, 7–8. O, tis that . . . in me. In *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, a play which in many ways closely resembles *The Gentleman Usher*, there is a reference to a certain Ladie Furnifall, who "is never in any sociable veine till she be typsie, for in her sobrietie she is mad and feares [frightens] my good little old Lord" (III). From the way in which this reference is introduced the reader expects to see Lady Furnifall in this "drinking humour" at the banquet in her lord's house (IV, ii). But she does not appear there, nor is her name to be found in the list of *dramatis personae*. Now, according to the entry in Stationers' Register *Sir Gyles* was licensed for publication "provided that it be printed according to the copy whereat Mr. Wilson's hand is at." This entry certainly suggests that the acted play had been revised and certain passages expunged.

Mr. Fleay (*Biographical Chronicle*, II, 322) holds that this revision was due to the personal satire contained in the play: "Goosecap, Rudesby, Foulweather, Tales, and Kingcob are certainly personal caricatures." Possibly some scene of drunken buffoonery in which a well-known lady of the court appeared under a thin disguise once existed in *Sir Gyles*, and was struck out by the reviser. Chapman's *Tragedy of Byron* is known to have contained a scene in which the then living Queen of France boxed the ears of her husband's

mistress; but readers will search in vain for this scene in the printed play. It seems to me quite likely that Chapman lifted the character of Lady Furnifall and the scenes in which she formerly appeared from *Sir Gyles*. Re-christening the lady and shifting the scene to Italy to avoid offence, he introduced them into *The Gentleman Usher*. It is a thousand pities that he did so. They doubtless evoked Homeric laughter at the time, but they remain an indelible blot upon his noblest romantic comedy.

172, 22. **make you heart-burnd**: give you the heart-burn.

172, 23. **plide this geere**: took to this business, *i. e.*, of drinking.

173, 34. **well seene**: well versed, skilled.

173, 36. **wind . . . angry**: she must have the best of everything or she 'll be angry. An old saying runs: "When the wind 's in the west, then 't is at the very best." (Hazlitt's *English Proverbs*, p. 464.)

174, 51. **huddle and kettle**: "huddle" (see *Glossary*) refers to Corteza's broken speech; "kettle" (cf. "fine kettle," "kettle of fish") to her behaviour.

175, 73. **new-made . . . night**: the lady who has been made his Duchess for this night.

175, 82. **Sir Giles Goosecap**: the leading figure in the comic portion of the play by that name probably acted at Blackfriars *ca.* 1602. He is "of mere necessitie an asse"; hence the propriety of applying his name to the servant.

176, 94. **to the faire . . . place**:

176, 97. **you right . . . ease**: to return your courtesy and for my own convenience.

177, 104–105. **Or else . . . badly done**: the first symptom of the self-complacency which the Prince's flattery is later to blow up to such height of folly.

179, 147–148. **plucke . . . eares**: a common phrase for stripping a servant of his livery, and so discharging him.

180. **man bugge and a woman**: these are, of course, the pages who were practising their songs in 1, ii, 22.

182, 189. **I scarce . . . height**: I would hardly have dared to press on to the height I now occupy, *i. e.*, the chair of state.

182, 191. Sound, consort: Play up, musicians.

182, 195. Whose moving . . . needes: Dr. Bradley suggests that "moving" is here a gerund governing "silence." The sense of the passage then would be: Beauty's appeal for silence is effectual by its own power; it needs no herald to proclaim silence. The Quarto reading *moning* is an instance of the common misprint of *n* for *u* or *v*.

182. Enter Sarpego. The musical show to which this character acts as prologue makes rather poor reading and certainly impedes the progress of the play. It must be remembered, however, that the play was probably performed by boys, and that most of the plays performed by companies of children contained a large amount of singing and dancing. The songs and dances no doubt gave life and charm to what seems dull enough at present. Jonson, the great master of the masque, commended Chapman as one of the few poets who was proficient in this art. We have but one masque (*The Masque of the Middle Temple*) of Chapman's authorship remaining; but the entertainment in Act I and this scene in Act II of *The Gentleman Usher* might be regarded respectively as the masque and antimasque which went to make up a complete performance of this kind.

183, 226. a hall, a hall: an exclamation used to make room in a crowded apartment, particularly at the beginning of a dance or show.

184, 230. moone . . . bushes: according to an old superstition the man in the moon is the Jew who broke the Sabbath (*Numbers*, xv, 32, *seq.*) with his bundle of sticks. Dante, following another tradition, represents him as Cain with a fagot of thorns (*Inferno*, xx, 126).

185, 251. rush ruffle . . . ten: to make the despised rush flaunt it in heroic verse, decasyllabics.

185, 253. crie mercie: Vincentio ironically begs pardon for allowing his heels to rest on the about to be lauded rushes.

185, 255–256. odde battaile . . . mice. *Vide* the *Batrachomyomachia*, a mock-heroic poem, formerly attributed to Homer, and translated by Chapman *ca.* 1624.

185, 259–260. gentle amorous . . . sweetly swims. The passage has a curious resemblance to two famous lines of Milton

(*Paradise Lost*, IV, 310–11) which Landor called, "the richest jewel that poetry ever wore." Landor, *Works* (1876), IV, 445. Milton's habit of plundering the dramatists is so well known that one need not hesitate to suggest, at least, this passage as his original.

185, 266. **bites . . . tongue:** jeers at them.

186, 278. **disburthen them:** unload them of the brooms and rushes.

186, 286. **her female friend:** This can only be the sylvan. I suspect a text corruption, *female* being suggested by the word in l. 290.

188, 318. **how conceit . . . mother:** what think you of the young lady whom my father has chosen to be my stepmother.

188, 320. **bugs words:** words of a monster, terrible words. Vincentio does not wish Cynanche to arouse Alphonso's suspicions.

189. **after the song:** *i. e.*, after the song and dance which in the Elizabethan theatre filled up the time between the acts.

It is, perhaps, worth noting that this short scene between Medice and his servant, although not in any way divided from what follows in the Quarto, must, nevertheless, take place on the day preceding the events of the rest of Act III. Medice says (l. 6): "to-morrow, then, the Duke intends to hunt"; but (III, ii, 215) Pogio says: "your father is going a hunting"; and (III, ii, 293) Alphonso says: "come to our hunting." From the entrance of Vincentio and Bassiolo (III, ii) the action is continuous and takes place on the morning after the entertainments at Lasso's house in Acts I and II. It seems strange that a little scene of a dozen lines dealing with events of the previous evening should find this place in Act III.

It will be noticed, however, that this scene is a mere enlargement of the brief colloquy between Medice and the First Huntsman (III, ii, 313–314). If this scene had been written first there would be no need whatever for the whispered colloquy of Medice with the Huntsman, nor for the latter's promise, since the murder would have already been arranged. If, on the contrary, the brief colloquy was first written, it is easy to see how a performance would bring out the inadequacy of the preparation for the plot against Strozza. A good part of Acts IV and V is taken up with Strozza's wounding and recovery, for which the only cause discoverable in the play would have been the words of the Huntsman — easily missed by all

but the most attentive listener of the audience — "I warrant you, my lord, he shall not scape me." It is plain, I think, that this opening scene was written later in order to afford the clear exposition which the Elizabethan audience insisted on. The two lines (III, ii, 313–314) were doubtless omitted in subsequent performances, but occurring in the MS. submitted to the printer, found their present place. It is a question, I think, whether Chapman himself wrote the present opening of Act III. Certainly it is not beyond the powers of any theatre-hack.

189, 5. **in compasse . . . life:** in the power of my life.

190, 12. **that even as . . . jacke:** Koeppel points out that this mechanical simile has been seriously noted as one of the commonplaces characteristic of Massinger. (*Englische Studien*, IX, 219, 223, 225.) Possibly the discovery will be made some day that in this scene Massinger, while a student at Oxford, lent his aid to the veteran Chapman.

191, 37. **brave beasts . . . armes:** the allusion is to the beasts, brave in colours, that served as "supporters" to many noble coats-of-arms.

192, 57–58. **doe not . . . selfe:** think that others as well as you are men of unusual spirit.

193, 61–62. **respect . . . friendship:** consideration of the common form of friendship.

194, 78. **godly gudgeons:** goodly (*i. e.*, proper) baits.

194, 84. **how are you:** *i. e.*, how are you gulled?

195, 100. **figure . . . common:** a mode of speech common in the mouths of flatterers.

195, 110. **tis now in use:** a passage in Heywood's *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*, 1635 (Book IV), mentions the Elizabethan fashion of "curtaling" names.

> "Mellifluous Shakespeare, whose inchanting Quill
> Commanded Mirth or Passion, was but *Will*.
> And famous Johnson, though his learned Pen
> Be apt in Castaly, is still but *Ben*,
> . . . I for my part
> (Thinke others what they may) accept that heart
> Which courts my love in most familiar phrase;
> . . . . . .
> I hold he loves me best that calls me *Tom*."

Compare also *Revenge of Bussy*, I, i, 260–261.

200, 194. Hybla: a district in Sicily famous for its honey.

200, 195. Meander. Ovid, *Heroides*, VII, 1, 2, speaks of the white swan singing at the fords of Meander, a river in Asia Minor.

202, 241. bodie of a George: a body as strong as St. George's.

203, 250. set forth . . . gere: take this business in hand.

203, 251. be naughts. The "*s*" in naughts is possibly superfluous. The phrase "be naught" is familiar in Elizabethan English, and is a humorous imprecation. It had at times, however, a coarse secondary meaning (see Malone's note on *As You Like It*, I, i, 39, and cf. *Anatomy of Melancholy*, III, p. 333; ed. of 1893). The *New English Dictionary* cites this passage under "naught," *i. e.*, as = keep quiet, withdrawn.

203, 269. put me to it: force me to yield to your courtship.

205, 301. in full . . . faculties: by the unanimous consent of all my powers of mind.

205, 311. suspect my being: suspect my whereabouts.

206, 315–316. till . . . absence: till the hunting that we intend is ended by my leaving the field.

207, 335. Is the man madde: cf. Julia's reprimand to Lucetta for bringing her a love-letter (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I, ii, 41–47). Chapman may have derived a hint from Shakespeare, but in this scene he has fairly surpassed him.

207, 345–346. was there . . . discretion: was a woman ever so mistaken in regard to a supposedly wise man's discretion? Cf. Shirley, *Hyde Park*, I, ii: "How are poor women overseen!"

208, 361. dote . . . direction: there is a double meaning in this speech. It may mean "I am so foolishly apt to follow your direction," or "I am so foolishly fond of you." Bassiolo naturally takes it in the second sense. Margaret's next speech is an aside.

209, 379–380. fretted . . . liver: vexed her to the heart. The liver was formerly supposed to be the seat of the passions.

210, 402. Ile be your secretorie: this scene is at once a working over of *Sir Gyles Goosecappe*, IV, i, and an immense improvement upon it.

211, 405. Is heere . . . answer: is this letter from the Prince not worth your answering?

211, 419. Which: the antecedent is "muse" not "braine."

212, 426, 429, 435. "endeare," "condole," "modell": all comparatively new words in Chapman's day. The first quotations for "endeare" and "condole" in the *New English Dictionary* are 1500 and 1588 respectively.

212, 447–448. your exceptions . . . collaterally: your objections are not well founded.

213, 469. your lordships, etc. The letter of Bassiolo is a deliberate piece of high-flown nonsense.

215, 530. you may speede: you may have bad luck. "Speede" seems to be used here as in *The Ball*, IV, i, in an ironical or negative sense.

217, 7. a forked shaft: a barbed arrow.

219, 39–40. Rise Furies . . . conquer: Strozza calls on the Furies, as goddesses of Madness, to conquer his terrible suffering ("furie of my bane") by driving him mad.

219, 41–42. That hath . . . fate: madness, which to human sense seems blind, sets free, with present fate, the soul from hope and fear.

220, 57. th' Alcmenean conquerour: Hercules, son of Alcmene.

220, 60. scarcely beaten . . . cries: cries are scarcely fitting for beaten children.

220, 67–68. whose actions . . . respect: the soul's actions, once conceived and executed, "simply" (*i. e.*, without admixture of the physical) put the weaknesses of the body out of our consideration.

220, 69. unmedcinable . . . breath: this balm of spoken words, powerless to cure.

220, 73. Ile breake away. These words are wrung from Strozza by a fresh spasm of pain.

220, 77. religious noblesse: pious nobility of mind. Cynanche refers to Strozza's vow (l. 71, above).

221, 2. in respect of mine: in comparison to mine.

222, 15. Guevara's Golden Epistles. Antonio de Guevaras was a Spanish writer of the first half of the sixteenth century. His *Epistolas Familiares*, were translated into English in 1574; and a second translation under the title of *Golden Epistles*

by Fenton in 1575 became a very popular book in cultivated circles. Prof. Koeppel (*Quellen und Forschungen*, no. 82, p. 9) inclines to see in the mention of this book by such a foolish person as Bassiolo a plain sign of its declining influence at the time *The Gentleman Usher* was composed. I cannot, however, accept this view. Bassiolo is exactly the man to read the books that his betters were reading.

225, 69. **in his kinde:** according to its proper nature.

225, 84. **laugh and lie downe:** the name of a game of cards, used here with a double meaning.

226, 94. **all merit . . . chinks:** the chinking of his gold rings bells in honour of the highest merit.

229, 140. **lawes . . . common world:** a characteristic thought of Chapman's. Cf. *Bussy D'Ambois*, II, i, 194–199.

229, 153–157. **hide your face . . . on mine.** Compare the marriage ceremonies in *Hero and Leander*, v, 352–358.

231, 193–194. **your choice . . . free:** your free choice of action shall not be hampered by your marriage.

231, 202. **popular sects:** vulgar opinions.

232, 214. **Tantalus pig:** Pogio's mistake for "Tantony pig," *i. e.*, St. Antony's pig. Stow relates how the pigs, belonging to St. Antony's hospital, roamed the streets of London at the heels of those who fed them: "Whereupon was raised a Proverbe, *Such an one wil follow such an one, & whine as it were an Anthonie Pig.*" (Stow, *Survey of London*, 1633, p. 190.)

233, 17. **Like the twins Hippocrates reports:** St. Augustine (*De Civitate Dei*, v, 2) says that Cicero reports Hippocrates to have pronounced a pair of brothers twins from the fact that they both took ill at the same time, and that the disease advanced and subsided simultaneously in both cases. The original passage is wanting in the extant works of Hippocrates, and Cicero's quotation is supposed to have occurred in his lost book, *De Fato*. Chapman makes the same allusion in his *Masque of the Middle Temple* (*Works*, vol. III, p. 116) and in his poem on *A Good Woman* (*Works*, vol. II, p. 152).

234, 21. **his sweete ape:** in his introduction to *Sir Gyles Goosecappe* (*Old Plays*, vol. 3) Mr. Bullen has pointed out that this phrase occurs in that anonymous play:

Doe women bring no helpe of soule to men,
Why, friend, they either are men's soules themselves,
. . . . . .
Or prettiest sweet apes of human soules.
Sir Gyles Goosecappe, p. 53.

Mr. Bullen thinks that these lines may have been added to the play after the appearance of *The Gentleman Usher*, or that the unknown author of *Sir Gyles* may have seen Chapman's play in manuscript. It is far more likely Chapman was simply borrowing from himself.

234, 28. **nor choice meats**: nor do choice meats delight more than one sense.

234, 36–37. **armes . . . gold**: possibly a reminiscence of *All Fooles*, III, i, 20–21.

235, 48. **In which . . . powres**: by reason of which patience my mind extends her powers that are incapable of suffering.

235, 62. **a sort . . . globes**: a set of balls of crystal, such as were then used for divination.

236, 83. **his reasonable soule**: his soul which alone is capable of reason. Cynanche fears from the "idle talk" of Strozza that his mind is giving way, and that this is a sign of speedy death.

240, 14. **Corteza search.** Professor Koeppel has pointed out that an analogous scene to this appears in Fletcher's *A Wife for a Month*, I, ii.

241, 25–26. **Madam . . . Duke**: The Quartos assign this speech to Lasso. But Lasso is not present at this time. He enters later after l. 56.

242, 53. **hunt at view**: hunt by sight not by scent, a phrase used when the hounds are close upon their prey.

242, 55. **blew crystall**: cf. note on **235**, 62.

243, 68. **forge . . . gloses**: the source of these specious explanations.

244, 101–102. **and you thinke . . . betimes**: if you intend to make an ass of me, you must get up early

250, 32. **shay**: the pronunciation indicated by this spelling, and the ejaculation *Gosh hat* (l. 26), are possibly meant as signs that Bassiolo has been fortifying himself with "Dutch courage."

251, 34. **ruftie tuftie wise**: rough and tumble fashion.

251, 48. goe by: slink off. A catch-word from the *Spanish Tragedy*, constantly repeated in later plays.

251, 53. Belle piu. This is evidently the refrain of a song. The *Iterum cant.* which follows in the Quarto is a stage-direction, bidding Bassiolo sing a second time, probably the song indicated by the refrain, *Belle piu.*

252, 57. Bobadilla: *i. e.*, Bobadil, the braggart captain in *Every Man in His Humour*.

254, 104. wo ho: the call used by falconers to reclaim the hawk.

255, 124. For wreake . . . sustaine: in revenge for that exile from joy which I endure, *i. e.*, in his loss of the hope of winning Margaret.

256. Enter Alphonso, etc. According to the stage-direction of the Quarto Margaret should go out with Vincentio, but from l. 140 it is evident that she is still on the stage. I have emended therefore to show that she is detained by her father.

258. Strozza having the arrowhead. It is evident that this scene must take place seven days later than the third scene of Act IV. But from that scene the action is apparently continuous through Act V, sc. i. The proper division between Acts IV and V, therefore, would be at the beginning of this scene. Such a division would allow a seven days' interval between the acts, giving time for Vincentio to be overtaken on the borders of the Duke's country, for the news of his supposed death to reach Margaret (sc. iii), and finally for him to be brought back to court in a litter (sc. iv).

259, 30. Cloy'st . . . him: dost not grow weary of him, surfeit with his company.

259, 36. superstitious rite: an eminently characteristic passage. Chapman loved a paradox. He defends duelling (*Bussy D'Ambois*, II, i); the character of the Duke of Guise (*Revenge of Bussy*, II, i); private and unlicensed marriage (*Gentleman Usher*, IV, ii); the rights of a child against a father and of a subject against his prince (*Gentleman Usher*, V, iv).[1] This frank apology for pilgrimages shows that Chapman had nothing of the hatred

1 In *Sir Gyles Goosecappe* (pp. 71, 72) we have a paradoxical defence of ladies painting to add to this list.

of Papistry that appears in the works of many of his contemporaries.

259, 38. resignde to memorie : consigned to the church as a memorial.

260, 41–42. which . . . lives : if this patience were forgotten after my death, the example I have set would be lost to posterity.

261, 78. Monks-well. This name, and that of *St. Mark's Streete*, v, iii, 10, may, perhaps, lead to the discovery of the hitherto unknown source of this play.

263, 23 Cleopatra : the story of Cleopatra's experiments to discover the easiest mode of death is told by Plutarch in his *Life of Antony*. In speaking of the honour paid to Cleopatra, Chapman possibly had in mind Chaucer, who places her story at the head of his *Legend of Good Women* as one of Cupid's saints.

263, 32–34. Adelasia . . . knife. There are so many mistakes crowded into these three lines as to show that Chapman was quoting from a book read long since and well-nigh forgotten. In the first place, the heroine who defaced her features was not Adelasia, the daughter of Otho III of Germany (concerning whose adventures see Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, nov. 44), but Florinda (nov. 53). Secondly, the instrument used was not a knife but a stone, with which she "foully defaced her face." Thirdly, neither the story of Adelasia nor that of Florinda is told by Pettie, although, as Professor Koeppel has shown, both of them are mentioned (*Quellen und Forschungen*, no. 82, pp. 9, 10). Lastly, either Chapman or the printer gives the wrong title of the book. The proper title is *A Pettie Palace of Pettie His Pleasure*. This work of George Pettie was licensed in 1576, and was so successful that three editions of it were published in the same year. Later editions were issued in 1580 and after the author's death (1589), in 1598, 1608, and 1613. As Professor Koeppel has shown, Pettie's style exhibits many of the most characteristic traits of "Euphuism" three years before the publication of Euphues. Painter's well-known collection of stories, *The Palace of Pleasure*, a name which was seized upon for Pettie's book by the latter's publisher, appeared in 1567 and 1568. I suggest, with some hesitation, that this unmetrical and unnecessary line may have been originally merely a marginal com-

ment which has crept into the text by an error of the transcriber or printer.

265, 72. yet. The *it* of the Quarto is probably a misprint for the *yt*, *i. e.*, *yet* of the MS. For the thought, cf. *II King Henry VI*, III, ii, 391.

268, 42. pagan Nero. The justification of this epithet appears in the next lines. It was a commonplace of Elizabethan poetry that the parent lived again in his child and his child's children. Chapman exaggerates this commonplace into the paradox that a son is both father and mother of his father. Since Nero killed his mother, and Alphonso ordered the death of both his parents in his son, the equation Alphonso = Nero appears to have some ground.

269, 54–55. Turne . . . begot them: Strozza is apparently thinking of the myth of Saturn, who devoured his children.

269, 56. what 's a prince: one of the best-known passages in Chapman's work. The idea that in the state of nature all men were princes appears again in *Bussy D'Ambois*, II, i, 198, "Let me be King my selfe (as man was made)." Swinburne calls this passage "the first direct protest, as far as I know, against the principle of monarchy to be found in our poetical or dramatic literature." (Swinburne, *George Chapman*, p. 61.)

270, 85. unnatural wounds: because inflicted upon a son by permission of a father.

270, 85. moning right; by rightly, duly, lamenting the loss of Margaret's beauty. Mr. Daniel suggests the emendation "moving sight"; Dr. Bradley would read "moving right" in the sense of "setting right," "restoring to its rights."

272, 122. Assist me . . . maske. I have followed in the punctuation of the text what appears to be the meaning of the Quarto. But I am inclined to think that we might read: "Assist me Heaven and Art! Give me your maske," taking the last words of the line as addressed either to Margaret or Cynanche. The doctor, taking the mask in his hand, would then turn to his casket, and after the lines "Open thou . . . influence" would moisten the mask with a drug, thus making it "recureful." Otherwise, as the text stands, we must suppose him to appeal to Art, *i. e.*, Medicine, to give him the mask, in this case a mask that he himself had brought along with other medical appliances.

272, 125. **Medeas cauldron.** Medea the enchantress had a caldron which possessed the power of restoring youth to those who permitted themselves to be cut to pieces and boiled in it. She thus restored the youth of Aeson.

272, 126. **the ugliest . . . temp'rature:** the most dangerous impairment of a living creature's constitution.

272, 138. **In twice . . . recure:** be cured in twice the period that you shall have suffered.

275, 197. **Set by . . . favour:** your favour being set aside, *i. e.*, if Medice were judged not as your minion, but on his own merits.

276, 214. **your sonne:** dative of interest after "sought."

277, 244. **damn'd deserts:** deeds that deserve damnation.

278, 251. **scandall . . . honour:** in that Mendice had usurped the honourable name of Medice.

278, 254. **Zant:** Zante or Zacynthus, one of the Ionian Isles.

279, 283. **Fox, Fox . . . hole:** an old Christmas game mentioned by Herrick. "Boys hopped on one leg and beat one another with gloves or pieces of leather tied at the end of strings." Grosart, *Complete Poems of Herrick*, v. 2, p. 37.

Bibliography

The place of publication is London unless otherwise indicated.

I. TEXTS

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1780, 8°. A Select Collection of Old Plays: The Second Edition, Corrected and Collated with the Old Copies, with Notes, Critical and Explanatory, by Isaac Reed. 12 vols. [Volume IV contains *All Fools*.]

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1873, 8°. The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman. Now first collected, with illustrative notes and a memoir of the author. In three volumes. London, John Pearson, York Street, Covent Garden. [Volume I contains *All Fools* and *The Gentleman Usher*, together with *The Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, *An Humorous Day's Mirth*, and *Monsieur D'Olive*. The text purports to be an exact reproduction of the Quartos of 1605 and

1606 of *All Fools* and *The Gentleman Usher*, but is not absolutely reliable, especially in the matter of punctuation. The dedicatory sonnet is reproduced in this reprint.]

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1895, 8°. George Chapman, edited with an Introduction and Notes by William Lyon Phelps. London: T. Fisher Unwin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1895. [This volume of the *Mermaid Series* contains *All Fools* along with the two *Bussy* and the two *Byron* tragedies. The text is taken from the reprint of 1873, but the spelling has been modernised and the punctuation altered. There is a biographical and critical introduction, and a few explanatory notes appear below the text.]

II. BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL WORKS

Besides monographs and essays specially devoted to All Fools *and* The Gentleman Usher, *this list includes such general works on the drama and on Chapman and his plays as are likely to prove useful to the general reader or student. See also the memoirs and critical matter in the volumes listed under* Texts.

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1875. George Chapman: A Critical Essay. A. C. Swinburne. A reprint of the Introductory Essay to vol. ii of the edition of Chapman's works edited by R. H. Shepherd. Chatto and Windus. A brilliant and stimulating study of Chapman as a poet and dramatist.

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1892. Der Blankvers in den Dramen George Chapmans. Emil Elste, Halle. A minute examination of the metrical structure of Chapman's dramas upon the basis of Schipper's *Englische Metrik*. It does not present any new facts to the student of Elizabethan drama, and like most German metrical studies errs on the side of a mechanical regularity.

1897. Quellen-studien zu den Dramen George Chapman's, Philip Massinger's und John Ford's. Emil Koeppel. (*Quellen und Forschungen:* Heft 82.) A scholarly monograph on the sources of Chapman's dramas; it should, however, be supplemented by the later work of Stiefel (*vide infra*) and Boas (*Bussy D'Ambois* and *The Revenge of Bussy*, *Belles Lettres Series*, 1905).

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Glossary

abodement, omen. *A. F.* IV, i, 378.

abusde, wronged, deceived. *G. U.* V, i, 5.

ale-knights, pot-companions, tavern-haunters. *G. U.* III, ii, 354.

ammell, enamel. *G. U.* I, i, 199.

anatomizde, dissected. *G. U.* IV, i, 28.

antike, grotesque. *G. U.* II, i, 294.

ape, mimic, imitator. *G. U.* IV, iii, 21.

applausive, applauded. *A. F.* II, i, 337.

apprehension, ability to receive. *A. F.* II, i, 32.

approv'd, proved, made good. *G. U.* V, ii, 8.

aspir'd, attained. *A. F.* I, i, 6.

bable, fool. *G. U.* III, ii, 247.

bables, baubles, trifles. *G. U.* II, i, 261.

banquet, a course of sweetmeats, fruit, and wine served as dessert. *G. U.* II, i, 309.

barly-breake, an old country game, originally played by six persons, three of each sex, something like "Prisoners' Bars." *A. F.* I, ii, 67.

basted, marked. *A. F.* III, i, 342.

beisance, obeisance, a courtesy. *G. U.* I, ii, 41.

beldams, old women (*without the usual derogatory sense*). *G. U.* IV, iv, 30.

bench-whistlers, idlers, worthless fellows. *A. F.* II, i, 177.

bestowing, settlement in marriage. *G. U.* III, ii, 359.

bewraies, divulges, reveals. *G. U.* I, i, 119.

blaze, proclaim. *A. F.* I, i, 63.

blowse, a beggar wench. *A. F.* IV, i, 97.

bone robes, pretty wenches. *G. U.* III, ii, 197.

boord, accost. *G. U.* I, ii, 176.

brache, bitch. *G. U.* I, i, 159.

brake, trap. *G. U.* III, ii, 392.

briske, spruce, smart. *A. F.* III, i, 301.

Broome-man, a street-sweeper. *G. U.* II, i, 135.

buckram, *literally* precise, formal (*here a general term of*

abuse, perhaps "stuck-up"). *G. U.* I, i, 118.

bug, bogy, hobgoblin. *G. U.* II, i, 165.

capriches, caprices. *G. U.* V, i, 17. (*Chapman's use of the word here precedes by about fifty years the first example quoted in the N. E. D.*)

carouze (*v.*), drink a bumper. *A. F.* V, ii, 34.

carowse (*s.*), a bumper. *A. F.* V, ii, 53.

carpet, a cover for a table, bed, or chair. *G. U.* II, i, 75.

carquanet, a golden and jewelled ornament for the neck or head. *G. U.* IV, iv, 22.

cast (*s.*), a couple. *G. U.* I, i, 65.

(*v.*) plan, devise. *G. U.* I, i, 279.

mustered out. *A. F.* V, ii, 363.

censure, judgment. *A. F. Prologus,* 26.

chared, driven away. *G. U.* I, ii, 115. (*Possibly a text corruption. See note ad. loc.*)

close (*s.*), enclosed field. *A. F.* I, ii, 130.

(*a.*) secret. *A. F.* III, i, 400–401; tight. *G. U.* I, ii, 166.

closely, privately. *A. F.* I, i, 45.

clownerie, boorishness. *A. F.* II, i, 85.

cockatrice, basilisk. *A. F.* III, i, 363.

cockrill-drone, *a term of abuse, coined from* "cockerel," a gay young man, and "drone," an idler. *A. F.* IV, i, 282.

cogge, cheat, deceive. *G. U.* III, ii, 75.

collatterally, indirectly. *G. U.* III, ii, 448.

come you seaven, dice-player, gambler. *A. F.* II, i, 42.

commission, legal warrant. *G. U.* I, i, 6.

complement, compliment, formal politeness. *A. F.* II, i, 128.

conceipt, opinion. *G. U.* IV, iii, 39.

conceive, understand. *G. U.* I, i, 182.

conge, bow of salutation. *A. F.* II, i, 156.

consort, company of musicians. *G. U.* II, i, 191.

consumption, destruction. *A. F.* I, i, 286.

content, satisfaction, pleasure. *G. U.* V, iv, 105.

contestes, affirms with an oath. *A. F.* II, i, 61.

copesmates, adversaries. *A. F.* II, i, 229.

partner. *A. F.* IV, i, 248.

coyn'd, invented. *A. F.* III, i, 266.

cringle crangle, twisted, curved. *G. U.* I, i, 202.

crowned, brimming. *A. F.* V, ii, 34.

cullion, low rascal. *A. F.* II, i, 145.

cunni-holes, cony, or rabbit, holes. *G. U.* IV, iv, 31.

curious, fastidious. *A. F. Epilogue*, 5.

dawish, pertaining to a daw, foolish. *A. F.* III, i. 395.

debilitie, inability. *G. U.* I, i, 274.

decorum, congruity, harmony, *G. U.* II, i, 185.

defesances, "a defeazance is a collateral deed made at the same time with a feoffment . . . containing certain conditions, upon the performance of which the estate then created may be defeated or totally undone" (*Blackstone*). *A. F.* IV, i, 351.

demilance, light horseman, cavalier. *G. U.* IV, ii, 80.

determine, cease. *A. F.* V, ii, 359.

device, contrivance, ingenious writing. *G. U.* III, ii, 464.

devise, consider. *G. U.* I, ii, 156.

disparagement, marriage to one of inferior rank, the disgrace involved in such a marriage. *A. F* I, i, 266.

dispatch, hasten away. *G. U.* I, i, 59.

dissolved, freed. *G. U.* V, iii, 74.

distempers, disorderly habits. *A. F.* V, i, 72.

divided, incomplete. *A. F.* I, i, 10.

doomes, judgments. *A. F. Prologus*, 25.

dormer, sleeping-room. *A. F.* IV, i, 345.

due gard, Dieugarde, *a salutation or ejaculation. A. F.* IV, i, 284.

effected, performed. *A. F.* IV, i, 181.

eloigne, remove. *A. F.* IV, i, 339.

engag'd, bound as security. *A. F.* V, i, 27.

won over. *G. U.* I, i, 97.

errant, arrant. *A. F.* II, i, 141.

escapes, pranks, peccadilloes. *G. U.* I, i, 109.

everted, overthrown. *A. F.* IV, i, 107.

excitations, incitements. *G. U.* V, ii, 46.

exclaimes, reproaches. *G. U.* V, iv, 34.

exorbitant, overlarge. *A. F.* III, i, 425.

expiate, cleanse, purify. *G. U.* v, iv, 276.
exploded, hissed off the stage. *A. F. Prologus*, 16.

fact, crime. *G. U.* v, ii, 52.
factor, go-between. *G. U.* iv, iv, 76.
fircke, drive off. *A. F.* iii, i, 291.
flundering, floundering. *G. U.* i, i, 198.
fore-melting, completely melting. *G. U.* iv, ii, 160.
frivall, frivolous. *A. F.* ii, i, 68.
furnisht, *used reflexively as in Ward's* Simple Cobler, see *N. E. D. A. F.* ii, i, 164.
furniture, apparel, outfit. *G. U.* i, i, 223.

gag-tooth'd, tusked. *G. U.* i, i, 201.
gird, mock, make a jest of. *G. U.* ii, i, 159.
glases, covers with a glaze. *A. F.* ii, i, 80.
groome, fellow (*in a contemptuous sense*). *A. F.* i, i, 160.
ground, background. *A. F.* i, i, 49.
gull (*s.*), a dupe. *A. F.* ii, i, 360.
a trick. *A. F.* iv, i, 398.
(*v.*) to cheat, to trick. *A. F.* ii, i, 368.

hammer, the yellow-hammer (*used as a term for a fool, like "woodcock"*). *G. U.* i, i, 164.
harbenger, harbinger, messenger sent in advance to secure lodgings. *A. F.* iii, i, 348.
heffer (*used here as a general term of contempt*). *A. F.* i, ii, 57.
honor, abow. *A. F.* ii, i, 157.
hope, expect, suspect. *G. U.* ii, i, 175.
huddles, nonsense. *G. U.* iii, ii, 218.
humorous, capricious. *A. F.* i, i, 33.
ill-humoured, moody. *A. F.* iii, i, 192.
husband, *A. F.* ii, i, 398. See *Note*, p. 126.
huswiferie, behavior (*in a derogatory sense*). *G. U.* v, i, 115.

imbrierd, tangled in the briars. *A. F.* iv, i, 411.
impeach, hindrance. *A. F.* iii, i, 247.
impiety, unfilial act. *A. F.* iv, i, 125.
imploy, include. *A. F.* ii, i, 90.
imprest, printed. *A. F. Dedication*, p. 140, l. 9.
inditer, author. *G. U.* iii, ii, 544.

inducement, induction, introduction. *G. U.* I, i, 184.
informes, gives form to. *A. F.* I, i, 104.
infringe, cancel, break. *G. U.* IV, iv, 105.
ingagde, engaged, compromised. *G. U.* III, ii. 213.
ingle, companion, fool. *G. U.* V, i, 167.
intend, apprehend, judge. *A. F.* I, i, 249.
invade, intrude upon. *G. U.* V, iii, 48.
irrenitable, irresistible. *A. F.* V, ii, 345.

kind, affectionate. *G. U.* I, i, 106.
proper, natural. *A. F.* III, i, 482.

legerdeheele, lightheeled (*i. e.* wanton) tricks. *A. F.* III, i, 158.
let (*s.*), hindrance. *G. U.* II, i, 90; (*v.*) to hinder. *G. U.* II, i, 89.
lyte, little, valueless. *A. F.* II, i, 385.

managed, a technical term for putting a horse through his paces. *G. U.* I, i, 208.
mankinde, fierce. *A. F.* IV, i, 236.
maynd, maimed. *A. F.* I, i, 385.
mazer, head. *A. F.* III, i, 308.
minion, a favorite. *G. U.* I, i, 121.
miserable, miserly. *G. U.* I, i, 127.
Momus, the god of raillery, a scoffer. *G. U.* II, i, 263.
moove, apply to. *A. F.* IV, i, 125.
motions, demands. *G. U.* V, ii, 20.
mumming, disguising, especially by a mask. *G. U.* II, i, 204.
muse, am astonished. *G. U.* III, ii, 336.

natural, legitimate. *A. F.* II, i, 410.
ne, nay. *A. F.* I, i, 312.
nicenesse, fastidiousness. *G. U.* III, ii, 61.
nicetie, coyness. *G. U.* II, i, 276.
noyse, a company of musicians. *A. F.* V, ii, 39.

obsequies, rites. *A. F.* I, ii, 19.
ought, owed. *A. F.* I, ii, 77.

pageant, to carry about as a show. *G. U.* I, i, 256.
pantable, slipper. *A. F.* V, ii, 236.
parle, speech. *A. F.* I, i, 117.

picked, dandified. *A. F.* v, ii, 7.

pile, the head of an arrow. *G. U.* iv, i, 82.

playne, frank. *A. F.* ii, i, 415.

point, a tagged lace for joining doublet and hose. *A. F.* v, ii, 9.

politique, worldly wise, scheming. *A. F.* i, i, 401.

port, state, style of living. *G. U.* v, iv, 258.

pottle, a two-quart measure, a tankard. *A. F.* v, ii, 95.

president, precedent, pattern. *A. F.* i, i, 336.

prevented, anticipated. *G. U.* v, i, 5.

price, worth, value. *G. U.* iv, ii, 172.

procures, causes. *G. U.* iv, iv, 81.

projecting, devising. *G. U.* i, i, 215.

propernesse, beauty. *A. F.* v, ii, 347.

properties, characteristics. *G. U.* i, ii, 172.

purlue, border (*here, perhaps,* extent). *G. U.* ii, i, 289.

pulld, plucked. *G. U.* iii, ii, 244.

Push, pish, pshaw. *G. U.* ii, i, 263.

put up, submit to. *A. F.* i, i, 211.

quallified, (*v.*), mitigated. *A. F.* i, i, 395.

(*a.*) accomplished. *A. F.* i, i, 355.

queint, dainty, fastidious. *G. U.* ii, i, 275.

ingenious. *G. U.* iii, ii, 24.

quintessence, a highly refined essence, something unsubstantial. *A. F.* i, i, 44.

quite, to requite. *G. U.* v, iv, 145.

receypt, abiding-place. *A. F.* iii, i, 48.

recognizance, legal obligation to pay a debt. *A. F.* v, i, 31.

recure (*s.*), a cure. *G. U.* v, iv, 138.

(*v.*) to cure. *G. U.* iv, iii, 41.

redeeme, compound for. *A. F.* v, ii, 348.

reflected, turned aside. *A. F.* i, i, 331.

reflecting, turning. *A. F.* i, i, 105.

relish, savor of. *A. F.* iv, i, 8.

replications, legal documents containing the plaintiff's reply to the defendant's first answer. *A. F.* ii, i, 329.

resembled, made like unto. *G. U.* v, iv, 20.

resolve, loose, free from. *G. U.* iv, i, 44.

dissolve. *A. F.* II, i, 17.
inform, answer. *G. U.* I, i, 112.

respect, courteous, behavior. *A. F.* II, i, 85.
reputation. *G. U.* I, i, 102.

respective, respectful. *A. F.* I, i, 36.

rivalitie, rivalry. *G. U.* I, i, 93.

round, a dance. *G. U.* II, i, 279.

rude, crude, unfinished. *A. F.* I, ii, 123.

rung out, celebrated by the ringing of bells. *G. U.* IV, ii, 94.

Rushman, one who strews rushes on the floor. *G. U.* III, i, 134.

satyrism, satire. *A. F. Prologus,* 19.

schoole, rebuke. *A. F.* III, i, 66.

scute, a French or Italian coin of variable value. *A. F.* V, ii, 20.

seasoned, imbued. *A. F.* IV, i, 7.

seely, simple, silly. *G. U.* III, ii, 145.

shroad, shrewd. *A. F.* IV, i, 320.

skundrell, scoundrel (*like the "runt" in a litter*). *A. F.* V, ii, 192.

smocke-faces, effeminate faces. *A. F.* V, i, 7.

sollar, a garret. *A. F.* IV, i, 345.

solemne, ceremonious. *G. U.* I, i, 84.

soothes, flatters. *A. F.* I, i, 207.

sort (*s.*), a number, a set. *G. U.* IV, iii, 62.
(*v.*) happen, fall out. *G. U.* III, ii, 447.

sortfully, suitably. *G. U.* III, ii, 11.

speede, fare well, or ill (*ambiguous use*). *G. U.* III, ii, 530.

spleene, one of the emotions supposed to arise from that organ of the body, as wrath. *A. F.* II, i, 105.

spred, propagate. *A. F.* V, ii, 372.

stald, staled. *A. F.* III, i, 325.

strange, new, unknown before. *G. U.* I, i, 105.

state, rank, position. *G. U.* III, ii, 92.
chair of state, throne. *G. U.* II, i, 184.
ceremony. *G. U.* II, i, 194.

stirre, bustle, confusion. *G. U.* II, i, 166.

streakes, stretches. *G. U.* V, i, 42.

suspect, suspicion. *A. F.* I, i, 177.

taking, condition, predicament. *A. F.* v, i, 17.
tall, bold. *A. F.* III, i, 359.
taxations, personal satirical allusions. *A. F. Epilogue,* 8.
taxe, to censure, blame. *A. F.* IV, i, 3.
theorbo, a musical instrument like a lute, but with two necks, much used for accompaniments. *A. F.* II, i, 393.
threaves, handfuls. *G. U.* II, i, 83.
tickling, funny, amusing. *G. U.* II, i, 313.
touch, taint, impairment. *G. U.* IV, ii, 7.
toy, a fancy, notion. *A. F.* III, i, 78.
toyes, trifles. *A. F.* II, i, 383.
traine, allure. *A. F.* v, ii, 225.

unresisted, irresistible. *A. F.* II, i, 109.

vice, screw, or wheel. *G. U.* III, ii, 13.
vildely, vilely. *G. U.* v, iii, 57.

warrant, assure against harm. *A. F.* III, i, 214.
wedlocke, wife. *A. F.* I, ii, 118.
whittld, intoxicated, made drunk. *G. U.* III, ii, 263.
will, desire, lust. *A. F.* III, i, 246.
wittoll, a submissive cuckold. *A. F.* v, ii, 134.
woodcocke, a bird whose name was a synonym for a fool. *A. F.* v, ii, 225.
wrapt, ravished, transported. *G. U.* III, ii, 367.

yare, alert, ready. *G. U.* v, i, 101.
yeelde, permit. *G. U.* IV, i, 32.

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